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# PALAEASTRA LXVI.

UNTERSUCHUNGEN UND TEXTE

AUS DER DEUTSCHEN UND ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE,

ausgegeben von **Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe und Erich Schmidt.**

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# THOMSON'S SEASONS

## CRITICAL EDITION

Being a reproduction of the original texts, with all the various  
readings of the later editions, historically arranged

BY

OTTO ZIPPEL

PH. D.

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BERLIN  
MAYER & MÜLLER  
1908.

Vorliegendes Werk bildet die Ergänzung zu der 1907 erschienenen Berliner Inauguraldissertation des Herausgebers: Entstehungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte von Thomsons 'Winter'. Nebst historisch-kritischer Ausgabe der 'Seasons'. (Teil I: Abhandlung.)

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# INTRODUCTION

A variorum edition of *The Seasons*,  
a task often promised but never ful-  
filled, would be a boon to students  
of English literature.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE present edition of Thomson's "Seasons" is the first to reproduce the original texts of the Seasons together with all the various readings of the later editions. Efforts to accomplish such a work had been made long ago, e. g. by Wordsworth, Dyce, Bell, Peter Cunningham, and others, but as the enormous mass of alterations grafted upon the first texts by the author in later years checked any attempt of appending all the variants to a single text, the task was invariably abandoned. Indeed, if the somewhat unusual difficulties were to be surmounted, an apparatus not commonly employed in ordinary editions was required. In order to enable the student to obtain a clear idea of the development of the texts and of the innovations peculiar to each revision, it has been thought advisable to reprint the first texts in full and to add the alterations of the various later publications under separate historically arranged headings (B, C, D etc.), instead of throwing the whole matter into one continuous footnote and leaving to the reader the trouble of putting together for himself the variations belonging to the respective texts. According to the scheme adopted in the present edition — authorised, it might be claimed, by Thomson's own way of emending his "Seasons", viz. of always executing his corrections on the last text without ever referring to an earlier one — the various readings occurring in the later editions are quoted only once, in reference to text where they first appear. It is, therefore, understood that those variants which were not replaced by

others in a later text, were preserved throughout. In the cases of "Summer" and "Winter", the variations proved too many for the footnotes of a single text, and resort to the means of parallel texts was found necessary; in the case of "Winter" the printing in full of three texts was requisite.

In the reproduction of the texts the original spelling and punctuation have been faithfully adhered to,<sup>1)</sup> except that the words printed in italics in the original texts have not been thus distinguished in the present edition (the use of italics being reserved for alterations in the later fully printed texts), and that Thomson's way of printing whole words in capital letters has not been followed. (Words printed in capitals, in the original editions have been rendered by small ordinary letters; they have been supplied with a capital initial only in the cases of proper names and in the case of a large-sized capital being placed at the beginning of the word in the original editions, e. g. RURAL GAME or. ed. = rural game *crit. ed.* Aut. A. 359, BRITISH FAIR or. ed. = British Fair *crit. ed.* Aut. A. 561.) Since the clearness of the whole would have suffered, if the comparatively unimportant variations of spelling and punctuation had been introduced into the footnotes together with the verbal alterations, a special place has been assigned to the former variants (pp. XII—XXII). As to the spelling, it is noteworthy that in all the original editions, with the exception of the quarto of 1730 and the separate octavo editions of the Seasons founded upon this text and published before 1738, the nouns begin with a capital letter.

In the preparation of the 1744 edition of his "Seasons" Thomson was assisted by a friend, as is manifest from a copy of the first volume of "The Works" 1738 preserved in the British Museum Library (C. 28. e. 17). The interleaves of

<sup>1)</sup> A few obvious misprints which have been corrected will be found enumerated in the lists on pp. XII—XXII. The numbering of the lines has been likewise rectified, or introduced where it did not exist.

this book are covered with MS. corrections in two different handwritings, one of which is Thomson's, while hitherto the other has been almost generally attributed to Pope. Though it was not unknown to me that strong reasons had been brought forth against the authorship of Pope, I resolved, three years ago when transcribing these corrections<sup>1)</sup>, on putting a P (i. e. Pope) after the notes of the collaborator, in accordance with the proceeding adopted by the editor of the last Aldine Thomson. Lack of time prevented me then from investigating the question myself, and Professor Macaulay's note in the "Athenæum" (Oct. 1, 1904, p. 446)<sup>2)</sup> where, chiefly upon evidence of handwriting, Lyttelton is pointed out as the actual writer of the corrections, I had unfortunately not seen. When Professor Macaulay called my attention to it, in July 1907, my edition was already being printed. And, indeed, while there are many circumstances against the authorship of Pope, there are many in favour of that of Lyttelton. Thomson spent part of the year 1743 at Hagley, the country seat of his friend Lyttelton, and we know that he was at that time engaged in correcting his "Seasons". It is Lyttelton whom Thomson entrusted with the editorship of his works after his own death, and Lyttelton not only published an edition of Thomson's works in 1750 (1752) where *The Seasons* lost 89 lines (Aut. 483—569, 607, and 677), but, "conformably to the intention and will of the author", he also made many changes in the *Seasons* later on, as is shown by an interleaved copy preserved at Hagley, and, but for the formal protest of Patrick Murdoch, would have issued this revision. — Considering, however, that the critic who, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1841, started the

<sup>1)</sup> The footnotes (MS) of the present edition give a full account of the (legible) emendations of the collaborator, while Thomson's corrections have been transcribed in so far only as they constitute variations from the readings of the other editions.

<sup>2)</sup> See also Prof. Macaulay's "James Thomson" in 'English Men of Letters', London 1908.

so-called "Pope theory", namely John Mitford (the previous owner of the famous MS. copy of 1738) must also have been acquainted with the handwriting of Lyttelton (since part of the British Museum transcript of Lord Lyttelton's later emendations<sup>1)</sup> is in the hand of Mitford), I determined not to remain satisfied with the evidence of handwriting and the possibly accidental coincidence of circumstances. Professor Macaulay has already maintained that the corrections of the contributor bear a close resemblance to the poetry of Lyttelton, both as regards ideas and style, and he has, more especially, compared a passage in Lyttelton's "Monody to the Memory of his Wife" with the simile of the myrtle (Aut. 209 ff.), but, if I am not mistaken, no attempt has ever been made to establish a connection between the contributions in the copy of 1738 and the later emendations of Lord Lyttelton. It seems an interesting task to discover instances in which suggestions of the collaborator that had not been accepted by Thomson were repeated by Lyttelton. And such instances actually occur. Aut. 115—23<sup>2)</sup> had been cancelled by the collaborator, but Thomson had dropped 118—23 only. Lyttelton cancels 115—17. — Aut. 206 which had been deleted by the collaborator was not omitted by Thomson. The line is obliterated by Lyttelton. — In Wi. 127, "quivering" which had been suggested by the contributor is also substituted by Lyttelton. It is the same with the word "gentle" for "tender" (Wi. 447). But the cases of the well-known catalogues of the Great Men are much more important: In Su. 1551—63 L takes up the work begun in 1743, carefully leaving unaltered the lines which had been already retouched, and in Wi. he comments upon Numa (502 ff.), who had been styled "the Light of Rome" by the collaborator. That the contributor had a preaching vein, will be gathered from his corrections on Aut. A 393 and 368.

<sup>1)</sup> 11632. c. 57.

<sup>2)</sup> If not otherwise noted, the figures refer to the last edition of *The Seasons*.

Lyttelton's emendation on Aut. 985—87 is written in precisely the same spirit, to say nothing of the other only too numerous moralising passages in his revision. Lord Lyttelton's MS. copy thus proving to be of some importance for critical purposes, I have thought it desirable to include a full record of his corrections in my edition. My transcript (pp. XXII—XXXI) is based upon the above mentioned copy of Mitford in the British Museum, but owing to the obliging kindness of Lord Cobham, who gave me access to the library of Hagley Hall, I have been able to verify it upon the original. Students of these emendations will observe that they bear in very many instances upon passages which attracted the critical notice of the collaborator for the edition of 1744, and are appropriate to remove any remaining doubts as to his identification with Lyttelton.

The "Annals" (pp. X, XI) will, it is hoped, afford a clear survey of the general growth of *The Seasons*, while the tables called "Models and Sources" are intended to show that Thomson, with all his originality, was not free from literary influences.<sup>1)</sup> In compiling this list (much of which is the result of my own researches) I have been especially helped by Mr. Robertson's annotated edition of *The Seasons* (Oxford 1891), by M. Morel's book on Thomson (Paris 1895), and by MS. notes of the late Rev. John Mitford in a copy of *The Seasons*, now in my possession. For trustworthy information concerning the history of *The Seasons* I am indebted to Borchard's *Textgeschichte von Thomson's Seasons* (Diss. Halle 1883), and to Mr. Willis' reproduction of the first edition of "Winter" (London 1900). Last, but not least, I have to acknowledge my most sincere and respectful thanks to Professor Brandl for kindly assisting me with his advice during the execution of this work.

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<sup>1)</sup> With reference to "Winter", more details will be found in my dissertation on the "Entstehungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte von Thomsons 'Winter'", Berlin 1907.

## ANNALS OF THE SEASONS.

- 1726 In March, "Winter" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Winter".) Folio. 405 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epistolary dedication.  
In June, "Winter" second ed.: *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson. — Horrida cano Bruma Gelu. — The Second Edition. London: Printed by N. Blandford, at Charing-Cross, for J. Millan, at Locke's-Head in Shug-Lane, near the Hay-Market, and the next Bookseller to the Horse-Guards. MDCCXXVI. (Pr. 1s.)* 8vo. 463 lines (text B).Prefixed besides the epist. ded.: A Preface by Thomson and three commendatory poems by A. Hill, Mira, and D. Malloch. Three more editions of "Winter" are said to have appeared until 1730, but, in all likelihood, their text was the same as that of the second edition.
- 1727 "Summer" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Summer") 8vo. 1046 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epistolary dedication.
- 1728 "Spring" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Spring"). 8vo. 1082 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epist. ded. and an Advertisement. Appended: Proposals for Printing by Subscription  
*The Four Seasons, With a Hymn on their Succession, etc.*
- 1729 "Spring" second ed. Text the same as in 1728. Prefixed: A Table of Contents.
- 1730 First collected ed. of "The Seasons" with the Hymn: *The Seasons by Mr. Thomson. London: Printed in the year M. DCC. XXX. 4 to.* Prefixed: The names of the subscribers. Appended: Poem on Newton. — Spring 1087 lines (text B), Summer 1206 lines (text B), Autumn 1269 lines (text A. See title-page in front of Autumn), Winter 781 lines (text C), Hymn 121 lines (text A). Prefixed to each Season: An argument and a copperplate. Omitted: The Latin mottoes, the preface of Winter 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., the Contents of Spring 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., and the epistolary dedications, which are replaced by poetical ones in the beginning of the poems and by short prose-dedications on the title-page of each Season.

In the same year the Seasons also appear in 8vo, each in a separate volume. Spring is printed for A. Millar; Summer, Autumn, and Winter (with the Hymn, the Poem on Newton, and Britannia) for J. Millan. They are sometimes found bound up together under the names of Millar and Millan. Text the same as in the quarto, save "Winter", which contains 787 lines (text D).

1738 The Seasons appear in the first volume of *The Works of Mr. Thomson. In two Volumes.* London: Printed for A. Millar, over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand. MDCCXXXVIII. 8vo. Text — save spelling and punctuation — the same as in the quarto of 1730. "Winter" has 787 lines, as in the 8vo. ed. of 1730.

1744 The Seasons appear in the first volume of *The Works of Mr. Thomson. In two Volumes. Vol. I. With Additions and Corrections.* London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1744. The following advertisement is prefixed: *The Seasons having been published several Years ago, and considerable Additions made to them lately, some little Anachronisms have thence arisen, which it is hoped the Reader will excuse.* Spring 1173 lines (text C). Summer 1796 lines (text C), Autumn 1375 lines (text B), Winter 1069 lines (text E), Hymn 118 lines (text B). Omitted: The short prose-dedications on the title-pages in front of each Season.

In the same year The Seasons appear in a separate edition: *The Seasons. By James Thomson.* London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1744. 12mo. Text the same as in the "Works". The following dedication is prefixed: *To His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, This Poem, Corrected and made less unworthy of his Protection, is, with the utmost Gratitude and Veneration, inscribed, by His Royal Highness's most obedient and most devoted Servant, Janies Thomson.*

1746 *The Seasons. By James Thomson.* London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1746. 12 mo. Last edition revised by the author. Spring 1176 lines (text D). Summer 1805 lines (text D). Autumn 1373 lines (text C). Winter 1069 lines (text F). Hymn 118 lines (text C).

	1726	1727	1728	1730	1744	1746
Spring . .			A 1082	B 1087	C 1173	D 1176
Summer . .		A 1146		B 1206	C 1796	D 1805
Autumn . .				A 1269	B 1375	C 1373
Winter . .	A 405 B 463			C 781 (4 <sup>o</sup> ) D 787 (8 <sup>o</sup> )	E 1069	F 1069
Hymn . .				A 121	B 118	C 118
Total				4464 (4470)	5531	5541

# VARIANTS ORTHOGRAPHICAL AND PUNCTUATIVE.

In consulting the following lists it should be remembered that the general rule which may be established with reference to the substantives occurring in the original editions of *The Seasons* here noticed, viz. that they begin with a capital letter — exceptions have been recorded — is broken by the quarto of 1730<sup>1)</sup>, which uses small letters in this case (and also in the cases of adjectives, which sometimes commence with a capital in the other editions). When a noun has been quoted from the quarto, e. g. in order to indicate a punctuative variant preserved also in the subsequent texts, it has not been expressly noted that it takes a large initial in the latter.<sup>2)</sup> — The sign ||, only used after words closing up a verse, marks the absence of a stop.

## Spring.

*A = ed. 1728      B = ed. 1730, as in the quarto  
C = ed. 1744, as in "The Works"      D = ed. 1746.*

1 ethereal *C* Ethereal *D* 5 O *BC* Hartford, *CD* 6 grace; *B* Plain || *CD* 7 Innocence and *BCD* 9 paints; *BCD* 10 thee *BCD* 12 Blasts: *CD* 14 Vale; *CD* 21 delightless: *CD* 27 him. *BCD* 28 Cold; *CD* 29 But, *CD* Life and *CD* 31 all-surrounding *BCD* 32 airs; *BCD* 34 Joyous, *CD* 36 Where *C* 40 Song and *CD* 41 Meanwhile inc. *B* Meanwhile, *CD* Share, *CD* 43 sidelong *BCD* 44 neighbouring *BCD* 45 Step; and, liberal, *CD* 49 breezes, *BCD* 50 showers, *BCD* 52 Nor, ye *B* Nor ye *C* Nor, ye, *D* 54 Ear: *CD* 56 its *B* Height *CD* 61 lance *B* 62 War; then, *CD* 68 unbounded! *CD* 69 azure turbulent *CD* 71 ports; *BCD* 74 land, *BCD* 77 Delicious, *CD* 80 Earth, *CD* 81 Hues; *CD* thee, *BCD* 88 whitens; *BCD* 91 gales; *CD* 93 once, *CD* 98 embryo *BCD* 99 its *BD*

<sup>1)</sup> And also by the separate octavo editions of the *Seasons* founded upon the text of the quarto (see pp. VI, XI), which, however, have not been noticed here.

<sup>2)</sup> Neither have I taken account of the suppression of the apostrophe in the words tho and thro, an unimportant, typographical singularity of the edition of 1746.

Town, *C* 100 Smoke, *CD* 104 Sweet-briar *C* Sweet-bryar *D* 107 Country, *CD* around, *CD* 108 white-empurpled *CD* 111 *The full stop after spies is found in all the orig. edd., but the context requires a comma or colon.* 114 Mildew; or, dry-blowing, *CD* 118 oft, *CD* 120 eat, *CD* 128 skilful *BCD* 129 burns; *BCD* 130 Till, *BC* smoak, *B* Smoke, *CD* 131 falls: *CD* 132 onions, steaming hot, *B* 136 dreams, *B* 142 its *B* 161 lessening *B* 170 iron *C* 174 Ether; *CD* 180 Hope and *CD* 181 Breeze, *CD* 190 suspense, *BCD* 192 strike, at once, *CD* 193 Even *BCD* 194 seem, expansive, *B* seem, impatient, *CD* 197 last, *CD* 200 flow, *BCD* 205 descends, *B* 209 And, *CD* 211 day *CD* 214 western *CD* 215 out, effulgent, *CD* 228 Mean time *BC* Meantime *D* eastern *CD* 229 ethereal *CD* 230 immense; *CD* 231 Proportion running *D* 234 Prism; *CD* 235 philosophic *C* 236 Light by *D* thee *BCD* 240 glory; *BCD* 242 vanish'd *D* 243 Shade, *CD* 244 Morning-Beam, *CD* 247 wild, *CD* 249 Tribes: *CD* 250 Dale, *CD* 253 mountain rock, *B* 254 it's *C* 257 Nursing *D* 258 moistning *D* prolific *CD* 259 pierce, *C* 260 pure, *C* 261 Man, *D* 264 savage *CD* 268 nor, *D* 270 away; *CD* 274 Mean time *BC* Meantime *D* Dance and *CD* Sport || *D* 275 Talk, successive, *C* 279 Deed, *CD* 285 Rays, *CD* 286 as, *C* Mead, *CD* 287 Flocks, commixing, *CD* 289 Lion *CD* 291 Music *C* Whole *C* 292 heard, *BCD* 295 consonance. *C* 297 phrase, *B* 300 wav'd *B* 313 fleece, *B* 324 whate'er *B* Minutes whence *D* 326 iron *C* 330 within: *CD* [292] Which selfish Joy disdaining seeks, *D* 341 swells; *BCD* 343 mix'd *CD* 345 inly rankling, *C* [311] rush'd || *D* 359 vast; *CD* 360 Till, *BC* Center *CD* clouds *BCD* 363 Chace: *C* 364 snows; *BCD* 365 Heats. Great Spring, before, *CD* 366 blush'd *C* 367 Sweetness, *CD* 369 reign, *D* 370 Expanse: *CD* 372 Waters; *CD* 373 forth; *CD* 374 autumnal *CD* 376 now, *B* 380 wholesom *B* 381 food; *B* 382 exhilarating *CD* 383 Nutriment and *CD* 384 its *B* 386 Lion *CD* 398 fruits, *BC* Rain || *D* 399 he, *BC* 403 he deals. *B* Blood-stain'd deserves *D* 404 Him, *B* thicket, *B* 405 the awaken'd *B* 406 you, *BCD* 407 People, What, *D* 410 cold? *BCD* Whose *B* 411 lies? *B* 413 What *D* he *BCD* 414 Patient and *CD* clothes *CD* 415 he *BCD* 416 Hands, *D* 417 That, perhaps, *C* That perhaps, *D* 418 Autumnal *D* 419 labour? *BCD* 420 suggest: but *BCD* 421 adventurous, *CD* [378] away, *D* [379] mossy-tinctur'd *D* [381] dark brown *D* [387] Folds; *D* [388/89] deep, || Gives as *D* [390] weak helpless uncomplaining *D* [392] When with *D* [411] Hook: *D* [413] Shore, *D* [429] once he *D* [437] Rage: *D*

[439] abandon'd to *D* [440] gaily *D* [445] Lily *D* [446] Its  
*D* [450] born *D* [451] High in *D* [456] Landskip, *D* 429  
 boast, *BCD* 430 its *D* creation, *BCD* hers? *BD*, her's? *C*  
 431 he *B* 437 Colours; *CD* Power, *CD* 440 round. *A* round?  
*BCD* 441 Yet tho *D* 442 then, *BCD* 443 love; *BD* Love: *C*  
 446 Dews and *D* 450 Lily *D* 451 Grass, *CD* 452 luxuriant; *BCD*  
 Bank, *CD* 454 shines; *B* 458 Beams. *CD* 463 wild; *BCD* 468  
 way, *B* 469 and, *BC* 470 its *BD* ethereal *D* 472 taught:  
 and *B* 473 Wild-thyme *C* 476 its *BD* 484 æthereal *B* ethereal  
*CD* 488 Grace: *CD* 489 first; *CD* 492 auriculas a *B* 496  
 Freaks: *CD* 497 Father Dust, *D* 498 and, *D* [452] Pride the *D*  
 504 Nor, *CD* shower'd *BCD* Bush, *CD* Damask-rose. *CD*  
 510 knee; *BCD* Thoughts, *CD* 511 Continual, *CD* climb; *BCD*  
 Master-hand, *CD* 513 Thee, *B* Vegetative *C* 515 Ether, *CD*  
 516 soils, *BCD* 518 tide; *BCD* 519 thy *BC* Command  
 the *CD* 521 wintry *CD* now in *CD* dance, *BCD* 526  
 hark how *C* 535 through *C* 536 begin, *BCD* 537 thought,  
*BCD* 541 Than, all alive, *BCD* 542 musick *BCD* 544 he *BCD*  
 547 Bush || *BCD* 548 moisture, *BCD* 551 kind contending *CD*  
 552 through *C* 553 notes; *BCD* 557 Bullfinch *CD* 558 furze  
 || *BCD* 559 these, *B* These || *CD* 564 Pipe discordant *CD* 570  
 kind *D* 571 way *CD* 573 her. *B* 579 inspir'd, *CD* 580 then,  
*CD* 581 approach; *BCD* 583 rotation *CD* 594, 595 its *BD* 600  
 soothe *CD* 603 Domes; *CD* 611 Hair and *D* wool; *BC* oft,  
 when unobserv'd, *BCD* 612 Straw: *CD* soft and *CD* 617 Her  
*CD* 621 place *CD* moment, *CD* 623 Young, *CD* 624 Warm'd  
 and *CD* 627 O *CD* 628 Care, *CD* 629 hearts? *B* [684] Love,  
*D* 640 neighbouring *BCD* 649 hot pursuing *BCD* 651 tyrant  
*CD* 655 its brightening *BCD* 659 musick *B* 660 persuade.  
*BCD* 664 when, *CD* 667 Robb'd *BCD* 669 poplar *CD* shade;  
*BCD* 670 Where, *BCD* all abandon'd *BCD* despair, *BCD* 674  
 Woe; *D* 676 Bounds, *CD* 677 Ardent, disdain; *CD* and, *CD*  
 697 on. *CD* lengthening *D* Life and *D* 701 rejoicing never  
*CD* 703 sea, *B* its *B* [754] (*Note*) Western *D* [760] which,  
*D* 712 rook; *B* 714 Household-Kind. *CD* 717 ardour *CD*  
 721 Gale; *CD* 733 Brutes, *CD* below, *BCD* 735 deep-scorch'd,  
*CD* 737 Scarce seen *CD* 741 Sense. *CD* 743 Fight; and, *CD*  
 idly butting, *B* idly-butting, *CD* 748 battle *BCD* 754 joy, *B*  
 755 wild he *CD* 756 flies; *CD* 757 And, *CD* the aerial *B* the  
 ærial *CD* 758 then, *CD* steep-descending, *BCD* 761 such *CD*  
 force *CD* 762 frantick *BCD* Heart and *CD* 763 Nor un-  
 delighted, *CD* 765 Ooze and *D* 766 flounce and *CD* un-  
 weildy *B* 770 heart; *B* 771 wolf; *B* bear; *B* 772 fell; *B*

773 Libyan *B* 781 him *BCD* 783 way, and that, *B* convolv'd,  
*CD* glee, *CD* 788 iron *CD* ancient *CD* 790 Broil: *CD* 791  
 deep-laid indissoluble *CD* 793 And, *CD* Labours, *BCD* Law,  
*CD* 798 diffuses? What, but God? *BCD* 803 work; *CD* 804  
 complex stupendous *CD* 806 appears: *CD* 808 falling, *B*  
 810 him. *B* 812 him *B* 813 his *B* 816 his *B* 822 thee, *B*  
 824 Bounty; *CD* 827 Tenderness and *CD* 830 vye *CD* 835  
 Hence! *D* 837 unfeeling, *B* another's *CD* 838 yourselves;  
 away. *BC* yourselves; away! *D* 845 unexplor'd; *CD* 849 abroad;  
*BC* 850 world; *BCD* 852 human *CD* 854 exhals *B* 856  
 sunny *CD* 860 degrees *CD* 864 God to *CD* [939] its *D*  
 865 power *B* 867 impelling, *B* impell'd, *B* 870 wide-rejoicing  
*B* 876 spirits in *B* 877 Cheek a *CD* 881 heaves, *CD* 885  
 exstatic *D* 887 Hearts: *CD* 888 sigh; *BCD* eye, *B* 897  
 beware; *CD* late || *A* late, *BCD* 898 Torrent-Softness *CD*  
 899 lies, *CD* 900 away: *B* away; *CD* while *BCD* Soul, *CD*  
 902 form; *BCD* grace; *BCD* 903 eye, *BCD* [912] Hours;  
*CD* [916] Design, against *CD* 913 rosy bosom'd *B* 916  
 she *BCD* 919 Friends; *D* 920 social *CD* sits; *C* 922  
 while borne away, *CD* 927 love-dejected *CD* 929 Glooms; *CD*  
 931 Romantic, *CD* 932 heart-thrilling *CD* 934 Lilies, *CD* 936  
 day, *BCD* 938 through *C* 939 degrees, *CD* 940 he *BCD*  
 943 World || *CD* 944 care, *B* 945 midnight *BCD* drear; *BCD*  
 947 page, *BCD* 962 a while *BCD* 965 mimick *D* 967 crouds  
*BCD* distress'd; *CD* 968 secret-winding flower-enwoven *CD*  
 978 shore; *BCD* 980 vain; *CD* borne *BCD* 981 distance *CD*  
 988 its *BD* 990 unmix'd, *CD* 992 fairy *CD* Prospects, *CD*  
 994 Farewel! *CD* 995 the *CD* 998 then instead *BCD* love-  
 enliven'd *CD* 999 sunny *CD* 1004 Fears || *CD* 1016 Veins: *CD*  
 1022 fever'd *CD* 1024 waste. *CD* 1025 they! *BCD* happiest *CD*  
 1034 Soul; *CD* 1036 Confidence: *CD* 1038 him, *BCD* 1041  
 days: *BCD* 1043 desire, *BCD* feel; *BCD* 1045 possess'd *CD*  
 1047 Those *D* cements in *BCD* 1048 Nature live, *CD* 1050  
 its *BD* 1052 wish; *CD* 1054 mind-illumin'd *CD* 1055 har-  
 mony, *BCD* 1058 Degrees, *C* 1061 lustre and *B* 1063 Care.  
*CD* 1069 you whom *B* ye, whom *CD* 1072 Heart: *CD*  
 1075 fly. The *BCD* 1077 them *BCD* 1082 they *B*.

## Summer.

*Variations of B (ed. 1730, 4to) from A (ed. 1727).*

4 comes, 11 And on 15 hermit seat, 17 fix'd serious  
 20 ecstasy soul. 21 power, 23 Thus 30 machine. 38 White

break step, 39 apace, 43 Blue thro' 44 And from 45 awkward; forest glade || 46 and often turning gaze 51 cottage where 54 awake; 55 And, 57 song. 63 dreams? 64 remain, 65 craves; when 67 walk? 71 ætherial 74 looks in 75 that burnish'd plays 77 chearer Light! 79 robe! 80 beauty all 81 thou, 83 brightness, thee! 85 That in effusion from thee 86 number at 97 not as now the life; 98 thee! 99 gladness; 100 thee 103 rays, 111 you 115 thee concocted blushes; thee 119 thee, 120 Bends unwitholding to 121 power; 123 thee, 127 rock itself impregn'd by thee, 129 compact; 131 fair. 132 thee 133 radiance, 134 thee æther, 140 But all 141 Thick thro' opal play 142 flying several from 146 thee 155 glance extensive 158 great delegated 160 him, 161 light || 167 he 168 would loosening reel 169 Wide from 170 yet was 171 praise; 172 works in 173 full harmonic 174 thee 176 me wide display'd; 177 broad illumin'd 180/81 glooms || Pensive I muse, or with 182 excursive soar. 183 piercing 186 till all unveil'd || 187 seems, 194 can unpitying see 196 so 198 they 199 Sad when 200 he warm returns, 202 retreats; 203 him fold: 207 oaks || 210 Where on boughs they 214 house dog 215 one 219 little noisy 221 mean, 222 him they 233 where on the pool || 235 snatch'd immediate by 242 he 246 or weltering 238 chief to 252 watch he 256 he dreadful darts, 259 backward grimly 264 him muses thro' woods at 265 he 268 presuming impious 273 mind? 277 around, yet blindly bold || 280 swept at once th' unb. 282 As with accent to 283 This 288 remotely-wafting 290 then alone let 297 day. 299 idle summer-life 303 they 306 them 308 air a 309 heaven and far as 310 all || 311 pole is 317 And o'er surface wary treads 320 draught:he 322 scythe; the mower sinking heaps 323 him 329 impetuous hurl 331 heat, 332 temples potent thus 333 hard! incessant still you flow, 335 profuse. In 336 And restless turn, 338 endure! The 339 sight, 340 dance; 342 Hangs deathful on limbs; nerves; 345 he! that on 356 thickets, 362 he 363 Cold thro' 365 watch; 371 plain; 372 compose: 375 and often bending sip 377 strong laborious 378 Which incompos'd he 385 Light fly 386 herd; 387 That startling scatters 411 Extatic felt; 413 bent:to 414 virtue struggling 417 tryals fated to 418 who devoted gives 424 zealous to 425 Shook sudden from 426 shapes or 427 stalk majestic on. Arrous'd, 431 Pronounce distinct. "Be us 432 Poor kindred we 434 pursuit. 435 Once some us, thee, life, 436 we 439 but with 440 Oft in 442 us, God. 443

And frequent at 443 Or all 447 join'd. 448 us, 451 muse,  
 455 swift-shrinking 461 sheet; anon dispers'd, 462 mist; then  
 gather'd 463 stream aslant 464 tormented; 466 And restless  
 roaring 467 gaze, 471 radiance, 474 pinions thro' 478 Deep in  
 482 again || 487 me 489 There on 492 Strays diligent, and  
 with 493 honey-suckle loads 496 streams; 499 Liberty  
 abroad 500 unconfid'n || 503 drought; 504 guardian-oaks;  
 506 numberless; 507 herds in 509 scythe. 515 Drudgery him-  
 self, 516 he or dusty hews 517 crowded 519 echo 520 he  
 hearty waves 521 and loosening 525 they 530 virtue, 531  
 kind; 548 song, 549 thine? 551 met? 553 man; 556 fair;  
 574 Harmony; 575 white || 577 grace; 578 rose-bud, 581  
 breast; 584 sits high smiling in 587 terror, delight, 589 arm;  
 590 thy self, 592 Thou! nod the 594 Virtues 603 superior  
 shines 606 first paternal Virtue 609 labours glorious with 610  
 far transported 612 praises in 616 Kingdoms on 616/17 day ||  
 Oppressive falls, 622 mines; 625 spicy Abyssinian 626 pome-  
 granate, drink 627 yet in 627 coats || 628 Peaceful beneath,  
 629 elephant; and in shade || 630 play, 631 birds of note rejoice  
 637 thousand thundering 638 Riots with rage the 639 chiefly  
 should 640 And doubling blend 641 tempestuous; or directly  
 642 them 643 await; above || 645 lies; 646 spoilt;  
 647 waste; 648 Thin-cottag'd; and in 649 brook; one 651  
 Barca; 652 hot inhospitable sands; 653 Continuous rising  
 656 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er 657 here that domain;  
 659 or on 659/60 tomb || Triumphant sits, who for 664 immense;  
 666 And, lolling frightful, 667 or of 672 tyger then, 674 Be-  
 speckled 677 crowd || 678 forms at 679 These all join'd from  
 680 where o'er bones they 682 once their 683 imperious and  
 686 he! who from 687 alone || 688 Ceaseless he 689 Sad on  
 691 forming in 692 ether 694 he 696 Sinks helpless; 697  
 hiss continual 703 Italy; 704 When for them she 705 And  
 fawning take 707 Where frequent, 708 divine, 709 death;  
 711 breeze; 713 aspect? Wisdom then || 716 balance. 719  
 rang'd at Noon by 724 relatives endear'd 727 And, sick in  
 solitude, successive die, 733 hills that 735 me 737 and growing  
 gains 743 world a 747 That from 753 cattel scouling 754  
 eye; 755 him 758 When to eye the 759 Appears far 761  
 voice; 762 but at 764 till over head a 767 ether 770 heaven  
 and 778 he shuddering sits, 781 dies; 782 live dejected 787  
 master for 788 Black from 789 leaning shatter'd 790 ages;  
 791 lie: 792 Here the 794 there the 800 and from the cliff ||  
 802 thro' 828 Celadon || 829 twain; 830 virtue 831 alone:

834 lov'd. But 835 As in time alarm'd 838 sympathetick  
 840 each each self; 842 joy. 843 Still in intercourse they  
 845 things. 846 clear united 847 till in evil Hour || 848 them  
 849 breast presageful heav'd 856 and as 958 he 861 thee,  
 862 thee 864 hurtless; 867 thee 868 perfection! "From  
 870 ashes fell 871 he 873 fix'd 874 resemblance, on the  
 marble-tomb, 875 mourner stooping 897 air || 898 lustre and  
 901 abundant by 904 Joyn'd 907 Most-favour'd; who with  
 907 articulate || 908 world? 909 he, soon forgetful 910 vows;  
 912 heart? 914 crystal 915 stands || 921 and thro' 922  
 breathing by 923 arms and legs according he 924 path;  
 929 Nor when, 930 I weak-shivering linger 935 rose victorious  
 o'er 937 Even from 937/38 purity the mind || Receives 941  
 shift perpetual in 943 ray; 946 he orb; 947 immers'd; 952  
 lost. 'Tis him, 953 blank: 954 horror to wretch; 960 around,  
 961 dew; 962 him the 963 felt. 964 Confess'd from 966 air;  
 973 corn; 988 merry-hearted; 989 pail; 992 language shown ||  
 994 they 995 unfrequented; where || 996 eve the 998 village-  
 stories 999 they 1000 him urg'd || 1001 himself to 1003  
 And after they 1005 shun'd; 1022 lamp; and. 1024/25 winter-  
 robe || Of massy stygian array'd || 1032 seen: 1033 heaven;  
 1034 eminent; 1038 thus th' effulgence tremulous I 1040 sky;  
 or horizontal dart 1076 thee, thee, 1080 summer-noon; 1083  
 Hence thro' thee, 1084 She soaring spurns, 1087 Virtue 1088  
 calm and clear; 1090 display'd: 1091 up-tracing from 1092  
 causes and 1093 alone || 1095 heaven and 1098 swift-painted on  
 mind. 1099 thee, 1100 ages; 1101 musick, 1101 thee what  
 man? 1106 prey; 1111 property; swain, 1112 furrow; 1113  
 toil; 1115 Nothing save 1117 thee 1118 peace; 1120 crouds  
 1125 Nor to 1127 intent to 1128 thro'; 1130 who word.  
 1132 Thence on kingdom swift she 1134 vanish or appear;  
 1139 unmix'd. But 1151 us know that 1143 being, 1144 God;  
 1145 Love and Wisdom inexpressive

*Variations of D (ed. 1746) from C (ed. 1744, as in  
 "The Works").*

7 face; 32 Power, 37 Men, 54 Rock the 56 smoaking  
 90 Chearer Light! 108 thee! *D* (*no sign after thee in C*) 144 its  
 147 its 150 its 157 its 193 its 207 There, 243 Lighter,  
 263 Cheese: 297 its 298 its 300 dance 304 green, 342  
 Thick in 356 Half naked, 367 Hay-cock 377 much of 391  
 Outrageous 394 Flocks || 401 Rest, 405 Meantime, 415 its

423 simple 432 Noon; 486 On 496 fill'd: 504 Moan || 509  
 high 517 Growth; 522 Meditation, These 545 Man! 554  
 Folly and 573 Inspir'd: 574 Art; 613 Bower or Bower C  
 641 (*Note*) South-East: 662 its 668 its Fruit. 669 O stretch'd  
 672 pours. its 677 Anâna, 696 Herds that 699 fallen 714  
 truly 719 scape 730 (*Note*) torrid 759 Sun-redoubling 760  
 Cool to 767 spicy 850 half 869 godlike 929 Bounds C  
 984 its 995 lab'ring 1014 descend: 1026 pierce; D 1034 saw,  
 1035 Infant-Weakness 1057 then, 1070 its 1109 Sound ||  
 1127 its 1133 loosen'd aggravated 1138 its 1142 above,  
 1184 its 1235 its 1239 half afraid 1314 Its 1318 Rose amid  
 Morning Dew, 1365 Lustre; 1380 its 1399 its 1406 glorious  
 1455 labour 1497 unrestrain'd, 1510 native 1414 strew 1517  
 Reign; 1527 Choice; 1536 cloister'd 1559 great, 1565 Spencer,  
 1580 Rose-bud 1607 While in superior 1661 shewn 1699  
 Course, 1722 Philosophy, 1734 round, 1736 Reason's and  
 1748 Mankind! 1752 Prey; 1786 Train;

## Autumn

A = ed. 1730, as in the quarto B = ed. 1744, as in "The Works"  
 C = ed. 1746.

4 Well pleas'd BC 11 Public BC 18 public BC 27 en-  
 liven'd wide BC 30 below || C 40 gayly-checker'd Heart-ex-  
 panding BC 43 Blessings, BC 47 Human kind! BC 56  
 Year: BC 59 Boar; BC 61 mix'd BC 62 Frost: BC 66  
 Peace and BC 73 Sloth: BC 74 unfolded: B 77 Mechanic  
 B 83 degrees B D. C Fabric BC 88 inspir'd to BC 90 barren  
 bare BC 94 And, BC 95 Glory, BC 100 This BC 102 This  
 B Guardian-Laws, BC 111 order ABC 115 And, BC Street,  
 by BC drew || B 125 Ward-House B W.-h. C 127 Plenty, C  
 130 hand, BC 142 Its C 143 Stores: the BC 145 rose; the  
 BC Stature B 147 Imagination flush'd. BC 152 along;  
 BC 153 Spring; BC 165 Talk || B 166 Scandal and BC 174  
 Husband-men! B Husbandmen! C 190 Woody B 197 Lilly, B  
 [210] Appenine, C [215] length, BC 215 Lavinia; C 215 Palemon  
 BC 216 it's B 218 antient uncorrupted BC 225 Gaze: BC  
 227 down-cast BC 233 secret BC 234 pity! BC 238 methinks ||  
 B 241 rise; B Rise; C 247 live, BC 256 Her, BC 260  
 Palemon, BC 263 sought, BC 272 spread, BC fair; BC 274  
 Years? BC 280 his whose C 299 While pierc'd B 312 Corn:  
 B 313 aërial BC swells, BC 319 in || B 325 pliant BC

329 head *BC* 330 its *C* 332 Lie *BC* 333 swim, *B* 349  
 Elegance and *BC* 350 Limbs in *C* clad || *B* 352 oh *BC* 353  
 yours *BC* 359 Game: *BC* 362 Outstretch'd. *C* 365 way *BC*  
 371 Eye || *C* 379 Animal-Creation *BC* 380 Her. *BC* 381 cheerful  
 barbarous *BC* 385 Dark, *BC* 400 Furze, *C* 401 Heath: *B*  
 402 thick-entangled *B* thick entangled *C* 413 scatter'd sullen  
*BC* 425 first in speed, *B* first, in speed || *C* 427 swift aërial  
*BC* flight. *ABC* 429 lessening murderous *BC* 450 last weak  
*BC* 453 fair jutting *BC* 454 beauteous chequer'd *BC* 455  
 Youth || *BC* 458 Lion, *BC* 479 tost: *C* 492 Furr, *C* 501 side  
 to side; *BC* 502 while *BC* 511 delicious, as *B* delicious  
 as *C* 512 love-sick *BC* 515 drawn || *C* 516 Mature and *BC*  
 520 while, *BC* 522 Wreath'd fragrant from *C* 527 frequent  
 and *BC* 530 Shift, is *BC* 537 Politicks or *BC* 538 perplex'd.  
*BC* 540 Heart; *B* Heart: *C* 544 While from *BC* 545 Music  
*BC* 547 long, *C* 549 word, *AB* 550 Lie *BC* 551 dim and *C*  
 554 wet broken *BC* 555 Slaughter: *BC* 581 And, *BC* alone || *BC*  
 597 Life: *BC* 599 Swains now *BC* 604 clustering *C* 512 These  
*BC* 614 busy Joy-resounding *BC* 618 Breeze and *C* 622 Race;  
*BC* 626 every-changing *B* 633 Native *BC* 638 cheer *BC*  
 643 green delightful *BC* 644 serene and *BC* 647 Wood, *BC*  
 648 Harvest, *BC* 649 Mean-time *B* 655 Walk, *BC* 659 ever  
 open, *BC* 663 Thought: *C* 674 Day: *B* 677 increas'd, *BC*  
 689 degrees *BC* 695 Now, *BC* cool declining *BC* 700  
 Sides, *BC* 707 dark and *BC* 713 oft, *BC* Orb, *BC* 717 gigantic.  
*BC* 721 formless grey *BC* 724 It's *B* Infant Way; *BC* 727  
 These, *BC* 752 Shore, *BC* 757 clear and *BC* 759 springs; *BC*  
 [766] its *C* [778] its *C* [809] disclose, *C* [820] its *C* 779  
 floats: rejoicing *BC* 781 mouldring *BC* 786 back; *B* 787  
 commotion *BC* 789 Deep, *BC* 791 strong || *BC* 797 Essay,  
*BC* 800 aërial *BC* 802 naked melancholy *BC* 803 Thûlè, *BC*  
 the Atlantic *B* 806 What *BC* 810 plain harmless *BC* 813  
 sea-girt *BC* 821 keen diffusive *BC* 827 cool translucent brim-  
 ming *BC* 835 brave. *B* 837 generous undiminish'd *BC* 844  
 Boreal *BC* 845 power *BC* 848 Soul, *BC* 857 glittering funny  
*BC* 861 sea-incircled *BC* 866 Patriots and *BC* 867 fond  
 imploring *BC* 867 Eye; *C* 881 Debate; *BC* 890 fading many-  
 colour'd *BC* 892 crowded *BC* 893 wan declining *BC* 892 leaf-  
 strown *BC* 898 Ether; *BC* 904 Those *C* 904 Wisdom and *BC*  
 905 Croud, *BC* 908 soothe *C* 909 woee *BC* 912 Grove, *BC*  
 914 Plaintiff, *BC* 920 dull despondent *BC* 926 Prey, *BC* 927  
 Ground! *BC* 928 pale desceuding *BC* 945 Philosophic *BC* 949  
 Pierc'd *BC* 957 Croud *BC* 960 Astonishment; *BC* 961 and, *BC*

962 human Race; *C* large ambitious *BC* 965 Tyrant-Pride; *C* fearless great *BC* 971 vast embowering *BC* 984 Moon || *BC* 991 it's *C* 994 floats, *BC* 996 Rocks and *BC* 999 when half-blotted *BC* Sky her *BC* 1001 Luster *BC* 1002 extinct her *BC* 1003 sickly beamless White; *BC* 1005 shoots: *BC* 1008 quick as *BC* 1010 Ether *BC* 1011 Croud, *BC* 1012 wondrous *BC* 1014 aërial *BC* 1017 Rolls *BC* 1019 sides *BC* 1022 And late at night in *BC* 1035 Gloom, *BC* 1036 Magnificent and *BC* 1040 kindle and *BC* 1050 fantastick *C* 1063 Autumnal *BC* 1065 Hoar-Frost *BC* Beam; *BC* 1067 Dew-Drops *BC* 1069 Hive! *BC* 1075 full flowing *C* 1076 dark oppressive *BC* 1078 thousands, *BC* 1080 and 1081 This *BC* 1082 Ceasless *BC* 1083 This *C* 1089 borrow; and, *BC* 1097 populous and *BC* 1099 Theater or *BC* 1102 stench-involv'd, *BC* 1103 blue sulphureous *BC* 1110 ethereal *BC* 1111 azure *BC* 1117 While, *BC* 1121 Leaps wildly graceful in *BC* 1128 rejoice; *BC* 1134 Rural *BC* 1135 Gate, *BC* 1136 Morning, *BC* Croud *BC* 1137 turn *BC* abus'd? *BC* 1138 intercourse! *C* I.! *C* 1141 Pride and *BC* not? *BC* 1142 tho', *BC* Land and Sea purvey'd, *BC* 1143 rarer tributary *BC* 1145 Death? *BC* 1147 Night, *BC* 1152 all? *BC* 1154 Hope: *BC* 1156 Herbs and *BC* 1160 Sap: *BC* 1166 Hay; *C* Grottos, *B* 1170 sound unbroken *BC* 1173 poetic *BC* 1174 Flood in *C* 1176 destroy || *BC* 1177 Blood, *BC* 1180 some, *BC* 1181 Urg'd or by Want or *BC* 1195 free || *BC* 1197 distance *BC* Human *C* 1199 States, *BC* 1204 sees Her *BC* 1213 Tempè *C* 1214 Hemus *BC* These *BC* 1217 rejoices *BC* 1218 Luster *BC* 1221 and, *BC* 1229 A Friend a Book the *BC* 1231 Land and Sea Imagination *BC* 1234 Heroic *C* 1235 feels; *BC* 1236 His *BC* 1237 little strong *BC* 1242 Happiness and *BC* 1246 primeval *BC* 1249 Inrich *BC* 1259 vary'd 1261 Eye: *BC* 1269 never never *BC*.

## Winter

*Variations of B (ed. June, 1726) from A (ed. March, 1726).*

7 cheerful 11 pure virgin Snows, my self, 13 Fermenting Tempest 18 yellow-rob'd! 23 well pois'd Hornet hovering, 25 Flies 26 Ray; 29 Sometimes a 32 And thro' 33 Time || 41 Oft let 45 while the 48 Fall wavering thro' 65 Soul in 74 embowering Shades; 86 dusky mantled 93 Wide, 95 Reflection, 108 Peace that these, 111 view, 116 That sounding, 123 the untasted 124 meaning Low, *B* Meaning low, *A* 127 Female 129 the enlivening 130 Frolick: 140 Woods, 152

## XXII VARIANTS ORTHOGRAPHICAL AND PUNCTUATIVE

perilous? 161 Controul, 236 Snares and 242 Now Shepherds,  
243 Pens 244 Lodge 245 for. 247 Plains || [295] th' screaming  
254 Without 258 There 261 Mankind || 264 and deep-  
musing, 265 that slowly-rising, 268 Commonweal || 270  
good; And 271 Sons: 272 just; 273 Extreme: 275 Brother  
while bled: 278 retir'd: 283 Demand: But 301 Blue 303  
slipry 308 that in 311 on, 313 Then 314 Night; 316 rise;  
318 Frolicks 321 Or, 322 Fields; 327 resolves, 328 Loose  
329 The 331 more || 334 lengthening 342 Mischiefs that  
348 Thunder in 355 Eye, 365 flowering thy 367 concluding  
Winter 368 Where 373 Fluttering 389 secret, long 394  
Thought || 395 Why 400 that here, 405 Pure-flowing.

*Variations of F (ed. 1746) from E (ed. 1744, as in "The Works").*

16 out and 43 Comma after Aquarius *EF* 95 its 115  
Storm? 138, 157, 176, 182, 184 its 293 Man; 327 feel, 328  
Pain 347 Death-bed 349 These, 427 Shore || *E* Shore. *F*  
456 fell, 476 best, 492 Greece: 535 Hand in Hand 572  
*Comma after* pass *EF* 577 Mind; 578 its 607 Ascent, 622  
round; 626 Sleep: 671 excels, 679 thee 694 Nitre 698.  
724 its 775 Mean-time, 807 its 813 and dark-embrown'd.  
877 These, 906 Mountains 940 its.

### A Hymn

*A = ed. 1730      B = ed. 1744      C = ed. 1746*

1 Father, *BC* 3 Thee. *BC* 7 Heart, *B* 9 Light and Heat *BC*  
10 Year: *C* 22 bidst *BC* 23 Thy *BC* 25 These *BC* a *BC* 28  
Shade; *BC* 29 Whole; *BC* 34 Thence *BC* 40 attend! *BC*  
44 soft, *BC* 48 Whose *BC* 62 Forests bend, ye Harvests wave,  
*BC* 90 in *BC* 94 frame *A* Flame *BC* increases *BC* 102  
Summer-ray, *A* Summer-Ray || *BC* 106 beat! *BC*.

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### LYTTELTON'S MS. CORRECTIONS.<sup>1)</sup>

*These MS. emendations are made on an interleaved copy — preserved in the library of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire — of the first volume of the 1750 edition of Thomson's Works in four volumes*

<sup>1)</sup> See p. VII—IX. — The figures refer to the numbering of the lines as given in correct modern reprints of the 1746 edition of *The Seasons*.

*which had been brought out by Lyttelton. The date MDCCCLII (which is to be found in the first of the four volumes only, while the others have MDCCL) has been changed into MDCCLVIII by Lyttelton.* —

The following Preface to the Seasons opens the revision: In this Edition, conformably to the intention and will of the Author, some Expressions in the Seasons which have justly been thought (by good Judges)<sup>1)</sup> too harsh, or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some Lines transposed, and a few others left out. The Hymn, which was printed at the end of the Seasons in some of the last Editions, is likewise omitted; because it appears to good Judges that all the Matter and Thoughts in that Hymn are much better express in the Seasons themselves.

## Spring.

39 shoulders, 60 insect tribes] gaudy tribes *Before* 114  
*L. inserts:* Now every Bud expanding bursts to life 121 waft]  
ride 126 Destruction waits unseen and Famine dire. 143 and  
sleeps shut up 144 caves: 146 distent with vernal show'rs.  
148 then by swift degrees 150 mingling deep] wide diffused  
158 ever-twinkling 166 The teeming Clouds; while hush'd  
in etc. 185 Beholds the various country brightning round.  
198—203 contracted as follows: The woods exult: their every music  
wakes, || And see! refracted etc. 206 deepning to the red, 243  
From beds of leaves or Moss; nor griev'd to see 245 Their tem-  
perate slumbers lightly fumed away, *For* 249—74:

On every Hill, beneath each spreading Shade  
The Swains and Husbandmen rejoicing hymn  
Their bounteous God. Then festive Dance and Sport  
Kind Deeds, and friendly Talk successive shar'd  
Their blisfull hours: while in the rosy Vale  
Love breath'd his tender Sighs from Anguish free  
And free from Guilt. Such were those prime of Days.

But now those pure unblemish'd Manners, whence  
The mystick Poets took their golden Age  
Are rarely found &c.

*Ll. 255—63 are, however, not cancelled, in l. 262 swelling  
is replaced by verdant, and in l. 263 commixing by promiscuous.  
277 Which forms its genuine happiness; After 288 L. inserts:  
From Wisdom and from Happiness divorced; 289 pensive Anguish]*

<sup>1)</sup> The bracketed words are cancelled.

fond Distraction, 309 Hence, on the guilty World a deluge came: 318 a broken world: ] afflicted Man 320 Great] Mild 327 No Clouds impregnate with sulphureous &c. 329 While] No and ] nor 330 Hung on the Springs of Life and clogd their Tone. 358 you, ] ah! 360—61 who, each Year, resign || To undefended Man your own attire 422 infant] Captive 441 *cancelled* 442 You drag to land your etc. 445 *cancelled* 452 liquid] rapid 458—59 *cancelled* 461—63 *cancelled* 464 Soothd 467 breathing prospect] blooming Landskip 468 It's various beauties trace. But etc. 471 matchless] wondrous 479 Which bounteous Nature breathes continual round. 502 Revives with Fragrance mild the gladdend Soul. 513 And] But they soar, to seek 515 And loaded with the luscious spoil return. 518—26 *cancelled* 551 broad] streakd 553—55 *cancelled* 599 gay contending 602 To let them triumph; but designs, in thought 688 *cancelled*. After 701 L. inserts *Spring 849—66*, with the following variants: (849 curious, say] Sages, tell 852 These sentiments diffuses? 853 *cancelled* 854 And] Whose) 786 O'er all the lively Scene, 787 thick] quick 821 boundless] wanton 835 Around him feeds dispers'd his bleating flock, 837 *cancelled* 838—40 thus contracted: Their frolics play. Behold in sprightly Race || At once they start, and sweep the massy mound For 844—48:

Torn with perpetual Broils: but now o'er all  
 The blisfull Isle sweet Concord, Peace, and Love  
 Walk hand in hand, and, each returning Year  
 Crown the fair Forehead of the gentle May.

867 song] Muse 874 bounteous] flowery 875 flowing] bounteous 879 works, the Maker's Bounty glows 882—83 Nor . . . wait *cancelled* 888 teaming] pregnant 491 Ye] The 899 With gradual force the love 948 Inimitable] Unalterable 955—56 by surging . . . houshold smoak *cancelled* 971—73 (languishment.) *cancelled* 984 smooth] sweet 1018 the] his 1020—24 thus contracted: To the vain bosom of his distant Fair || His wafted spirit flies. Sudden he starts, For 1071—75:

He wakes appalld: but waking still he dreams,  
 With idle fears disturb'd and vain Desires.  
 Wild Passion's Slave, bereft of Reason's Aid,  
 Yet even his Pains delight. But thro' the heart

1078 But] 'Tis 1087 flowing] glowing 1099 peace] ease 1026—27 who, intent to bless || Himself alone, from sordid 1129 *amplified as follows*: Well-merited, and all the racking Doubts ||

Of Jealousy, consume his nights and days: 1138 pleasure, all it's vain Delights, 1140 and ] or 1143 harmony ] Sympathy 1144 *cancelled* 1168 happy; still the genial Spring 1170 Till age at last steals on, serene and mild; 1172 swells] glows

## Summer

38 matchless, ] constant, 57 And ] See! 71 For ] Say, 81 powerful ] glorious. *L. remarks:* Powerful at his rising does not seem quite proper. 109 from the Mind of Man, 117—25 *cancelled.* For 128 (till) —29:

While round thy beaming Car  
The Zephyrs downy-wing'd, the timely Rains,  
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,  
Attend, and aid thy fertilizing Ray.

131—33 *cancelled.* After 134 *L. inserts:* power, || Ev'n to the secret Cavern darting deep For 143—46: And star-like sparkles with collected Light. 148—49 inserted by *L. after* 152 153 deeper] brighter 161—65 By thee . . . return. *cancelled* 176—78 *cancelled* 185—91 *cancelled* 192 wide display'd; For 208—9: By gelid Founts to muse, while Tyrant Heat, 210 rapid] cruel 231 And at th' extremest border of the shade 278 Strikes] Stalks 303 evanescent] undistinguishd 421 Borrow'd] Received 451 wrath!] rage 469 Ye groves high-archd! ye bowery 473 sallying] chrystal 532 better] moral 533 and] or 540 Deep-awed, I feel 551 *cancelled* 669 locust. *L. notes:* The Locust Tree is one of the largest and most shady Trees in the Indies. 737 plumy] featherd 741 lent] gave 742—3 realm, whose plumed Troops || With various Splendour glitterd o'er the Field; 790 *L. cancels comma after* roll 812 manly] full-grown 813—14 flood, and swell'd with all || The copious treasures of the humid sky, 912 For There sublim'd:

various Tribes  
Of these infest the Woodland Paths, or glide  
Athwart the sandy Plains. There also fired  
By the strong influence of the torrid Clime

968 broad,] forth 1010 Heav'n-inspir'd,] truly great, 1030 —31 or from shades || Impenetrably deep, recesses foul, 1096 The burning hill After 1096: Or pours forth torrent Streams of liquid Fire. 1154—55 and ruminating . . . eye; *cancelled* 1175 blooming] opening 1192 and] or 1193—94 *cancelled* 1226—27 A purer

azure. Thro' the lighten'd air 1229—32 *thus contracted*: Diffusive, shine: a glittering robe of joy, || Invests the fields. and Nature smiles around. 1242—43 *cancelled* 1338 Retired unseen by her: But 1341 sacred eye ] tender Glance For 1348—49: So bending tries to veil its naked charms. 1356 At once her bosom seiz'd; 1398 To sweet retirement happy lovers steal. 1427—28 and for... God; *cancelled* 1446 merciful ] temperate 1448 float ] wave 1449 waves: and ] Harvests: 1451 blackening ] well-fed 1469 Despising Death in every Form, and first 1479 Illustrious are thy Princes: Alfred first 1482 And peacefull Wisdom, more heroic still, 1483—84 And Muses venerate: the best of Kings! || Then bright thy Edwards &c. 1487 *Between* still and In L. *inserts*: nor less renouwd || For wisest Policy and manly Strength || Of Mind thy Virgin Queen. 1535—40 *thus contracted*: First Bacon rose, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1549 *cancelled* 1551—63 *thus expanded*:

By him instructed Boyle with pious search  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great Creator sought, and Knowledge fix'd  
 On sure Experiment, not Systems vain.  
 Thine too, Britannia, thine sagacious Locke,  
 Who taught the Human Mind itself to know,  
 It's Powers unfolded and it's limits markt,  
 With cautious Modesty supremely wise:  
 And Newton, pure Intelligence, etc. as ll. 1560, 61  
 From Laws sublimely simple. Lo! to These  
 In every Land th' admiring Sages bend  
 And Them their Masters own! nor far behind  
 The generous Ashley stands, the friend of Man;

*etc. as ll. 1552—55. Then:*

How sweet the Concert of thy various Bards  
 Poetick Island! Hark! they strike the Lyre,  
 Harmonious Dryden, Waller, Denham, Rowe,  
 Gay Prior, and judicious Addison:  
 But see! with perfect Art the Hand of Pope  
 Now tunes the strings! around the Graces dance,  
 And Wisdom's sober Ear approves the Song.  
 Of all thy numerous Wits, Britannia. This  
 The most correct! But nobler Fame belongs  
 To Genius more sublime. For lofty sense

1571 blowing ] smiling 1572 verse ] Lays 1573 Inventive  
 Spencer, 1577 native ] lively 1578—79 *thus amplified*:

Sharp with keen Satire, strong with nervous Sense  
 And moral Truth, shines through the darkening cloud  
 Of Gothic Barbarism around him thrown.

1605 white] mild 1638—46 *cancelled*. (*In l. 1645 such was substituted for him*) 1671 panting height] steep ascent 1693 beheld. To heav'n's high cope 1698—1709 *expanded as follows*:

Unrival'd reigns. Now, when the whole-some Nights  
 Are free from noxious Damps, serene and mild;  
 Forth let me walk, and view each glittering Starr  
 That decks with gentle Light th' unclouded Sky.  
 Nor burn these heavn'ly Lamps for Man alone.  
 To various Systems of dependant Orbs  
 Bright Day, and animating Heat they give.  
 The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds.  
 Struck at the Sight with pious Awe my Soul  
 Adores the great Creator's Pow'r, and feels  
 How small a Portion of his Works contains  
 Th' aspiring Sons of Man, and bounds their Pride  
 In narrow Limits. On th' effulgent Scene,  
 While fix'd I gaze, the lambent etc. as ll. 1700—02.  
 Portentous deemd. But gréater still their Dread  
 If from the void Immensity etc. as ll. 1706—8  
 Then, as he blazes in the Front of Night,  
 With awfull etc

1720 While,] When, 1722 They see him come, and thro'  
 the Planets roll 1726 th' exhausted orbs, 1728—32:

To yield new fuel to the wasted Sun,  
 Relume his beams and feed his sinking Fire.

By Thee, Divine Philosophy, by Thee  
 Conducted, with serene Delight I range  
 O'er Natur's Works, through all the varied Year.  
 Taught by thy Precepts Poetry exalts  
 Her Voice, and animates th' instructive Lay  
 With moral Sentiment and Thought sublime.  
 Hail bounteous source of evidence, etc.

1737—38 *thus contracted*: Rais'd by thy pow'rfull Aid she  
 springs aloft 1740 fluttering] groveling 1741—57 *cancelled*  
 1763 mix'd] form'd 1777—78 Sustain the publick Weal. While  
 labouring Crowds || Ply the tough oar, thy guardian Power directs  
 1782 speck] spot 1783 Art thou confin'd. The 1784 Are thy  
 exalted range: tis thine to gaze 1489—90 swift thou turnst ||  
 Thine Eye; and instant, at thy powerful glance, 1795 *cancelled*

## Autumn

1 Crown'd] Graced 6 white] sweet 19 of] in 34 Till,  
 with an instant Change, the ruffled Air 91 bolder,] higher,  
 93 high] great 115—17 *cancelled* 133 Warrior Vessel 159  
 scandal] courtship 206 *cancelled* 298 The maid astonished heard.  
 Won etc. 301 The joyfull Tydings to her Mother came, 336  
*cancelled* 350 *thus expanded*: Of children dear, in vain from him  
 their Food || With piteous cries demanding. Landlords, then  
 353—57 *cancelled*. Before 360 L. adds: Soon as the gathered Harvest  
 clears the Fields || Hark! the rude etc. 362—63 Drive from her  
 rural Haunts affrighted Peace. || See, in his etc. 591 *cancelled*  
 599—600 With Sentiment refined and quick to judge || Each Work  
 of Wit or Fancy; in their etc. 604 skill,] love, 623 wise. and  
 624 *cancelled* 629—32 *cancelled*, but after 636 L. inserts:

Obedient to the Breeze a mellow Shower  
 Of juicy Pears from the deep-loaded Bough  
 Incessant falls; and scatterd wide around  
 Or piled in fragrant Heaps beneath their Trees  
 The ripend Apples lie: Profusion gay!

637—40 *cancelled* 641 various] vinous For 671—74:<sup>1)</sup>

Of Nature ever open. Here, while charm'd  
 I steal, at Noon, along the sunny Wall  
 To climes, where cherish'd by the potent Sun

686—87 The Vineyard cloaths each gently-rising Hill || Or  
 steep ascends the Mountain's sultry Side. 695 *cancelled* 700  
 unbounded] redundant 705 The light, high-flavourd Burgundy,  
 and brisk 706 gay] bright 728 O'er all the Land, in deeper etc.  
 730 *cancelled* 731 A] And 734 infant] struggling 741 *cancelled*  
 742 And] Whence 783 and Imaüs 877 The downy plumage,  
 soft, to form &c. 903 unequal] their narrow 921 passive] indolent  
 Batavian] foreign 922 Defraud] Deprive 951—52 *cancelled*, and  
 954 *thus amplified*: To sooty dark the shaded Country round ||  
 Imbrown! These now the pensive, lonesome Muse, 955 lead] call  
 walks] paths 970 pensive] sober 977 artless] joyfull 980 des-  
 ponding 985—87 *expanded as follows*:

Destroy nor lay the miserable Tribes,  
 Harmless and unsuspecting Harm in Blood  
 Weak-fluttering on the Ground! think cruel man,

<sup>1)</sup> The printed leaf containing ll. 646—91 is wanting.

Through all the balmy, blisfull days of Spring  
How sweet they sung, and stop thy murderous Hand.

993—94 breeze disturb the boughs || A leafy Deluge covers  
all the Ground, 997 waste,] Heaps 1000 sunny] silken 1038  
gardens seats 1069 venal] golden 1088 Mean-time 1093—95  
And caverns deep, again restores his Light || Void of *etc.* 1098—1100  
*cancelled* 1101—02 All æther whitens with a boundless tide || Of  
silver Radiance, mild; while Rocks and Floods || And waving Seas  
reflect the quivering Gleam. 1112 quickly] swiftly 1113—14  
Then mix, and thwart, with Streams of various Dies|| Now white  
and now with glowing Crimson stain'd. 1123—24 Affrighted  
Superstition wildly talks 1134—37:

The waving brightness he with curious thought  
Surveys, inquisitive to learn the Cause  
And yet unknown Materials which produce  
This beautifull Appearance, rarely seen  
In Britain's Clime, but to the Northern Skies  
Familiar; where it chears the tedious Length  
Of Night, and constant gilds the glowing Pole.

1140—44 Are Heav'n and Earth. Order confounded lies, ||  
Distinction blotted out, and Beauty lost. 1147 huge;] dire,  
1177—79 cares, and joy'd to mark || Full-flowing round, their  
copious, wintry stores. 1221 Disposed in festive *etc.* 1223 For-  
getting every care. The *etc.* 1226 Drest in her best Attire, the  
village-toast 1238 Drinks] Tastes 1246 lands and seas 1250—53  
juice of foreign Grapes: || Nor knows he those fantastic idle Joys  
1256 *cancelled* 1257—58 securē || From disappointment, 1263—64  
*cancelled* 1266—67 Sweet breathing, spread o'er all the fertile  
Vale. || Nor bleating Flocks that graze the level Down || Or verdant  
Mountain; nor the Purl of Streams, 1282 Unpierc'd,] Unmoved  
1352 Oh Nature! Handmaid of Celestial Pow'r! 1356 blue] void

## Winter

5 kindred] awfull 6 Oft, in the cheerful Morning of my  
Life 17 this] her 30 awful schemes] Arts of State 31 *cancelled*  
37 light] raise 32 fierce] moist 110 *cancelled* 117 you] ye  
127 shivering] quivering 175 *cancelled* 182 remains. 183—84  
Nor safe the mightiest Trees: the tearing Wind || Breaks down  
and scatters their gigantic Limbs || Or prostrate throws to Earth  
their aged Trunks. 186 whirling] loosen'd 190 savage] furious  
195 Huge] Wild 213—16:

— thought! of all your idle Joys  
 Scarce on the soberd Mind one Trace remains.  
 So, when our Reason sleeps, with airy Wings  
 Fleets the false Vision o'er the formfull brain,  
 This moment, hurrying wide th' impassion'd Soul  
 The next in nothing lost. Yet still with Hopes  
 New-flush'd, and fresh Desires, deluded Man  
 Again prepares to run the giddy Round.

229 whitening] silent 273 whelms, while foul and fierce  
 274—76 cancelled 278 Caught by the storm on some lone Heath,  
 the Swain. 293 cancelled 299—302 A dire descent! of precipices  
 huge, || Smooth'd up with snow; of faithless Bogs beyond || The  
 Power of Frost; of still unfrozen springs, 304 cancelled 310  
 Who leaves his Friends, his Family, unseen. 351 cancelled 354  
 conscious] (generous) tender 359 Nor shall my Muse forget  
 369 wintry] shivering 373—76 stripes. || To curb this barbarous  
 Insolence arose || With honest Zeal the British senators. || O great  
 etc . . . well! 377 cancelled, but after 378 L. inserts: With patient  
 care, and temperate wisdom calm: 379 Drag the Detected Monsters

Lines 389—413 were to be placed after lines 414—423, with the  
 foll. alterations: For 389—92: Then, from the cloud-topt Alps or  
 Appenines, 395 Assembled 396—97 cancelled 399 Press] Drag  
 414 embrac'd] enclosed 419 cancelled 447 tender] gentle 458  
 the other] his Master 472 unequal] unfriendly. L. remarks:  
 unequal is obscure. 474 happy] justly 499—500 A race of  
 heroes who, for Ages, knew || No Stain of Vice. save that etc.  
 502—3:

Good Numa first appears, the Light of Rome  
 Whose Wisdom softend her rapacious Sons  
 And gentle Virtue taught, and fixd the Yoke  
 Of mild Religion on the stubborn Mind.  
 Him follows, glorying in his People's Love  
 Servius, the King, etc.

519 youth, from all the Pride of Power || Triumphant and  
 supreme, to private Shades 522 Sustaind the Freedom of corrupted  
 Rome. 541 of Mankind 570 shew'n 573 soul,] minds 588  
 thro' remotest time 590 scatter'd] various 596 public soul]  
 noble Fire 619—22:

The goblin Tale goes round; till solemn Fear  
 And superstitious etc.

Or in the chearfull Hall convened they sport  
 With their gay Landlord. Rustick mirth resounds;

630 The crowded city swarms. The etc. 632 flow] float  
*Lines* 638—43 placed before l. 656. See below. 644—45 cancelled.  
*Before* 646 L. inserts:

From Scenes like these avert thy purer Eyes  
 Celestial Muse, and view the British Stage.  
 Lo! there the Ghost of Hamlet dreadful stalks;

649 comely] virtuous 651 itself. 652 cancelled 655 shewn.  
*Note* cancelled. After 655 L. inserts: Then the gay Ball invites the  
 youthful Train: || Upsprings the Dance etc. as ll. 638—43 709—13  
*cancelled* 754 wave;] show'r 762—68:

Seek the glazed River and the Marbled Lake.  
 From every Province, where the Belgick Rhine  
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
 The glad Batavians swarm: and as they sweep,

779 quick] sharp After 793 L. inserts:

Now let me stand on Cheviot's highest Peak  
 Or Skidda's Summit, and beneath me stretch'd  
 Behold the vast extent of dazzling Snow  
 Deep-covering every Dale, and Hill, and Plain

794 infant] feeble 798 glittering waste] shaded Earth 804  
 vast,] Waste 808 note cancelled 837 know] taste 854 tribe]  
 Beasts 857 marbled] hardend 861 And vivid Stars that gild  
 the cloudless Skies 862 radiant waste,] glossy Snows 878 chear-  
 ful-loaded] L. remarks: I wish this was alterd, chearful-loaded is  
 not English. "They chearfull to their shady Tents repair" would  
 be better. 883 interest] avarice 893 note cancelled 953—54  
 Self-taught inspired, and called from Gothic Night. || Illustrious  
 Peter 974 O'er joyless desarts rural Plenty smiles; 981 shrinking]  
 warlike 984 cancelled. After 985 L. adds: All by the mighty  
 Master's Soul informed: 1028 His] Her

## Hymn

*The whole poem is cancelled. In l. 2 thy varying Power was  
 first substituted for the varied God.*



## MODELS AND SOURCES.

## Spring A (1728)

- 1—4: Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* ed. Bernays V 735—38 (esp. with reference to the MS. emendation).
- 3—4: Milton's *Paradise Lost* IX 425—27.
- 16, 17: Virgil's *Georgics* I 43, 44, Par. *Lost* VII 285—87.
- 32, 33: *Georg.* II 330—31.
- 35—39: " I 45, 46.
- 41, 42: " I 213.
- 43: " I 98.
- 59, 60: Shakspere's *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III, Sc. II, 79, 80.  
Milton's *Comus* 674—77. See also Su. A 298ff., and Wi. C 541.
- 77—81: Par. *Lost* III 583—86.
- 90: *Georg.* II 323.
- 93: " II 328.
- 99ff.: Par. *Lost* IX 445—51.
- 112—17: De Rer. Nat. V 213—17, Philips' *Cider* II 34ff.
- 118ff.: *Cider* I 421—45.
- 136—68: *Cider* I 344—58.
- 188—90: *Georg.* I 375—76. See Wi. E 132—33.
- 205ff.: De Rer. Nat. I 250ff.  
205—7: *Comus* 710—13. See also Spring A 396—98, and Su. C 126—28.
- 209ff.: Pope's *Windsor Forest* 53, 54.
- 214—27: Par. *Lost* II 492—95, *Georg.* I 410—23, and esp. Leonard Welsted's "Picture of a fine April Morning" (first printed in the "Freethinker", April 17, 1719). See Su. A 903ff.
- 267—323: *Georg.* I 125—46, Ovid's *Metam.* I 89—112.  
267—70: Par. *Lost* V 1—7.  
285—86: Psalm LXV 12.
- 324—53: Ovid's *Met.* I 127ff., Par. *Lost* IX 1121ff., Shakspere's *Mids. Dream*, Act II Sc. I 81ff.
- 362—79: Ovid's *Met.* I 116 ff., Par. *Lost* X 651 ff., *Mids. Dream*, Act II Sc. I 88—144.  
366—67: Par. *Lost* IV 147—48.
- 380ff.: Plutarch's *De Carnium Esu*. I.  
396—98: *Comus* 710—13. See Spring A 205—7.
- 400: Ovid's *Met.* I 84—86, Par. *Lost* IX 239—40, VIII 508—10.
- 406—13: Ovid's *Met.* XV 116—26.
- 458—59: Par. *Lost* IV 162—63.

- 466–74: Gay's *Rural Sports* (ed. 1720) 83–90.  
 485–507: Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* II 3, 351 ff., Par. Lost IV 697–703, Milton's *Lycidas* 142–51, Shakspere's *Winter's Tale*, Act IV Sc. 4, 73–129.  
 542–66: Brit. Past. I 3, 195–216.  
 661–75: Georg. IV 511–15.  
 720–27: Par. Lost VII 438–46.  
 725–30: De Rer. Nat. II 801–7.  
 731–50: Georg. III 212–41.  
 750–62: „ III 250–54.  
 763–70: „ III 242–49.  
 896–1082: De Rer. Nat. IV 1008–1279.  
 940: Par. Lost 267–68.  
 973–82: Georg. III 258–63, Pope's *Eloisa* 123 ff., Hor. Carm. Lib. IV 1, 37–40.  
 1025–82: Pope's *Eloisa* 91–96, Par. Lost IV 750–70.

## C (1744)

- [377–440]: Brit. Past. I 5, 643–67, Winds. For. 135–46, *Rural Sports* (ed. 1720) 121–270.  
 [451–52]: *Aeneid* V 213–17.  
 [483–84]: *Penseroso* 31–43.  
 951]: *Allegro* 77, 78.

## Summer A (1727)

- 11, 12: *Allegro* 129–30, Par. Lost III 26–29.  
 17, 18: *Mids. Dream*, Act V Sc. 1, 12–13.  
 54 ff.: Georg. III 324–26.  
 68 ff.: Par. Lost VII 370–73, *Psalm XIX* 5.  
 77–83: Par. Lost III 1, 6, 8–12.  
 89 ff.: Par. Lost VIII 122, III 576–86.  
 127 ff.: „ „ III 608–12.  
 160 ff.: „ „ III 3–6.  
 170 ff.: „ „ IV 675 ff.  
 189: „ „ IX 426–27. See Spring A 3, 4.  
 215–17: De Rer. Nat. IV 988–93.  
 223ff.: Georg. IV 42–44, III 51–55, Pope's *Temple of Fame* 282–87.  
 242 ff.: Par. Reg. IV 15–17.

- 248 ff.: Philips' Splendid Shilling 78—92.  
298—300: See Spring A 59, 60.  
307—84: Gay's Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 53—66.  
    345 ff.: Georg. II 487—88. See Wi. A 74 f.  
    356 ff.: Georg. III 331—35.  
    356—57: Pope's Eloisa 155—56.  
    378—80: Brit. Past. II 2, 9—10.  
385 ff.: Georg. III 146—51. Fairy Queen II 9, 16.  
409 ff.: See Wi. A 77 ff.  
    413—17: Comus 453—58.  
    439 ff.: Par. Lost IV 677—88. See Spectator Nr. 12.  
487—93: Allegro 139—46.  
494 ff.: Georg. II 136—76.  
549: Allegro 133—34.  
571—84: Philips' Cider I 668—93. Cp. esp. Cider I 690—93 with  
    Su. A 683—84.  
585—91: Shaksp. King Richard II, Act II Sc. 1, 40 ff.  
632—42: Georg. II 303—11.  
686—97: Probably suggested by Defoe's Robinson Crusoe (publ-  
    ished 1719).  
    693: Par. Lost I 636—37.  
    696: Comus 549.  
706—31: De Rer. Nat. VI 1136ff., Ovid's Met. VII 528—613, Cider I  
    144—58.  
745—49: Georg. I 356—59. See Wi. C 69 ff.  
752—54: Georg. I 375—76. See Wi. E 132—33.  
757 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 281 ff.  
788—90: Par. Lost I 612—15.  
803—26: De Rer. Nat. V 1216—23.  
827—76: Pope's Letters to Mrs. Martha Blount, Aug. 6, 1718, and  
    to Lady Wortley Montagu, Sept 1, 1718 (two lovers struck  
    dead by lightning). Cp. also Par. Lost IV 288 ff.  
    832: Par. Lost V 122—24.  
    862—64: Psalm XCI 5.  
877—87: Armstrong's Winter 156—82.  
903—12: Par. Lost II 492—98.  
939—48: Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 99—106.  
987 ff.: Ibid. 91 ff.  
995—98: Par. Lost I 781—88.  
995—1006: Armstrong's Winter 118—22.  
1021 ff.: Rur. Sp. (ed. 1720) 107—20.  
1031—50: Fairy Queen IV 1, 13.  
1053—57: Par. Lost II 533—38.

**B (1730)**

- 324—42: Rur. Sp. (ed. 1720) 39—52.  
 718—49: De Rer. Nat. VI 535 ff., Cider I 173—247, Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 34 ff.  
 980—1037: Leonard Welsted's Acon and Lavinia. (Cp. esp. Su. B 1026 with a passage on p. 48, 49 of Nichols' ed. of W.'s Works. Lond. 1787. The resemblance to W.'s poem is still better brought out in the text of 1744. For 1026—27 see also Browne's Brit. Past. I 4, 820—21.) Cp. Fairy Queen II 12, 63 ff.  
 1030—31: Par. Lost IV 304—5. Fairy Queen IV 1, 13.

**C (1744)**

- 121—22: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 4, 5—6, Par. Lost IV 267—68.  
 126—28: Comus 710—13. See Spring A 205—7.  
 287—317: See Spring A 136—68.  
 371—422: Georg. III 445—47.  
 392—93: Georg. III 554—55.  
 722—24: De Rer. Nat. V 1300—02, 1337—38.  
 761 ff.: Par. Lost IV 246—68.  
 773—75: Ibid. 150—51.  
 787 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 262 ff.  
 792—94: Ibid. 290—92.  
 795—813: Plini Secundi Nat. Hist. V 51—54.  
 861—62: Par. Lost. I 684—88.  
 961—69: Armstrong's Winter 87—94.  
 972 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 423 ff.  
 1063 ff.: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 20, 21 (very close). See, however, the earlier passage Su. A 939 ff.  
 1514—15: Milton's Lycidas 151.  
 1698—1721: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 68, 69, Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 63 ff., Moreau de Maupertuis' Lettre sur la Comète (publ. 1742).

**Autumn A (1730)**

- 1, 2: Fairy Queen VII 7, 30.  
 43—157: De Rer. Nat. V 911—1455, Georg. I 125 ff., Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 19 ff.  
 127—40: Pope's Winds. For. 219—34.  
 128: Denham's Cooper's Hill 191—92.  
 138—40: Winds. For. 385—87.

- 186—307: Book of Ruth. The proper names of this episode (Lavinia, Palæmon, and Acasto) seem to have been taken from Welsted's poems "Palæmon to Cælia" and "Aeon and Lavinia" (see note to Su. A 980—1037). The influence of the latter poem is also traceable in the beginning of the present episode.
- 327—36: *Georg.* I 322—27.
- 336—38: *Ibid.* 482—83, *Aeneid* II 496—99.
- 441—45: *Aeneid* II 305—8.
- 357—75: *Winds. For.* 13—119, *Rur. Sports* (ed. 1720) 301—42.  
369—75: *Cider* II 169—76.
- 376—97: Plutarch's *De Carnium Esu* I.
- 384—86: *Psalm CIV* 20, 21.
- 387—97: See *Spring A* 380 ff.
- 398—422: *Rur. Sports* (ed. 1720) 289—300, 362—87.
- 423—54: *Cooper's Hill* 247—318.  
451—54: Shaksp. *As You Like It*, Act II Sc. 1, 36—40.
- 472—83: *Winds. For.* 147—58, *Rur. Sports* 362—81.
- 526 ff.: *Cider* II 459 ff. (Cp. esp. 452—53 with. Aut. A 535), Gay's *Wine*, esp. 187—216.  
546—47: *Par. Lost* II 285—90. See also *Wi. A* 326 ff.
- 668—70: *Par. Lost* IV 258—60, 307.
- 695—98: *De Rer. Nat.* V 463—66, *Par. Lost* V 185—86 (repeated in Gay's *Wine* 50, 51).
- 711—14: *Par. Lost* I 594—98.
- 714—17: *De Rer. Nat.* IV 134—40.
- 722—25: *Par. Lost* I 6—10.
- 726—74: *De Rer. Nat.* V 261—72, VI 608 ff., *Par. Lost* IV 223—30.
- 775—800: *Par. Lost* VII 423—32.
- 810—14: *Cider* I 105—14.
- 897—977: See *Wi. A* 29—79.
- 919—20: Riccaltoun's *Winter's Day* 29, 20.
- 987—89: *Par. Lost* I 287—91.
- 992—93: See *Wi. A* 88—92.
- 1013—17: *Par. Lost* II 533—38.
- 1041—52: *Par. Lost* IX 634—42.  
1044—45: *Comus* 337—40.
- 1066—67: *De Rer. Nat.* V 461—62.
- 1117 ff.: *Ibid.* 1390 ff.
- 1131—1247: *Georg.* II 458—542, *De Rer. Nat.* V 1115 ff., *Cider* I 667 ff.
- 1248—69: *Georg.* II 475—86 (see Thomson's translation of these lines in his preface to the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. of *Winter*), Pope's *Winds. For.* 259 ff.

**B (1744)**

785—86: Par. Lost III 431—32.

1074—77: Georg. II 277—81.

**Winter A (March, 1726)**

6—10: Spenser's December 19, 20.

13, 14: Georg. I 318—24.

15: Job IX 9.

29—33: Cider II 325—27.

33—300: Mainly modelled on Milton's *Il Pensero*, from l. 45.

44: *Pensero* 56ff.

53—57: Winds. For. 125—28.

54: Hamlet, Act I Sc. 4, 33.

57 ff.: Pope's Winter 29. See below l. 359.

74—76: *Pensero* 132—34, Georg. II 488—89, Winds. For. 261 ff.

77—79: Comus 455—58. See Su. A 413ff.

80—87: Browne's Brit. Past. II 1, 781—86.

88—90: Par. Lost IV 604—08.

91, 92: *Pensero* 67—68, 71—72, Comus 331—33.

98 ff.: Par. Lost V 746—47 (cp. "impearl" Wi. B. 98).

113: Macbeth, Act I Sc. 7, 22.

113—16: Georg. I 322—24, 333—34.

117—19: Pope's Winter 30, Par. Lost II 488—91.

119—20: Georg. IV 473—74.

124—29: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 4, 3.

127: Allegro 49—52.

133—42: Par. Lost VII 297—300, Plini Sec. Nat. Hist. V 54. (See note to Su. C 795—813.)

143—44: Par. Reg. III 187, Pope's Spring 38.

162: Comus 598, Par. Lost VIII 76.

173—74, 178: Par. Reg. IV 413—19.

178—79: Hor. Carm. Lib. II 9, 7—8.

186—89: Macbeth, Act II Sc. 3, 59 ff., Georg. I 476—77.

190: Par. Lost III 710—11.

192—94: Matth. VIII 24—26, Mark IV 37—39, Luke VIII 23—24, Psalm CIV 29.

216—20: Par. Lost II 488—91, Riccaltoun's Winter's Day 9—12.

225: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 9, 2—3.

228—29: Georg. III 368—69.

238—39: Georg. I 375—76. See Wi. E 132f.

242 ff.: Georg. III 295—96, 318—20.

- 253—58: Pensero 77—80.  
273: Pope's Temple of Fame 176.  
286: Ibid. 200—03.  
289—90: Ibid. 184—86.  
308—9: Georg. III 360.  
326—28: Georg. I 43—44.  
326 ff.: Par. Lost II 285—90.  
340—41: Ibid. I 207—8.  
349—51: Ibid. VII 410—13.  
359: Pope's Winter 29.  
374 ff.: Par. Lost III 333—38.  
380—88: Samson Agonistes 293—306.  
391: Acts VIII 23.

### B (June, 1726)

- 193—94: Par. Lost II 263—67.  
237—47: Armstrong's Winter 99—104. (This poem, which first appeared in print in 1770, was ready in manuscript when Thomson's Winter was published for the first time. It became known to Thomson soon afterwards. See Armstrong's *Miscellanies* I.)  
273—78: Ibid. 8—10.

### C (1730)

- 44: Hor. Sat. Lib. I 1, 36.  
45—50: Riccaltoun's Winter's Day 5—8, Par. Lost I 595—96.  
58 ff.: Georg. III 440 ff.  
69—72: Ibid. I 357—58. See below 128ff. and Su. A 745 ff.  
73—74: Georg. I 328—29.  
125: Ibid. 395.  
126: Ibid. 368.  
127—28: Ibid. 362—64.  
128—31: Ibid. 356—59.  
154—55: Armstrong's Winter 180—84.  
214—15: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 3, 4.  
250—95: Par. Lost IX 640—42. See Su. A 1007 ff.  
271—72: Comus 205 ff.  
270: Armstrong's Winter 98.  
285—89: Hor. Ep. II 39—44, Georg. II 523—24. See also Aut. A 1235—40, Wi. E 877—80.  
290—91: De Rer. Nat. III 892—94.

- 296 ff.: *Brit. Past.* II 1, 825 ff.  
 410—11: *Pensero* 75.  
 471—83: Mallet's *Excursion* (ed. 1728) p. 71.  
 490: *Luke* XXIV 32.  
 497—99: *Georg.* II 477—82. See *Aut. A* 1263 ff.  
 515—49: *Allegro* 91—133.  
     515—18: *Allegro* 100—05, Armstrong's *Winter* 105—26,  
     *Tatler*, Nov. 17, 1709.  
     519—27: Philips' *Cider* II 411—23.  
     523—24: Hor. Carm. Lib. II 12, 25—27.  
     530—35: Savage's *Wanderer* (ed. 1729) p. 66.  
     541—42: Shaksp. *Troilus*, Act III Sc. 3, 79—80.  
 563—65: *Cider* II 184—88.  
 582—88: Armstrong's *Winter* 12—18.  
 592: Savage's *Wand.* (ed. 1729) p. 6.  
 630—35: Armstrong's *Winter* 75—79. See also above ll. 45—50.  
 650—87: Mallet's *Excursion* (ed. 1728) p. 28.  
     666—67: Armstrong's *Winter* 28, 29.  
     672—73: *Ibid.* 28, 29.  
     675—77: *Par. Lost* I 207—8. See *Wi. A* 340—41.  
 688—700: *Georg.* III 356—83.

## E (1744)

- 119—20: *Georg.* I 454.  
 125: *Ibid.* 433.  
 128—29: *Ibid.* 365—67.  
 131: *Ibid.* 369.  
 132—33: *Ibid.* 375—76. See *Wi. A* 238 f., *Su. A* 752 f., *Spring A* 188 f.  
 134—37: *Georg.* I 390—92.  
 139—42: *Ibid.* 381—82.  
 143—44: *Ibid.* 403, Mallet's *Excursion* (ed. 1728) p. 23.  
 144—45: *Georg.* I 361—62.  
 148—49: *Ibid.* 356—57.  
 158: *AEn.* I 89.  
 175: Armstrong's *Winter* 182—83.  
 479—89: Pope's *Temple of Fame* 174—75.  
 662: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 1, 2.  
 816—26: *Georg.* III 369—75.  
 834—42: *Par. Lost* I 351—55.  
 867—73: *Par. Lost* X 678—85.  
 877—80: Hor. Ep. II 36—44. See *Wi. C* 285 ff.

- 894—901: *AEn.* I 52—57, Savage's *Wanderer* (ed. 1729) p. 4, 5.  
902: Mallet's *Excursion* (ed. 1728) p. 28.  
950—87: Aaron Hill's *Northern Star*, publ. 1718. See also Aut.  
A 43 ff.

### A Hymn (A, 1730)

Founded chiefly upon the 148th Psalm and upon Par. Lost  
V 153—208.

- 40: Par. Lost V 197.  
43 f.: Ibid. 192—93.  
46, 47: Ibid. 193—94, Pope's *Eloisa* 155—56.  
51 ff.: Par. Lost V 195—96.  
69—72: Ibid. 171—74.  
84—86: Pensero 56—58.  
91 ff.: Ibid. 161 ff.  
107 ff.: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 22, 17 ff.
-

# SPRING.

A

## P O E M.

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By Mr. THOMSON.

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Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,  
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus.  
VIRG.

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LONDON,

Printed: And sold by A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head over-against  
St. Clement's Church in the Strand; and G. Strahan, at the Golden  
Ball in Cornhill.

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MDCCXXVIII.

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]



To the Right Honourable the  
**Countess of Hartford.**<sup>1)</sup>

Madam,

I Have always observed, that, in Addresses of this Nature, the general Taste of the World demands ingenious Turns of Wit, and disguised artful Periods, instead of an open Sincerity of Sentiment flowing in a plain Expression. From what secret Impatience of the justest Praise, when bestowed on Others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended Delicacy, is beyond my Purpose here to enquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the Disposition of a Soul sincerely pleased with the Contemplation of what is beautiful, and excellent, than Wit and Turn; I have too much Respect for your Ladyship's Character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling Manner, or venture on a particular Detail of those truly amiable Qualities of which it is composed. A Mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a Heart overflowing with Humanity, and the whole Train of Virtues thence derived, that give a pleasing Spirit to Conversation, an engaging Simplicity to the Manners, and form the Life to Harmony, are rather to be felt, and silently admired, than expressed. I have attempted, in the following Poem, to paint some of the most tender

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<sup>1)</sup> This epistolary dedication is only found in the editions prior to the subscription quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the following short dedication appears on the title-page: Spring. Inscriv'd to the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford.

Beauties, and delicate Appearances of Nature; how much in vain, your Ladyship's Taste will, I am afraid, but too soon discover: Yet would it still be a much easier Task to find Expression for all that Variety of Colour, Form, and Fragrance, which enrich the Season I describe, than to speak the many nameless Graces, and Native Riches of a Mind capable so much at once to relish Solitude, and adorn Society. To whom then could these Sheets be more properly inscribed than to You, Madam, whose Influence in the World can give them the Protection they want, while your fine Imagination, and intimate Acquaintance with Rural Nature, will recommend them with the greatest Advantage to your favourable Notice? Happy! if I have hit any of those Images, and correspondent Sentiments, your calm Evening Walks, in the most delightful Retirement, have oft inspired. I could add too, that as this Poem grew up under your Encouragement, it has therefore a natural Claim to your Patronage. Should You read it with Approbation, it's Musick shall not droop; and should it have the good Fortune to deserve your Smiles, it's Roses shall not wither. But, where the Subject is so tempting, lest I begin my Poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break short, and beg Leave to subscribe my self, with the highest Respect,

Madam,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

James Thomson.

## Advertisement.<sup>1)</sup>

That the following Poem appears at present in Publick, is not any way in Prejudice of the Proposals I lately Published for Printing the Four Seasons, etc. by Subscription, but at the Solicitation of some of my Friends who had seen it in Manuscript, and the better to carry on a Work I stand engaged to finish. For Subscription is now at its last Gasp, and the World seems to have got the better of that many-headed Monster. However, those Gentlemen and Ladies who have been, or may hereafter be so good as to honour me with their Names, shall have the Book next Winter according to my Proposals: And if it should, in any Degree, be judged worthy their Encouragement, I have my best Reward.

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## The Contents.<sup>2)</sup>

The Subject, Spring. Described as a Personage descending on Earth. Address to Lady Hartford. Winter described as a Personage, resigning the Dominion of the Year. Spring, yet unconfirmed. The Sun in Taurus fixes the Spring Quarter. First Effects of the Spring, in softening Nature. Plowing. Sowing and Harrowing. The Praise of Agriculture. Particularly applied to Britons. Effects of the Spring in colouring the Fields, and unfolding the Leaves. The Country in Blossom. A Blight. A Philosophical Account of Insects, producing the

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<sup>1)</sup> Only found in the first edition (1728).

<sup>2)</sup> Only found in the second edition of "Spring" (1729), the text of which is the same as that of the first.

Blight. A Spring-Shower. The Sun breaking out in the Evening after the Rain. The Rainbow. Herbs produced; the Food of Man in the first Ages of the World. Then, the Golden Age. As described by the Poets. The Degeneracy of Mankind from that State. On This, the Deluge, and Effects thereof, particularly in shortening the Life of Man. Hence, a Vegetable Diet recommended. The Cruelty of feeding on Animals. Flowers in Prospect. The Difficulty of describing that delicate Part of the Season. A Wild Flower-Piece. A Garden Flower-Piece. An Apostrophe to the Supream Being, as the Soul of Vegetation. Influence of the Spring on Birds; and first of their Singing. Their Courtship. Building their Nests. Brooding, and Care of their Young. Arts to secure them. Against confining them in Cages, and particularly the Nightingale; her Lamentation for her Young. Teaching their Young to fly. The Eagle trying his at the Sun. A Piece of Household-Fowl. Influence of the Spring on other Animals, the Bull, Horse etc. A Landskip of the Shepherd tending his Flock, with Lambs frisking around him; and a Transition in Praise of our present Happy Constitution. This various Instinct in Brutes ascribed to the continual, and unbounded Energy of Divine Providence. Influence of the Spring on Man, inspiring an universal Benevolence, the Love of Mankind, and of Nature. Accounted for from that general Harmony which then attunes the World. Effects of the Spring in Woman; with a Caution to the Fair Sex. Hence a Dissuasive from the feverish, extravagant, and unchastised Passion of Love; in an Account of its false Raptures, Pangs, and Jealousies. The Whole concludes with the Happiness of a pure, mutual Love, founded on Friendship, conducted with Honour, and confirmed by Children.

### The Argument.<sup>1)</sup>

The subject propos'd. Inscribed to Lady Hartford<sup>2)</sup>. This Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a purer and more reasonable kind.<sup>3)</sup>

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<sup>1)</sup> Appears for the first time in the quarto of 1730. In the editions of 1744 and 1746 the following variations occur: <sup>2)</sup> to the Countess of Hartford. <sup>3)</sup> of a pure and happy Kind.



# SPRING.

## A POEM.

*The text reproduced in full (A) is that of the first ed. (1728). B = ed. 1730. C = ed. 1744. D = ed. 1746. If not replaced by new readings, the emendations are preserved in the subsequent texts (and in this case they are not specially noted again), i. e. those of B in C and D, and those of C in D. The MS. notes, written before the publication of C, were made on text B. T stands for Thomson, P for Pope. The bracketed words are cancelled.*

COME, gentle Spring, Æthereal Mildness, come,  
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,  
While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Shower  
Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

5      Oh Hertford, fitted, or to shine in Courts  
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain,  
With Innocence, and Meditation join'd  
In soft Assemblage, listen to my Song,  
Which thy own Season paints, when Nature all  
10 Is blooming, and benevolent like Thee.

B5 C5 D5

And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts;  
His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill.

B11 C11 D11

**B** 9 Which ] That

**C** 9 Which

**MS** 1—4 Come, gentle Spring, fair Queen of Seasons, come,  
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,  
With the glad Hours, the Zephyrs, Loves, and Joys  
Gay-fluttering round thee, on our Plains descend. T

The shatter'd Forest, and the ravag'd Vale:  
 15 While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch,  
     Dissolving Snows in sudden Torrents lost,  
     The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,  
 And Winter oft at Eve resumes the Breeze,  
 20 Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets  
     Deform the Day delightless; so that scarce  
     The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulph't  
     To shake the sounding Marsh; or from the Shore  
     The Plovers theirs, to scatter o'er the Heath,  
 25 And sing their wild Notes to the listening Waste.

B<sub>18</sub> C<sub>18</sub> D<sub>18</sub>

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,  
 And the bright Bull receives Him. Then no more  
 Th'expansive Atmosphere is cramp'd with Cold,  
     But full of Life, and vivifying Soul,  
 30 Lifts the light Clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
     Fleecy, and white, o'er All-surrounding Heaven.

B<sub>26</sub> C<sub>26</sub> D<sub>26</sub>

Forth fly the tepid Aires; and unconfin'd,  
 Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.  
 Joyous th'impatient Husbandman perceives  
 35 Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers  
     Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow  
     Lies in the Furrow loosen'd from the Frost.  
     There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,  
     They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,  
 40 Chear'd by the simple Song, and soaring Lark.  
     Mean-while incumbent o'er the shining Share  
     The Master leans, removes th'obstructing Clay,  
     Winds the whole Work, and side-long lays the Glebe.

B<sub>32</sub> C<sub>32</sub> D<sub>32</sub>

White thro' the neigboring Fields the Sower stalks,  
 45 With measur'd Step, and liberal throws the Grain .

B 16 sudden ] livid

C 24 theirs, to ] when to

· Into the faithful Bosom of the Earth.  
The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious Man  
Has done his Due. Ye fostering Breezes blow !

50 Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers descend !

And temper all, thou influential Sun,  
Into the perfect Year ! Nor, Ye who live  
In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,  
Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear.

55 'Twas such as these the Rural Maro sung  
To the full Roman Court, in all it's height  
Of Elegance and Taste. The sacred Plow  
Employ'd the Kings and Fathers of Mankind,  
In antient Times. And Some, with whom compar'd  
60 You're but the Beings of a Summer's Day,  
Have held the Scale of Justice, shook the Launce  
Of mighty War, then with descending Hand,  
Unus'd to little Delicacies, seiz'd  
The Plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

65 Ye generous Britons, cultivate the Plow !  
And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,  
Let Autumn spread his Treasures to the Sun,  
Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the Sea,

B48 C48 D48

B65 C67 D67

**B** 46 Earth.] Ground. 51 influential] world-reviving  
**C** 49 Due.] Part. 55–60:

Such Themes as these the rural Maro sung  
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full Height  
Of Elegance and Taste, by Greece refin'd.  
In antient Times, the sacred Plow employ'd  
The Kings and awful Fathers of Mankind:  
And some, with whom compar'd, your Insect-Tribes  
Are but the Beings etc.

61 Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm 62 descending] victorious  
rious 63 Unus'd to] Disdaining 64 thus amplified:  
independent scorn'd || All the vile Stores Corruption can  
bestow. 65 cultivate] venerate

Far thro' his azure, turbulent Extent,  
 70 Your Empire owns, and from a thousand Shores  
     Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports,  
     So with superior Boon may your rich Soil,  
     Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour  
     O'er every Land; the naked Nations cloath,  
 75 And be th'exhaustless Granary of the World.

Nor thro' the lenient Air alone, this Change  
 Delicious breathes; the penetrative Sun,  
 His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat  
     Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power  
 80 At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth  
     In various Hues, but chiefly Thee, gay Green!  
     Thou smiling Nature's universal Robe!  
     United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells  
     With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight!

85       From the moist Meadow to the brown-brow'd Hill,   B85 C87 D87  
 Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs.  
     And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd Eye.  
     The Hawthorn whitens, and the juicy Groves  
     Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,  
 90 Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd  
     In full Luxuriance, to the sighing Gales,  
     While the Deer rustle thro' the twining Brake,  
     And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
     In all the Colours of the flushing Year,  
 95 By Nature's swift and secret-working Hand,  
     The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air  
     With lavish Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit  
     Lies yet a little Embrio, unperceiv'd,  
     Within it's Crimson Folds. Now from the Town  
 100 Buried in Smoak, and Sleep, and noisome Damps,

**B** 75 a world.

**C** 69 Extent, ] Domain,   76 Nor only thro' the lenient Air this  
 Change,   85 brown-brow'd ] wither'd   92 While ] Where

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,  
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the lucid Drops  
 From the bent Bush, as thro' the fuming Maze  
 Of Sweet-Briar Hedges I pursue my Walk;  
 105 Or taste the Smell of Dairy; or ascend  
 Some Eminence, Augusta, in thy Plains,  
 And see the Country far-diffus'd around  
 One boundless Blush, one snow-empurpled Shower  
 Of mingled Blossoms; where the raptur'd Eye  
 110 Travels from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair Profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If brush'd from Russian Wilds a cutting Gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his foggy Wings  
 The bitter Mildew, or dry-blowing breathe  
 115 Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast,  
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her Foliage shrinks.  
 Into a smutty, wide-dejected Waste.  
 For oft engender'd by the hazy North,  
 Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft  
 120 Keen in the poison'd Breeze; and wasteful eat  
 Thro' Buds, and Bark, even to the Heart of Oak  
 Their eager Way. A feeble Race! scarce seen,  
 Save to the prying Eye; yet Famine waits  
 On their corrosive Course, and starves the Year.  
 125 Sometimes o'er Cities as they steer their Flight,  
 Where rising Vapour melts their Wings away,  
 Gaz'd by th'astonish'd Crowd, the horrid Shower

B112 C114  
D114

- B** 108 snow-empurpled ] white-empurpled 121 bark, into the  
 blacken'd Core, 123 to ] by 124 starves ] kills
- C** 102 lucid ] trembling 103 fuming] verdant 110 Travels]  
 Hurries 113 foggy ] humid 114 bitter ] clammy 117 Joy-  
 less, and dead, a wide-dejected Waste.  
 122—128 *thus contracted*: A feble Race! yet oft  
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance! on whose Course  
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.  
 To check this Plague the skilful Farmer Chaff,

Descends. And hence the skillful Farmer Chaff  
 And blazing Straw before his Orchard burns,  
 130 Till all involv'd in Smoak the latent Foe  
 From every Cranny suffocated falls;  
 Or Onions steaming hot beneath his Trees  
 Exposes, fatal to the frosty Tribe:  
 Nor, from their friendly Task, the busy Bill  
 135 Of little trooping Birds instinctive scares.

These are not idle Philosophic Dreams; B136 C—D—  
 Full Nature swarms with Life. Th'unfaithful Fen  
 In putrid Steams emits the living Cloud  
 Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,  
 140 Where searching Sun-Beams never found a Way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf  
 Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. The Stone,  
 Hard as it is, in every winding Pore  
 Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,  
 145 Which dance unnumber'd to th'inspiring Breeze,  
 The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp  
 Of mellow Fruit the nameless Nations feed  
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with Green, invisible,

**C** 132—135 Or scatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Dust  
 Of Pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe:  
 Or, when th'envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled Water drowns them in their Nest:  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy Bill,  
 The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Lines 136—168 are transferred to "Summer" C 287—317, q. v.  
 (There the variations of the MS. will also be noted.) Here the  
 following six lines are inserted in their place:

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming Winds D137  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,  
 Those deepening Clouds on Clouds, surcharg'd with Rain,  
 That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,  
 In endless Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,  
 And, clearless, drown the crude unripen'd Year. [140]

150 Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.  
 Each Liquid too, whether of acid Taste,  
 Milky, or strong, with various Forms abounds.  
 Nor is the lucid Stream, nor the pure Air,  
 Tho' one transparent Vacancy they seem,  
 155 Devoid of theirs. Even Animals subsist  
 On Animals, in infinite Descent;  
 And all so fine adjusted, that the Loss  
 Of the least Species would disturb the whole.  
 Stranger than this th'inspective Glass confirms,  
 160 And to the Curious gives th'amazing Scenes  
 Of lessning Life; by Wisdom kindly hid  
 From Eye, and Ear of Man: for if at once  
 The Worlds in Worlds enclos'd were push'd to Light,  
 Seen by his sharpen'd Eye, and by his Ear  
 165 Intensely bended Heard, from the choice Cate,  
 The freshest Viands, and the brightest Wines,  
 He'd turn abhorrent, and in Dead of Night,  
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

The North-East spends his Rage, and now shut up Br69 C143  
Dr43  
 170 Within his Iron Caves, th'effusive South  
 Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven  
 Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.  
 At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining Æther; but by fast Degrees,  
 175 In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails  
 Along the loaded Sky, and mingling thick  
 Sits on th'Horizon round a settled Gloom.  
 Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,  
 Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 180 And full of every Hope, and every Joy,  
 The Wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze  
 Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath

**B** 152 Potent, or mild,

**C** 176 thick ] deep

- Is heard to quiver thro' the closing Woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves  
 185 Of Aspin tall. Th'uncurling Floods, diffus'd  
 In glassy Breadth, seem thro' delusive Lapse  
 Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,  
 And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks  
 Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
 190 The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense  
 The plamy People streak their Wings with Oil,  
 And wait th'approaching Sign to strike at once  
 Into the general Choir. Ev'n Mountains, Vales,  
 And Forests seem expansive to demand  
 195 The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks  
 Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,  
 And looking lively Gratitude. At last  
 The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,  
 And, softly shaking on the dimply Pool  
 200 Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow  
 In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.  
 'Tis scarce to patter heard, the stealing Shower,  
 By such as wander thro' the Forest-Walks,  
 Beneath th'umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.  
 205 But who would hold the Shade, while Heaven descends  
 In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,  
 And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?  
 Imagination fir'd prevents their Growth,  
 And while the verdant Nutriment distills,  
 210 Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

Thus all Day long the full-distended Clouds  
 Indulge their genial Stores, and well-showr'd Earth

B211 C186 D186

**B** 205 would] can

**C** After 191 one line is inserted: To throw the lucid Moisture  
 trickling off; 194 expansive] impatient, 202 The stealing  
 Shower is scarce to patter heard, 208 Swift Fancy fir'd  
 anticipates their Growth; 209 verdant] milky

**D** 199 dimpled

Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;  
 Till, in the Western Sky, the downward Sun  
 215 Looks out illustrious from amid the Flush  
 Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.  
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes  
 Th'illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Forest streams,  
 Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,  
 220 Far-smoking o'er th'interminable Plain,  
 In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.  
 Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.  
 Full swell the Woods; their every Musick wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild Consort with the warbling Brooks  
 225 Increases'd, th'unnumber'd Bleatings of the Hills,  
 The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,  
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephir springs.  
 Mean-time refracted from yon Eastern Cloud,  
 Bestriding Earth, the grand aetherial Bow  
 230 Shoots up immense! and every Hue unfolds,  
 In fair Proportion, running from the Red,  
 To where the Violet fades into the Sky.  
 Here, mighty Newton, the dissolving Clouds  
 Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous Prism,  
 235 Untwisting to the Philosophic Eye  
 The various Twine of Light, by Thee pursu'd  
 Thro'all the mingling Maze. Not so the Swain.  
 He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs  
 240 To catch the falling Glory, but amaz'd

**B** 237 Thro' the white mingling maze.

**C** 215 illustrious ] effulgent, 224 Consort ] Concert  
 225 th'unnumber'd] the distant 234 Are,] Form, numerous]  
 showery 236-7 pursu'd Thro ] disclos'd From

**D** 233 mighty ] awful 234-35 Form, fronting on the  
 Sun, thy showery Prism, || And to the sage-instructed Eye  
 unfold

**MS** 215 Breaks forth effulgent T

Beholds th'amusive Arch before him fly,  
 Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,  
 A soften'd Shade; and saturated Earth  
 Awaits the Morning Beam, to give again,  
 245 Transmuted soon by Nature's Chymistry,  
 The blooming Blessings of the former Day.

Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild  
 O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power  
 Of Botanist to number up their Tribes;  
 250 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale  
 In silent Search; or thro' the Forest, rank  
 With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,  
 Bursts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,  
 Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.  
 255 With such a liberal Hand has Nature flung  
 Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,  
 Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing Mold,  
 The moistening Current, and prolific Rain.

But who their Virtues can declare? who pierce  
 260 With holy Eye into these secret Stores  
 Of Life, and Health, and Joy? The Food of Man  
 While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told  
 A Length of golden Years, unflesh'd in Blood,  
 A Stranger to the Savage Arts of Life,  
 265 Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Disease,  
 The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

B<sub>247</sub> C<sub>222</sub> D<sub>222</sub>B<sub>259</sub> C<sub>234</sub> D<sub>234</sub>

Then the glad Morning wak'd the gladden'd Race      B<sub>267</sub> C<sub>242</sub> D<sub>242</sub>  
 Of uncorrupted Men, nor blush'd to see

**B** 260 With vision pure

**C** 244—46 . . . to give to Light,

Rais'd thro' then thousand different Plastic Tubes,  
 The balmy Treasures of the former Day.

261 Of Health, and Life,      267 The first fresh Dawn then  
 wak'd      268 Man,

The Sluggard sleep beneath her sacred Beam.  
 270 For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away,  
     And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,  
     Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,  
     Or to the cheerful Tendance of the Flock.  
     Mean-time the Song went round; and Dance, and Sport,  
 275 Wisdom, and friendly Talk successive stole  
     Their Hours away. While in the rosy Vale  
     Love breath'd his Infant Sighs, from Anguish free,  
     Fragrant with Bliss, and only wept for Joy.  
     Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed  
 280 Was known among these happy Sons of Heaven;  
     For Reason and Benevolence were Law.  
     Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
     Clean shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,  
     And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun  
 285 Shot his best Rays; and still the gracious Clouds  
     Drop'd Fatness down; as o'er the swelling Mead  
     The Herds and Flocks commixing play'd secure.  
     Which when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,  
     The glaring Lyon saw, his horrid Heart  
 290 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen Joy.  
     For Musick held the whole in perfect Peace:  
     Soft sigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard  
     Warbling the joyous Heart; the Woodlands round  
     Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd  
 295 In Consonance. Such were these Prime of Days.

B295 C—

This to the Poets gave the golden Age;  
 When, as they sung in Allegoric Phraze,

**B** 278 Fragrant ] Replete     297 Allegoric ] elevated

**C** 269 her ] its     278 And full replete with Bliss; save the sweet  
 Pain, || That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.     283 Clear  
 288 Which ] This     293 joyous ] vary'd     295 these ] those  
 296—323 omitted

**MS** 297 boldly-figur'd Phrase, T

The Sailor-Pine had not the Nations yet  
 In Commerce mix'd; for every Country teem'd  
 300 With every Thing. Spontaneous Harvests wav'd  
 Still in a Sea of yellow Plenty round.  
 The Forest was the Vineyard, where untaught  
 To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy Grape  
 Burst into Floods of Wine. The knotted Oak  
 305 Shook from his Boughs the long transparent Streams  
 Of Honey, creeping thro' the matted Grass.  
 Th'uncultivated Thorn a ruddy Shower  
 Of Fruitage shed, on such as sat below,  
 In blooming Ease, and from brown Labour free,  
 310 Save what the copious Gathering, grateful, gave.  
 The Rivers foam'd with Nectar; or diffuse,  
 Silent, and soft, the milky Maze devolv'd.  
 Nor had the spongy, full-expanded Fleece  
 Yet drunk the Tyrian Die. The stately Ram  
 315 Shone thro' the Mead, in native Purple clad,  
 Or milder Saffron; and the dancing Lamb  
 The vivid Crimson to the Sun diclos'd.  
 Nothing had Power to hurt; the savage Soul,  
 Yet untransfus'd into the Tyger's Heart,  
 320 Burn'd not his Bowels, nor his gamesome Paw  
 Drove on the fleecy Partners of his Play:  
 While from the flowery Brake the Serpent roll'd  
 His fairer Spires, and play'd his pointless Tongue.

But now what-e'er those gaudy Fables meant,  
 325 And the white Minutes that they shadow'd out,  
 Are found no more amid these Iron Times,  
 These Dregs of Life! in which the Human Mind

B<sub>324</sub> C<sub>272</sub> D<sub>272</sub>

- B** 324 these    325 which    326 those    327 Those  
**C** 324, 325 But now those white unblemish'd Minutes, whence ||  
 The fabling Poets took their golden Age,    326 these  
 327, 328 These Dregs of Life! Now the distemper'd Mind ||  
 Has lost that Concord of harmonious Powers,  
**MS** 311 diffuse, ] calm-spread, T

Has lost that Harmony ineffable,  
 Which forms the Soul of Happiness; and all  
 330 Is off the Poise within; the Passions all  
 Have burst their Bounds; and Reason half extinet,  
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
 The foul Disorder. Anger storms at large,  
 Without an equal Cause; and fell Revenge  
 335 Supports the falling Rage. Close Envy bites  
 With venom'd Tooth; while weak, unmanly Fear,  
 Full of frail Fancies, loosens every Power.  
 Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,  
 A pleasing Anguish pining at the Heart.  
 340 Hope sickens with Extravagance; and Grief,  
 Of Life impatient, into Madness swells,  
 Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.  
 These, and a thousand new Emotions more,  
 That from their Mixture spring, distract the Mind

---

**B** 343 new] mixt

344, 345 From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
 With endless storm. Whence, inly-rankling, grows

**C** 333—339 *thus expanded*:

. . . Disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,  
 Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale,  
 And silent, settles into fell Revenge.  
 Base Envy withers at another's Joy,  
 And hates whate'er is excellent and good.  
 Desponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,  
 Weak, and unmanly, loosens every Power.  
 Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,  
 A pensive Anguish pining at the Heart:  
 Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more  
 That restless Wish, that infinite Desire,  
 Which, selfish Joy disdaining, seek, alone,  
 To bless the dearer Object of it's Flame.

[285]

[290]

**D** [285] And hates that Excellence it cannot reach. [291] That  
 noble Wish, that never cloy'd Desire, [292] seeks,

345 With endless Tumult. Whence resulting rise  
 The selfish Thought, a listless Inconcern,  
 Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good ;  
 Then dark Disgust, and Malice, winding Wiles,  
 Sneaking Deceit, and Coward Villany :  
 350 At last unruly Hatred, lewd Reproach,  
 Convulsive Wrath, and thoughtless Fury, quick  
 To every evil Deed. Even Nature's self  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

Hence in old Time, they say, a Deluge came ;  
 355 When the dry-crumbling Orb of Earth, which arch'd  
 Th'imprison'd Deep around, impetuous rush'd,  
 With Ruin inconceivable, at once  
 Into the Gulph, and o'er the highest Hills  
 Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast :

R355 C309 D309

**B** 350 unruly ] deep-roted      353 To deeds of vilest aim.  
 355 dry-crumbling ] disparting      which ] that  
**C** 346 selfish ] partial . . . Unconcern,      348 Malice, ] Hatred,  
 349—358:

Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.  
 At last, extinct each social Feeling, fell  
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades,  
 And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

[305]

Hence, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came :  
 When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd  
 The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
 With universal Burst, into the Gulph,  
 And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth

[310]

**D** 345 deeply rankling,

**MS** [306] *sq. T had first written for [306] joyless (?)*  
 pervades ] corrodes      [307] petrifies ] gangrenes      [310] deep-  
 cleft ] deep-chapt, deep-parch'd and for line [311]: The  
 rarefy'd Abyss whose searching Streams || Expansive sought  
 a Vent, impetuous rush'd, for [312] Burst ] Lapse,      [313]  
 high-pil'd ] new-form'd

360 Till from the Centre to the streaming Clouds  
A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

The Seasons since, as hoar Tradition tells,  
Have kept their constant Chase; the Winter keen  
Pour'd out his Waste of Snows, and Summer shot  
365 His pestilential Heats: great Spring before  
Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Blossoms blush'd  
In social Sweetness on the self-same Bough.  
Clear was the temperate Air; an even Calm  
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephirs bland  
370 Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse; for then no Storms  
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage;  
Sound slept the Waters: no sulphureous Glooms  
Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth:  
While sickly Damps, and cold Autumnal Fogs,  
375 Sat not pernicious on the Springs of Life.  
But now from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,  
And hot to cold, in restless Change revolv'd.  
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,  
The fleeting Shadow of a Winter's Sun.

380 And yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies  
In lone Obscurity, unpriz'd for Food,  
Altho' the pure, exhilarating Soul

B<sub>363</sub> C<sub>317</sub>  
D<sub>317</sub>

**C** 364 Pour'd out ] Shook forth      368 Clear ] Pure  
375—379 *thus expanded:*

Oppressive, sat not on the Springs of Life.  
But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,  
From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,  
And Dry to Moist, with inward-eating Change,  
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,  
Their Period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

[330]

380 dies;    381 omitted    382 Tho' with the pure

**D** 362, 363 The Seasons since have, with severer Sway, || Oppress'd  
a broken World:    375 Hung not, relaxing, on

**MS** [333] And Moist to Dry, T

[335]

Of Nutriment, and Health, salubrious breathes,  
 By Heaven infus'd, along it's secret Tubes.

385 For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man  
 Is now become the Lyon of the Plain,  
 And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold  
 Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,  
 Nor wore her warming Fleece: nor has the Steer,

390 At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs,  
 E'er plowd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
 With Hunger stung, and wild Necessity,  
 Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breasts.  
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,

395 With every kind Emotion in his Heart,  
 And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap  
 She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,  
 And Fruits as numerous as the Drops of Rain,  
 And Beams which gave them Birth: shall He, fair Form!

400 Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,  
 And dip his Tongue in Blood? The Beast of Prey,  
 'Tis true, deserves the Fate in wich He deals;  
 Him from the Thicket let the hardy Youth

405 Provoke, and foaming thro' th'awakened Woods  
 With every Nerve pursue. But You, ye Flocks,  
 What have ye done? ye peaceful People, what,  
 To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk  
 In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat

410 Against the Winter's Cold; whose Usefulness

**B** 399 which ] that

**C** 383, 384 salubrious, blest, || And deeply stor'd with wondrous  
 vital Powers. 393 Breast. 399 And ] Or 402 Blood?] Gore?  
 403—406 *thus contracted*: Blood-stain'd, deserves to  
 bleed: but you, ye Flocks, 407 you done; 410, 411 Winter's  
 Cold? And the plain Ox, (*one line omitted*)

**D** 383, 384 Health, and vital Powers, || Beyond the Search of Art,  
 'tis copious blest.

In living only lies. And the plain Ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless Animal,  
 In what has He offended? He, whose Toil,  
 Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the Fields  
 415 With all the Pomp of Harvest; shall He bleed,  
 And wrestling groan beneath the cruel Hands  
 Even of the Clowns he feeds? And that perhaps  
 To swell the Riot of the gathering Feast,  
 Won by his Labour. Thus the feeling Heart  
 420 Would tenderly suggest. But 'tis enough,  
 In this late Age, adventurous to have touch'd  
 Light on the Numbers of the Samian Sage.  
 High Heaven beside forbids the daring Strain,  
 Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State,  
 425 Which must not yet to pure Perfection rise.

**B** 414 Fields] land 425 Which] That

**C** 416 wrestling] struggling 418 th'autumnal Feast, 423  
 Heaven too forbids the bold presumptuous Strain, Before  
*l. 426 the following 88 lines are inserted:*

Now when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks,  
 Swell'd by the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away;  
 And, whitening, down their mossy tintur'd Stream  
 Descends the billowy Foam: now is the Time,  
 While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,  
 To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,  
 The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring,  
 Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,  
 And all thy slender watry Stores prepare. [377] D379  
 But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,  
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing Folds,  
 Which by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast  
 Of the weak, helpless, umcomplaining Wretch,  
 Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand. [380]

**D** 419 Thus] This 423 High Heaven forbids etc. *After l. 425*  
*two lines are added:* Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher  
 Life, || From Stage to Stage, the Vital Scale ascends? [378]  
 by] with

**C** (*Sequel*)

When, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun  
Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,  
Then, issuing chearful, to thy Sport repair;  
Chief should the Western Breezes curling play,  
And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.  
High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,  
And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks;  
The Next, pursue their rocky-channel'd Maze,  
Down to the River, in whose ample Wave  
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.  
Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool  
Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils  
Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,  
Reverted, plays in undulating Flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly;  
And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,  
With Eye attentive mark the springing Game.  
Strait as above the Surface of the Flood  
They wanton rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook;  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,  
And to the shelving Shore slow-dragging some,  
With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,  
Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space  
He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the Stream  
The speckled Captive throw. But should you lure  
From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots,  
Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,  
Behoves thee then to ply thy finest Art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun  
Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death,  
With sullen Plunge. At once, he darts along,  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line;

D394

[395]

[400]

[405]

[410]

[415]

[420]

[425]

[430]

**D** [420] Captive ] Infant      [423] thee ] you      thy ] your

But yonder breathing Prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her Beauty forth, that Daubing all  
 Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint

B427 C465  
 D467

**C** (*Sequel*)

Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,  
 The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,  
 Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious Course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage;  
 Till floating broad upon his breathless Side,  
 And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore  
 You gayly drag your unresisting Prize.

[435]

[440]

Thus pass the temperate Hours: but when the Sun  
 Shakes from his Noon-day Throne the scattering Clouds.  
 Even shooting listless Languor thro' the Deeps;  
 Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,  
 Where scatter'd wild the Lilly of the Vale  
 It's balmy Essence breathes, where Cowslips hang  
 The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly Children of the Shade:  
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,  
 Hung o'er the Steep; whence, borne on liquid Wing,  
 The sounding Culver shoots; or where the Hawk,  
 High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds.  
 There let the Classic Page thy Fancy lead  
 Thro' rural Scenes; such as the Mantuan Swain  
 Paints in immortal Verse and matchless Song:  
 Or catch thyself the Landskip gliding swift  
 Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye:  
 Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd.  
 And lost in lonely Musing, in a Dream,  
 Confus'd, of careless Solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering Images of Things.  
 Soothe every Gust of Passion into Peace,  
 All but the Swellings of the soften'd Heart,  
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil Mind.

[455]

[460]

426 But yonder ] Behold yon 427, 428 Beauty forth. But  
 who can paint (*one line omitted*)

**D** [455] Paints in the matchless Harmony of Song.

Like Nature? Can Imagination boast  
 430 Amid his gay Creation Hues like Her's?  
 And can He mix them with that matchless Skill,  
 And lay them on so delicately sweet,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then  
 435 Unequal fails beneath the lovely Task;  
 Ah what shall Language do? Ah where find Words  
 Ting'd with so many Colours? And whose Power  
 To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays  
 With that fine Oil, these aromatic Gales,  
 440 Which inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successless, will the Toil delight.

B442 C478 D486

Come then ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts  
 Have felt the Raptures of refining Love,  
 Oh come, and while the rosy-footed May  
 445 Steals blushing on, together let us walk  
 The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime  
 Fresh-blooming Flowers, to deck the flowing Hair,  
 And for a Breast which can improve their Sweets.

See, where the winding Vale her lavish Stores,

B450 C492 D494

450 Irriguoous, spreads. See, how the Lilly drinks

**B** 432 sweet,] fine, 447 flowing ] braided 448 And the white  
 bosom that improves their sweets.

**C** 430 his ] it's 431 Or can it 432 omitted 435 lovely ]  
 pleasing 439 these ] those 440 Which ] That *Between*  
*l. 443 and l. 444 six lines are inserted:*

And thou, Amanda, come, Pride of my Song!  
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast Eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those Looks demure, that deeply pierce the Soul;  
 Where with the Light of thoughtful Reason, mix'd,  
 Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart:

445 walk ] tread 447 to grace thy braided Hair, 448 And  
 thy lov'd Bosom

**D** 449 her ] its

**MS** 448 (*see B*) white ] (fair) full *T*

The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass  
 Of Growth luxuriant, or the humid Bank  
 Profusely climbs. Turgent, in every Pore  
 The Gummy Moisture shines, new Lustre lends,  
 455 And feeds the Spirit that diffusive round  
 Refreshes all the Dale. Long let us walk,  
 Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field  
 Of blossom'd Beans: Arabia cannot boast  
 A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence  
 460 Breathes thro' the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul.  
 Nor is the Meadow worthless of our Foot,  
 Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,  
 The Negligence of Nature, wide, and wild,  
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she shows  
 465 Unbounded Beauty to the boundless Eye.  
 'Tis here that their delicious Task the Bees,  
 In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,  
 This Way and that, the busy Nations fly,  
 Cling to the Bud, and with inserted Tube,  
 470 It's Soul, it's Sweetness, and it's Manna suck.  
 The little Chymist thus, all-moving Heaven  
 Has taught. And oft, of bolder Wing, he dares  
 The Purple Heath, or where the Wild-Thyme grows,  
 And yellow loads him with the luscious Spoil.

475 At length the finish'd Garden to the View  
 It's Vistas opens, and it's Alleys green.

B476 C514  
D516

- B** 464 shows ] spreads
- C** 453 In fair Profusion, decks. Long let us walk, *etc. as after l. 456*  
*(three lines omitted)* 461 Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy  
 Foot, 465 boundless ] roving 466 Here their delicious  
 Task the fervent Bees, 468 Thro' the soft Air, the busy  
 470—472 *thus contracted*: Suck it's pure Essence, it's ethereal Soul:  
 || And oft, with bolder Wing, they soaring dare 474 load them
- MS** 470 (*see C*) pure ] (sweet, soft) *T* 472 (*sec C*) *T first wrote*:  
 And oft, of more excursive Wing he dares, *then*: And oft, of  
 bolder Wing he soaring dares

Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye  
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery Walk  
 Of Covert close, where scarce a Speck of Day  
 480 Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted darts;  
 Now meets the bending Sky, the River now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,  
 The Forest running round, the rising Spire,  
 Th'aëtherial Mountain, and the distant Main.  
 485 But why so far excursive? When at Hand,  
 Along the blushing Borders, dewy-bright,  
 And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every Grace;  
 Throws out the Snow-Drop, and the Crocus first,  
 490 The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue, (daisies)  
 Soft-bending Cowslips, and of nameless Dies  
 Anemones, Auriculas, a Tribe  
 Peculiar powder'd with a shining Sand,  
 Renunculas, and Iris many-hued.  
 495 Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays  
 Her gayest Freaks; from Family diffus'd

**B** 491 Dew-bending

**C** 480 darts;] sweeps; 483 running] darkening rising] glittering  
 486 bright with Dew, 491—494 *thus expanded:*

And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes;  
 The yellow Wall-Flower, stain'd with iron Brown;  
 And lavish Stock that scents the Garden round.  
 From the soft Wing of vernal Breezes shed,  
 Anemones; Auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves;

[530]

And full Renunculas, of glowing Red.

[535]

496 gayest] idle

**D** 486 the] these

**MS** 482 (Zephir-ruffled, Breeze-discolour'd) *T* 486, 487 (Borders  
 in that Wild || Or those well-mingled Beds of choicer  
 Flowers) *T* [531] stain'd] mark'd *T* [532, 533] And lovely-  
 tinctur'd Stock (that chears, breathes the Spring) of mild Per-  
 fume || By the soft Breath of vernal Breezes blown. *T*  
 496 gayest] wildest *T*

To Family, as flies the Father-Dust,  
 The varied Colours run; and while they break  
 On the charm'd Florist's Eye, he wondering stands,  
 500 And new-flush'd Glories all ecstatic marks.  
 Nor Hyacinths are wanting, nor Junquils  
 Of potent Fragrance, nor Narcissus white,  
 Nor deep Carnations, nor enamel'd Pinks,  
 And showr'd from every Bush the Damask-Rose.  
 505 Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,  
 With Hues on Hues Expression cannot paint,  
 The Breath of Nature, and her endless Bloom.

Hail, Mighty Being! Universal Soul  
 Of Heaven and Earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
 510 To Thee I bend the Knee, to Thee my Thoughts  
 Continual climb, who, with a Master-Hand  
 Hast the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.  
 By Thee the various vegetative Tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,

B509 C553  
D556

**B** 499 wondering] curious 503 deep] strip'd 504 And] Nor

**C** 499-503 *thus expanded*:

On the charm'd Eye, th'exulting Florist marks,  
 With secret Pride, the Wonders of his Hand.  
 No gradual Bloom is wanting; from the Bud,  
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky Tribes:  
 Nor Hyacinths, deep-purpled; nor Jonquils,  
 Of potent Fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging still;  
 Nor broad Carnations; nor gay-spotted Pinks;

[545]

508 Hail, Source of Beings!

**D** [545] Nor Hyacinths, of purest virgin White,  
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor Jonquils,

**MS** 499, 500 Florist's Eye, with secret Pride || He marks the gay  
 Creation of his Hand etc. *as in C T* [544] The first Spring  
 blows to Summer's *T* [545] deep-purpled] sweet-breathing *T*  
 503 strip'd] (full, pouc'd, rich) bright *T*

515 Draw the live Æther, and imbibe the Dew.  
 By Thee dispos'd into congenial Soils  
 Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells  
 The juicy Tide, and twining Mass of Tubes.  
 At Thy command, the vernal Sun awakes  
 520 The torpid Sap, detru'd to the Root  
 By Wintry Winds, that now, in fluent Dance  
 And lively Fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innum'rous-colour'd Scene of things.

Ascending from the vegetable World  
 525 To higher Life, with equal Wing ascend,  
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the Woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest Trim.  
 Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour  
 The mazy-running Soul of Melody  
 530 Into my varied Verse! while I deduce,  
 From the first Note the hollow Cuckoo sings,  
 The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme  
 Unknown to Fame, the Passion of the Groves.

Just as the Spirit of Love is sent abroad,  
 535 Warm thro' the vital Air, and on their Hearts  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin  
 In gallant Thought to plume their painted Wings;  
 And try again the long-forgotten Strain,  
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
 540 The soft Infusion prevalent, and wide,  
 Than all alive at once their Joy o'erflows  
 In Music unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark,  
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the Messenger of Morn;  
 Ere yet the Shadows fly, He mounted sings

**B** 537 the painted wing;

**C** 516 congenial 524, 525 As rising from the vegetable World  
 || My Theme ascends, with equal etc. 534 When first the  
 Soul of Love etc. 535 the Heart

B525 C569 D572

B535 C579 D582

545 Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts  
 Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copse  
 Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Bush,  
 Bending with dewy Moisture o'er the Heads  
 Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,  
 550 Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush  
 And Wood-Lark, o'er the kind-contending Throng  
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length  
 Of Notes, when listening Philomela deigns  
 To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought  
 555 Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.  
 The Black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake;  
 The mellow Bull-finches answers from the Grove:  
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze,  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to These,  
 560 Thousands beside, thick as the covering Leaves  
 They warble under, or the nitid Hues  
 Which speck them o'er, their Modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,  
 And all these jangling Pipes, when heard alone,  
 565 Here aid the Consort: while the Wood-Dove breathes  
 A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Gaiety, and all  
 This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love;  
 Which even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts  
 570 Of Pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy Kind  
 Try every winning Way inventive Love

B568 C<sup>111</sup>  
 D614

- 
- B** 562 Which ] That 564 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard  
 alone, 565 Stock-dove
- C** 560—562 *thus contracted*: Innumerable Songsters, in the freshen-  
 ing Shade || Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix  
 565 Aid the full Concert: 567 Gaiety,] Melody, 569 Which ]  
 That
- D** 547 Deep-tangled, Tree irregular,

Can dictate, and in fluttering Courtship pour  
 Their little Souls before Her. Wide around,  
 Respectful, first in airy Rings they rove,  
 575 Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance  
 Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least Approvance to bestow,  
 Their Colours burnish, and by Hope inspir'd  
 580 They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach,  
 And throwing out the last Efforts of Love,  
 In fond Rotation spread the spotted Wing,  
 And shiver every Feather with Desire.

585 Connubial Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods  
 They haste away, each as their Fancy leads,  
 Pleasure or Food, or latent Safety prompts;  
 That Nature's great Command may be obey'd,  
 Nor all these sweet Sensations they perceive  
 590 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge  
 Nestling repair, and to the Thicket some;  
 Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn  
 Resolve to trust their Young. The clefted Tree  
 Offers it's kind Concealment to a Few,  
 595 Their Food it's Insects, and it's Moss their Nests.  
 Others apart far in the grassy Dale  
 Their humble Texture weave. But most delight

B586 C628 D631

**B** 587 latent] secret 589 these] the  
**C** 572—574: Can dictate, and in Courtship to their Mates  
 Pour forth their little Souls. First, wide around,  
 With distand Awe, in airy Rings etc.

582 omitted 586 each] all 593 Commit their feeble Off-  
 spring. The cleft Tree 597 thus amplified: Dale, || Or  
 roughening Waste, their humble Texture weave. || But most  
 in woodland Solitudes delight,

**MS** (Variations from C) 572 Mates] Fair T 573 Pour out T  
 574 Aw'd by Respect, in etc. T

In unfrequented Gloomis, or shaggy Banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,  
 600 Whose Murmurs sooth them all the livelong Day,  
 When for a Season fix'd. Among the Roots  
 Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,  
 They frame the first Foundation of their Domes.  
 Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Manner laid,  
 605 And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought  
 But Hurry Hurry thro' the busy Air.  
 Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps  
 The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House  
 Ingeniously intent. Oft from the Back  
 610 Of Herds and Flocks a thousand tugging Bills  
 Pluck Hair, and Wool, and oft when unobserv'd  
 Steal from the Barn the Straw; till soft, and warm,  
 Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

Mean-time the patient Dam assiduous sits,  
 615 Not to be tempted from her tender Task,  
 Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight,  
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing Lover takes his Stand  
 High on th'opponent Bank, and ceaseless sings  
 620 The tedious Time away; or else supplies  
 Her Place a Moment, while she sudden flits  
 To pick the scanty Meal. Th'appointed Time  
 With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young  
 Warm'd, and expanded into perfect Life,  
 625 Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,  
 A helpless Family, demanding Food

B615 C658  
D661

**B** 614 As thus

**C** 604 Manner] Fabrick 606 But restless Hurry 609 Intent.  
 And often, from the careless Back 612 a Straw:

**D** 601 When by kind Duty fix'd.

**MS** 601 And (ease) lull their Labours. (*cancelled*) When fix'd by  
 Duty, dark, among the Roots T

With constant Clamour. Oh what Passions then,  
 What melting Sentiments of kindly Care  
 Seize the new Parents' Hearts! Away they fly  
 630 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious Morsel to their Young,  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The Search begins. So pitiful, and poor,  
 A gentle Pair on Providential Heaven  
 635 Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant Train,  
 Check their own Appetites, and give them all.

Nor is the Courage of the fearful Kind,  
 Nor is their Cunning less, should some rude Foot  
 Their Woody Haunts molest; stealthy aside  
 640 Into the Centre of a neigbring Bush  
 They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive  
 The rambling School-Boy. Hence around the Head  
 Of Traveller, the white-wing'd Plover wheels  
 Her sounding Flight, and then directly on  
 645 In long Excursion skims the level Lawn,

B638 For C and  
D see footnote

**C** 629 On the new Parents seize!  
 633 —begins. Even so a gentle Pair,  
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous Mold,  
 And pierc'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breast,  
 In some lone Cott amid the distant Woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
 Oft, as they etc. as l. 635.

[680]

637 Nor Pain alone they scorn: exalting Love  
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,  
 Gives instant Courage to the fearful Race,  
 And to the simple Art. With stealthy Wing,  
 Should some rude Foot their woody Haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighbouring Bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
 Th'unfeeling School-Boy. etc. as l. 642

D687

[685]

643 Traveller, ] wandering Swain,  
**D** [679] pierc'd ] charm'd ] [684] Pain ] Toil  
**MS** 629 Heart T 635 Cast, ] Thrown, T

To tempt you from her Nest. The Wild-Duck hence  
 O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste  
 The Heath-Hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead  
 The hot, pursuing Spaniel far astray.

650 Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
 Her Brothers of the Grove, by Tyrant Man  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage  
 From Liberty confin'd, and boundless Air.  
 Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,  
 655 Ragged, and all it's brightning Lustre lost;  
 Nor is that luscious Wildness in their Notes  
 That warbles from the Beech. Oh then desist,  
 Ye Friends of Harmony! this barbarous Art  
 Forbear, if Innocence and Music can  
 660 Win on your Hearts, or Piety perswade.

B651 C699  
 D702

But let not chief the Nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.  
 Oft when returning with her loaded Bill,  
 665 Th'astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest,  
 By the hard Hands of unrelenting Clowns  
 Rob'd, to the Ground the vain Provision falls;  
 Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the Mourner to the Poplar Shade,  
 670 Where all-abandon'd to Despair she sings

B662 C711  
 D714

**B** 666 hand  
**C** 646 you] him 648 as if hurt,] (pious Fraud!) 656 luscious]  
 sprightly 657—660 *thus expanded:*

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.  
 Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,  
 Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous Art forbear!  
 If on your Bosom Innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or Piety persuade..

**MS** 657, 658 (Oh then forbear, || Ye Friends of Harmony, this  
 barbarous Art!) O then, ye Friends || Of Harmony, this  
 barbarous Art forbear! T

Her Sorrows thro' the Night; and, on the Bough  
 Sad-sitting, still at every dying Fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable Strain  
 Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods  
 675 Sigh at her Song, and with her Wail resound.

And now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds <sup>B677 C726 D729</sup>  
 Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their Wings,  
 Demand the free Possession of the Sky.  
 But this glad Office more, and then dissolves  
 680 Parental Love at once; for needless grown,  
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods,  
 With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes  
 685 Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad  
 On Nature's Common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge  
 Their Resolution fails; their Pinions still,  
 690 In loose Libration stretch'd, the void Abrupt  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging Air receives  
 The plumpy Burden; and their self-taught Wings  
 695 Winnow the waving Element. On Ground  
 Alighted bolder, up again they lead  
 Farther and farther on the lengthning Flight;  
 Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power  
 Rouz'd into Life, and Action, in the Void

**B** 696 Alighted, bolder up

**C** 672 Sole-sitting, 675 at ] to 676 But now 679 This  
 one glad 680 once, now needless grown. (*Full stop!*)  
 690 stretch'd, to trust the Void , 699, 700 Action, light in  
 Air || Th'acquitted Parents etc.

700 Th'exoner'd Parents see their soaring Race,  
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,  
Hung o'er the green Sea grudging at it's Base,  
The Royal Eagle draws his Young, resolv'd  
705 To try them at the Sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright  
As burnish'd Day, they up the blue Sky wind,  
Leaving dull Sight below, and with fixt Gaze  
Drink in their native Noon: the Father-King  
Claps his glad Pinions, and approves the Birth.

710 And should I wander to the Rural Seat,  
Whose aged Oaks, and venerable Gloom,  
Invite the noisy Rook, with Pleasure there,  
I might the various Polity survey  
Of the mixt Houshold Kind. The careful Hen  
715 Calls all her chirping Family around,

B703 C752  
D755

B711 For C  
and D see  
footnote

**C** 703—712 *thus amplified:*

Hung o'er the Deep, such as amazing frowns  
On utmost \*Kilda's Shore, whose lonely Race  
Resign the setting Sun to Indian Worlds,  
The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,  
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire.  
Now fit to raise a Kingdom of their own,  
He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,  
For Ages, of his Empire; which in Peace,  
Unstain'd he holds, while many a League to sea  
He wings his Course, and preys in distant Isles.

[755]

\* The farthest of the western Islands of Scotland.

Should I my Steps turn to the rural Seat,  
Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,  
Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs,  
In early Spring, his airy City builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,

D760

**MS** 700 *For Th'acquitted (C) T had first written* The faithful  
[764] Oaks, ] Elms, P Gloom ] Oaks P [765] sq. with  
Pleasure] delighted T Who high amid the boughs || In  
early spring their airy city build || And caw with ceaseless  
clamour, there wellpleasd. P

[765]

Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,  
 Whose Breast with Ardour flames, as on he walks  
 Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,  
 The finely-checker'd Duck before her Train,  
 720 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan  
 Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale,  
 And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet  
 Bears onward fierce, and beats you from the Bank,  
 Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,  
 725 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock spreads  
 His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,  
 And swims in floating Majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove  
 Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls  
 730 The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade  
 Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World  
 Of Brutes below rush furious into Flame,  
 And fierce Desire. Thro' all his lusty Veins  
 735 The Bull, deep-scorcht, receives the raging Fire.  
 Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,  
 Scarce-seen, he wades among the yellow Broom,  
 While o'er his brawny Back the rambling Sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy Wood  
 740 Dejected wanders, nor th'enticing Bud  
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless Sense:  
 For, wrapt in mad Imagination, he  
 Roars for the Fight, and idly butting feigns  
 A Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.

B723 C786 D789

- B** 723 forward
- C** 723 and guards his Osier Isle, 735 deep-scoreh'd, the raging Passion feels. 738 o'er his ample Sides 742, 743 And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt, || He seeks the Fight; 744 His Rival
- D** 727 floating] radiant

745 Such should he meet, the bellowing War begins;  
 Their Eyes flash Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,  
 Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,  
 And groaning vast th'impetuous Battel mix:  
 While the fair Heifer, redolent, in View  
 750 Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,  
 With this hot Impulse seiz'd in every Nerve,  
 Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the sounding Whip;  
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his Head,  
 And by the well-known Joy to distant Plains  
 755 Attracted strong, all wild, he bursts away:  
 O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies,  
 And neighing on th'aerial Summit takes  
 Th'informing Gale; then steep-descending stems  
 The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,  
 760 Even where the Madness of the straiten'd Stream  
 Turns in black Eddies round: Such is the Force  
 With which his frantic Heart, and Sinews swell.

Nor, undelight by the boundless Spring,  
 Are the broad Monsters of the Deep: thro' all  
 765 Their oozy Caves, and gelid Kingdoms rous'd,  
 They flounce, and tumble in unwieldy Joy.  
 Dire were the Strain, and dissonant, to sing  
 The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind;  
 How the red Lioness, her Whelps forgot  
 770 Amid the thoughtless Fury of her Heart,  
 The lank rapacious Wolf, th'unshapely Bear,  
 The spotted Tyger, fellest of the Fell,  
 And all the Terrors of the Lybian Swain,

B764 C818  
DS21

- 
- B** 758 stems ] cleaves      760 streams      764, 765 Are the broad  
 monsters of the boiling deep: || From the deep ooze, and gelid  
 cavern rous'd,  
**C** 745 Him should      748 vast ] deep      749 Heifer, balmy-  
 breathing, near,      752 Whip; ] Thong;      758 informing ]  
 exciting      760 Stream      769—773 omitted  
**D** 764 boiling ] foaming

By this new Flame their Native Wrath sublim'd,  
 775 Roam the resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,  
 And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme  
 I sing, transported, to the British Fair,  
 Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf,  
 780 Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.  
 Around Him feeds his many-bleating Flock,  
 Of various Cadence; and his sportive Lambs,  
 This way and that convolv'd in briskful Glee,  
 Their little Frolics play. And now the Race  
 785 Invites them forth; when swift, the Signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the circly Mound  
 That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once  
 Of Iron War, in antient barbarous Times,  
 When disunited Britain ever bled,  
 790 Lost in eternal Broil; ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid, indissoluble State,  
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden Head,  
 And o'er our Labours Liberty and Law  
 Illustrious watch, the Wonder of a World!

795 What is this mighty Breath, ye Curious, say,  
 Which, in a Language rather felt than heard,  
 Instructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breasts  
 These Arts of Love diffuses? . . . What? but God!  
 Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,  
 800 And unremitting Energy, pervades,

B796 C846 D849

**B** 786 circly] massy

**C** 774, 775 *thus expanded*: How by this Flame their native Wrath sublim'd, || They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart, || The far-resounding Waste in fiercer Bands, 777 transported, ] enraptur'd, 784 Their Frolics play. And now the sprightly Race 792 their] the 794 Impartial, watch, 796 That, 797 Breast

**D** 796 That, in a powerful Language, felt not heard,

**MS** 792 golden] (happy) T

Subsists, adjusts, and agitates the Whole.  
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone  
 Seems not to work, so exquisitely fram'd  
 Is this complex, amazing Scene of Things.

805 But tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye  
 Th'informing Author in his Works appears;  
 His Grandeur in the Heavens: the Sun, and Moon,  
 Whether that fires the Day, or falling this  
 Pours out a lucid Softness o'er the Night,

810 Are but a Beam from Him. The glittering Stars,  
 By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,  
 Still in their Midnight Watches sing of Him.  
 He nods a Calm. The Tempest blows His Wrath,  
 Roots up the Forest, and o'eturns the Main.

815 The Thunder is His Voice; and the red Flash  
 His speedy Sword of Justice. At His Touch  
 The Mountains flame. He takes the solid Earth,  
 And rocks the Nations. Nor in these alone,  
 In every common Instance God is seen;

820 And to the Man, who casts his mental Eye  
 Abroad, unnotic'd Wonders rise. But chief  
 In Thee, Boon Spring, and in thy softer Scenes,  
 The Smiling God appears; while Water, Earth,  
 And Air attest his Bounty, which instils

825 Into the Brutes this temporary Thought,  
 And annual melts their undesigning Hearts  
 Profusely thus in Tenderness, and Joy.

- 
- B** 801 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates      803 work, with such  
     perfection fram'd      804 Scene] scheme
- C** 804 amazing] stupendous      806 Work      807—821 omitted and  
     822 thus altered: Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft  
     Scenes,      823 appears;] is seen;      824, 825 which exalts ||  
     The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,
- D** 806 Works
- MS** 807 (The Heavens his Grandeur speak:) *T*      821 (To range  
     abroad, new Wonders rise) *T*      822 (*see C*) But cheif in Thee,  
     Boon Spring, and Thy kind Scenes, *T*      824 which] that *T*

Still let my Song a nobler Note assume,  
 And sing th'infusive Force of Spring on Man;  
 830 When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie  
 To raise his Being, and serene his Soul.  
 Can he forbear to smile with Nature? Can  
 The stormy Passions in his Bosom rowl,  
 While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove  
 835 Is Melody? Hence, from the bounteous Walks  
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling at Another's Woe,  
 Or only lavish to Youselves, . . . away.  
 But come, ye generous Breasts, in whose wide Thought,  
 840 Of all his Works, Creative Bounty, most,  
 Divinely burns; and on your open Front,  
 And liberal Eye, sits, from his dark Retreat  
 Inviting modest Want. Nor only fair,  
 And easy of Approach; your active Search  
 845 Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd,  
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft  
 The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.  
 For you the roving Spirit of the Wind  
 Blows Spring abroad, for you the teeming Clouds  
 850 Descend in buxom Plenty o'er the World,  
 And the Sun spreads his genial Blaze for you,  
 Ye flower of Human Race! In these green Days,  
 Sad-pining Sickness lifts her languid Head;  
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts  
 855 The whole Creation round. Contentment walks

B829 C864 D867

**B** 837 at] of

**C** 832, 833 Can he forbear to join the general Smile || Of Nature?  
 Can fierce Passions vex his Breast, 839 Breasts, ] Minds,  
 840, 841 creative Bounty burns, || With warmest Beam;  
 843, 844 Nor, till invok'd, || Can restless Goodness wait;  
 850 buxom] gladsome 851 sheds his kindest Rays for you,  
 853 Sad-pining] Reviving

**MS** 831 raise] chear T serene] elate T

The Sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliss  
 Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Pride of Kings  
 E'er to bestow. Serenity apace  
 Induces Thought, and Contemplation still.

860 By small Degrees the Love of Nature works,  
 And warms the Bosom; till at last arriv'd  
 To Rapture, and enthusiastic Heat,  
 We feel the present Deity, and taste  
 The Joy of God, to see a happy World.

865 'Tis Harmony, that World-embracing Power  
 By which all Beings are adjusted, each  
 To all around, impelling and impell'd  
 In endless Circulation, that inspires  
 This universal Smile. Thus the glad Skies,  
 870 The wide-rejoicing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,  
 With every Life they hold, down to the Flower  
 That paints the lowly Vale, or Insect-Wing  
 Wav'd o'er the Shepherd's Slumber, touch the Mind  
 To Nature tun'd, with a light-flying Hand,  
 875 Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the Nerves,  
 The glittering Spirits, in a Flood of Day.

B866 C - D -

**B** 857, 858 beyond the power of kings || To purchase. Pure  
 serenity apace 865 world-attuning

**C** 860 small ] swift 861 arriv'd ] sublim'd Lines 865—876  
 omitted. *The following 59 lines are inserted in their place:*

These are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart,

[901] D904

Thy Heart inform'd by Reason's purest Ray,

O Lyttelton, the Friend! thy Passions thus

And Meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park you stray,

[905]

Thy British Tempe! There along the Dale,

With Woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy Rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing Waters play

And down the rough Cascade white-dashing fall,

**D** [902] purer

**MS** 876 Th'enliven'd Spirits T

C (*Sequel*)

- Or gleam in lengthen'd Vista thro' the Trees, [910]  
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the Shade  
 Of solemn Oaks, that tuft the swelling Mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless Hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various Voice  
 Of rural Peace: the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds, [915]  
 The hollow-whispering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,  
 That, purling down amid the twisted Roots  
 Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs shake  
 On the sooth'd Ear. From these abstracted oft,  
 You wander through the Philosophic World; [920]  
 Where in bright Train continual Wonders rise,  
 Or to the curious or the pious Eye.  
 And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,  
 You tread the long Extent of backward Time:  
 Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind, [925]  
 And honest Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage,  
 Britannia's Weal; how from the venal Gulph  
 To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.  
 Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts  
 The Muses charm: while, with sure Taste refin'd, [930]  
 You draw th'inspiring Breath of antient Song;  
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy Walk,  
 With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all  
 Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love; [935]  
 And all the Tumult of a guilty World,  
 Tost by ungenerous Passions, sinks away.  
 The tender Heart is animated Peace;  
 And as it pours its copious Treasures forth,  
 In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme, [940]  
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes,  
 Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace,  
 And lively Sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink  
 That nameless Spirit of ethereal Joy,  
 Inimitable Happiness! which Love, [945]  
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd Few.  
 Meantime you gain the Height, from whose fair Brow  
 The bursting Prospect spreads immense around;  
 And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,  
 And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between, [950]

Hence from the Virgin's Cheek, a fresher Bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;  
 Her Lips blush deeper Sweets; she breathes of Youth;  
 880 The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,  
 In brighter Flow: her wishing Bosom heaves  
 With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults seize  
 Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.  
 From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away.  
 885 Full of the dear ecstatic Power, and sick  
 With sighing Languishment. Ah then, ye Fair!  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding Hearts;  
 Dare not th'infected Sigh, the pleading Eye  
 In meek Submission drest, deject, and low,  
 890 But full of tempting Guile. Let not the Tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth.  
 Gain on your purpos'd Wills. Nor in the Bower,  
 Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson'd Curtains round,  
 895 Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

B878 For C  
and D see  
footnote

**B** 894 crimson

**C** (*Sequel*)

And Villages embosom'd soft in Trees,  
 And spiry Towns by dusky Columns mark'd  
 Of rising Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:  
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind Haunt  
 The Hospitable Genius harbours still,  
 To Where the broken Landskip, by Degrees,  
 Ascending, roughens into ridgy Hills;  
 O'er which the Cambrian Mountains, like far Clouds  
 That skirt the blue Horizon, doubtful, rise.

{955}

877 Flush'd by the Spirit of the genial Year,  
 Now from the Virgin's *etc.*

|960] D963

888—890 the pleading Look, || Down-cast, and low, in meek  
 Submission drest, || But full of Guile. Let not the fervent  
 Tongue, 892 Will.

**D** [952] dusky ] surging [953] Of houshold Smoak, [955] har-  
 bours ] lingers [957] ridgy ] rigid [959] doubtful, ] dusky,  
**MS** 894 crimson'd *T*

And let th'aspiring Youth beware of Love,  
 And shun th'enchanting Glance, for 'tis too late,  
 When on his Heart the Torrent Softness pours.  
 Then Interest sinks to Dirt, and distant Fame  
 900 Dissolves in Air away. While the fond Soul  
 Is wrapt in Dreams of Ecstacy, and Bliss ;  
 Stills paints th'illusive Form, the kindling Grace,  
 Th'alluring Smile, the full æthereal Eye  
 Effusing Heaven ; and listens ardent still  
 905 To the small Voice, where Harmony and Wit,  
 A modest, melting, mingled Sweetness, flow.  
 No sooner is the fair Idea form'd,  
 And Contemplation fixes on the Theme,

B897 C980 D983

**B** 897 Of the smooth glance beware, for                    899 Then wisdom  
 prostrate lies; and fading fame                    903 Th'inticing smile; the  
 modest-seeming eye,                                904—911 *replaced by the following*  
*18 lines:*

Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

[905]

Even present, in the very lap of love  
 Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,  
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning twinge  
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,  
 And great design against th'oppressive load  
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

[910] C993 D996

But absent, what fantastic pangs arrousd,  
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

[915]

**C** 901 Wrapt in gay Visions of unreal Bliss,                    [914] twinge ]  
 Pang    [918] pangs ] Woes,

**MS** [918] pangs ] Fears T

Than from his own Creation wild He flies,  
 910 Sick of a Shadow. Absence comes apace.  
 And shoots his every Pang into his Breast.  
 'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun  
 Loses his Light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
 To weeping Fancy pines: and yon bright Arch  
 915 Of Heaven low-bends into a dusky Vault.  
 All Nature fades extinct; and She alone  
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every Thought,  
 Fills every Sense, and pants in every Vein.  
 Books are but formal Dulness, tedious Friends,  
 920 And sad amid the Social Band he sits,  
 Lonely, and inattentive. From the Tongue  
 Th'unfinish'd Period falls: while, born away  
 On swelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies  
 To the dear Bosom of his absent Fair;  
 925 And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd  
 In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,  
 And Love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts,  
 Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs  
 To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Gloom,  
 930 Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream  
 Romantic hangs; there thro' the pensive Dusk  
 Strays, in Heart-thrilling Meditation lost,  
 Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank  
 Thrown, amid drooping Lillies, swells the Breeze  
 935 With Sighs unceasing, and the Brook with Tears.  
 Thus in soft Anguish he consumes the Day;  
 Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon  
 Peeps thro' the Chambers of the fleecy East,  
 Enlighten'd by Degrees, and in her Train  
 940 Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth He walks,  
 Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beams,

**B** 924 dear] vain      absent] distant

**C** 915 Contracted, bends into *etc.*      921 unattentive.      941 Beam,

With soften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve  
 To mingle Woes with his: or while the World,  
 And all the Sons of Care lie hush'd in Sleep,  
 945 Associates with the Mid-night Shadows drear,  
 And, sighing to the lonely Taper, pours  
 His sweetly-tortur'd Heart into the Page  
 Meant for the moving Messenger of Love.  
 But ah how faint, how meaningless, and poor  
 950 To what his Passion swells! which bursts the Bounds  
 Of every Eloquence, and asks for Looks,  
 Where Fondness flows on Fondness, Love on Love,  
 Entwisting Beams with Her's, and speaking more  
 Than ever charm'd, ecstatic Poet sigh'd  
 955 To listening Beauty, bright with conscious Smiles,  
 And graceful Vanity. But if on Bed  
 Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.  
 All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power  
 In any Posture finds; 'till the grey Morn  
 960 Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,  
 Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps  
 Exhausted Nature sinks a-while to Rest,  
 Still interrupted by disorder'd Dreams,  
 That o'er the sick Imagination rise,  
 965 And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.  
 Oft with the Charmer of his Soul he talks;  
 Sometimes in Crowds distrest; or if retir'd  
 To secret-winding, Flower-inwoven Bowers,  
 Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,  
 970 Just as He kneeling all his former Cares  
 Begins to lose in vast oblivious Love,

B953 C1036 D1039

**B** 947 idly-tortur'd      949—956 (But ah . . . graceful Vanity)  
*thus contracted:* Love; || Where rapture burns on rapture, every  
 line || With rising frenzy fir'd.      963 disorder'd ] distracted  
 966 the Charmer ] th'enchantress      970 Just as he, credulous,  
 his thousand cares      971 vast ] blind

**C** 970 thousand ] endless

B977 C1c  
D1063

Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,  
 Thro' Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths  
 With Desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
 975 In Night and Tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
 Back, from the bending Principe; or wades  
 The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach  
 The farther Shore, where succourless, and sad,  
 His Dearer Life extends her beckoning Arms,  
 980 But strives in vain, born by th'outragious Flood  
 To Distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,  
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.  
 Then a weak, wailing, lamentable Cry  
 Is heard, and all in Tears he wakes, again  
 985 To tread the Circle of revolving Woe.  
 These are the charming Agonies of Love,  
 Whose Misery delights. But thro' the Heart  
 Should Jealousy it's Venom once diffuse,  
 'Tis then delightful Misery no more,  
 990 But Agony unmixt, incessant Rage,  
 Corroding every Thought, and blasting all  
 The Paradise of Love. Ye Fairy Prospects then,  
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,  
 Farewell! Ye Gleamings of departing Peace,  
 995 Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging Plague  
 Internal Vision taints, and in a Night  
 Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.  
 Ay then, instead of Love-enliven'd Cheeks,  
 Of Sunny Features, and of ardent Eyes  
 1000 With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks succed,  
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire,

- |          |  |                 |
|----------|--|-----------------|
| <b>B</b> | 979 Wild as a Bacchanal she spreads her arms, Paradise.                | 992 Love's      |
| <b>C</b> | 979 She with extended Arms his Aid implores, omitted 990 Rage, ] Gall, | 983—985 Ah then |
| <b>D</b> | 994 departed   |                 |

A clouded Aspect, and a burning Cheek,  
 Where the whole poison'd Soul, malignant, sits,  
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand Fears,  
 1005 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views  
 Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms  
 For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up  
 With fervent Anguish, and consuming Pine.  
 In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,  
 1010 Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,  
 Giving a Moment's Ease. Reflection pours,  
 Afresh, her Beauties on his busy Thought,  
 Her first Endearments, twining round the Soul,  
 With all the Witchcraft of ensnaring Love.  
 1015 Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew,  
 Flames thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins:  
 While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart;  
 For even the sad Assurance of his Fears  
 Were Heaven to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,  
 1020 Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,  
 Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life  
 Of feavor'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;  
 His brightest Aims extinguish'd all, and all  
 His lively Moments running down to Waste.

1025        But happy They! the Happiest of their Kind!  
 Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate  
 Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws,  
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,  
 1030 Which binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,  
 Attuning all their Passions into Love;

B1007 C1087 D1090

B1030 C1110 D1113

**B** 1019 Heaven ] peace      1030 That**C** 1002 cloudy      1008 Pine.] Rage.      1011 Giving false Peace  
a Moment. Fancy pours,**D** 1002 clouded**MS** 1008 Pine.] Care *P (T or P Tovey, Aldine Ed. 1897)*

- Where Friendship full-exerts his softest Power,  
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire  
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul.
- 1035 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,  
 With boundless Confidence; for nought but Love  
 Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure.  
 Let Him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
 To bless himself, from sordid Parents buys  
 1040 The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,  
 Well-merited, consume his Nights and Days.  
 Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman Love  
 Is wild Desire fierce as the Suns they feel,  
 Let Eastern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven  
 1045 Seclude their Bosom-slaves, meanly possest  
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form:  
 While those whom Love cements, in holy Faith,  
 And equal Transport, free as Nature, live,  
 Disdaining Fear; for what's the World to them,  
 1050 It's Pomp, it's Pleasure, and it's Nonsense all!  
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
 High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish,  
 Something than Beauty dearer, should they look  
 Or on the Mind, or Mind-illumin'd Face.
- 1055 Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony and Love,  
 The richest Bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
 Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,  
 And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,  
 The human Blossom blows; and every Day,
- 1060 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new Charm,  
 The Father's Lustre, and the Mother's Bloom.  
 Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care:  
 Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,  
 1065 To teach the young Idea how to shoot,

To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,  
 To breathe th'inspiring Spirit, and to plant  
 The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.  
 Oh speak the Joy! You, whom the sudden Tear  
 1070 Surprises often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss,  
 All various Nature pressing on the Heart,  
 Obedient Fortune, and approving Heaven.  
 These are the Blessings of diviner Love;  
 1075 And thus their Moments fly; the Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,  
 Still find Them happy; and consenting Spring  
 Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Head:  
 Till Evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm;  
 1080 When after the long vernal Day of Life,  
 Enamour'd more, as Soul approaches Soul,  
 Together, down They sink in social Sleep.

## The End.

- C** 1067 inspiring ] enlivening      plant] fix      1069 ye,  
 1073, 1074 *thus expanded*:  
 An elegant Sufficiency, Content,  
 Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,  
 Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life,  
 Progressive Virtue, and approving Heaven.      [1160]  
 These are the matchless Joys of virtuous Love;
- 1078 Heads:      1079 at last, serene and mild;  
 1081, 1082 Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells  
 With many a Proof of recollected Love,  
 Together down they sink in social Sleep;  
 Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly  
 To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.
- MS** 1067 to plant] call forth *T*      1068 in] from *T*      [1160] useful]  
 (social) *T*      1079 at last, pleasing, serene *T*.

Proposals<sup>1)</sup>  
For Printing by Subscription  
The  
Four Seasons,  
With a Hymn on their Succession.

To which will be added a Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton. And an Essay on Descriptive Poetry will be prefixed to the Whole.

By Mr. Thomson.

I. This Work is proposed to be printed in one Volume in Quarto, on a Superfine Royal Paper, and adorned with Copper-Plates adapted to the Subject.

II. The Price of the Book in Sheets to Subscribers is One Guinea, to be paid at the time of Subscribing.

III. The Names of Subscribers to be printed before the Work, which is in great Forwardness, and will be published with all possible speed.

N.B. The Pieces already published, viz. Winter, Summer, and a Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton, will be corrected and enlarged in several Places.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Author, at the Smyrna Coffee-House in Pall-Mall; and by G. Strahau, at the Golden Ball in Cornhill; A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand; J. Millan at the Blue Anchor in Pall-Mall; and by A. Ramsay, at Edinburgh.

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<sup>1)</sup> These "Proposals" are found appended to the first edition of "Spring", but had already been published before.

# S U M M E R.

A

## P O E M.

---

By JAMES THOMSON.

---

Jam clarus Occultum Andromedæ Pater  
Ostendit Ignem: Jam Procyon furit  
Et Stella vesani Leonis,  
Sole Dies referente siccos.  
Jam Pater Umbras cum Grege languido,  
Rivumque fessus quærerit, & horridi  
Dumeta Sylvani: caretque  
Ripa vagis tacitura Ventis.  
HOR.

---

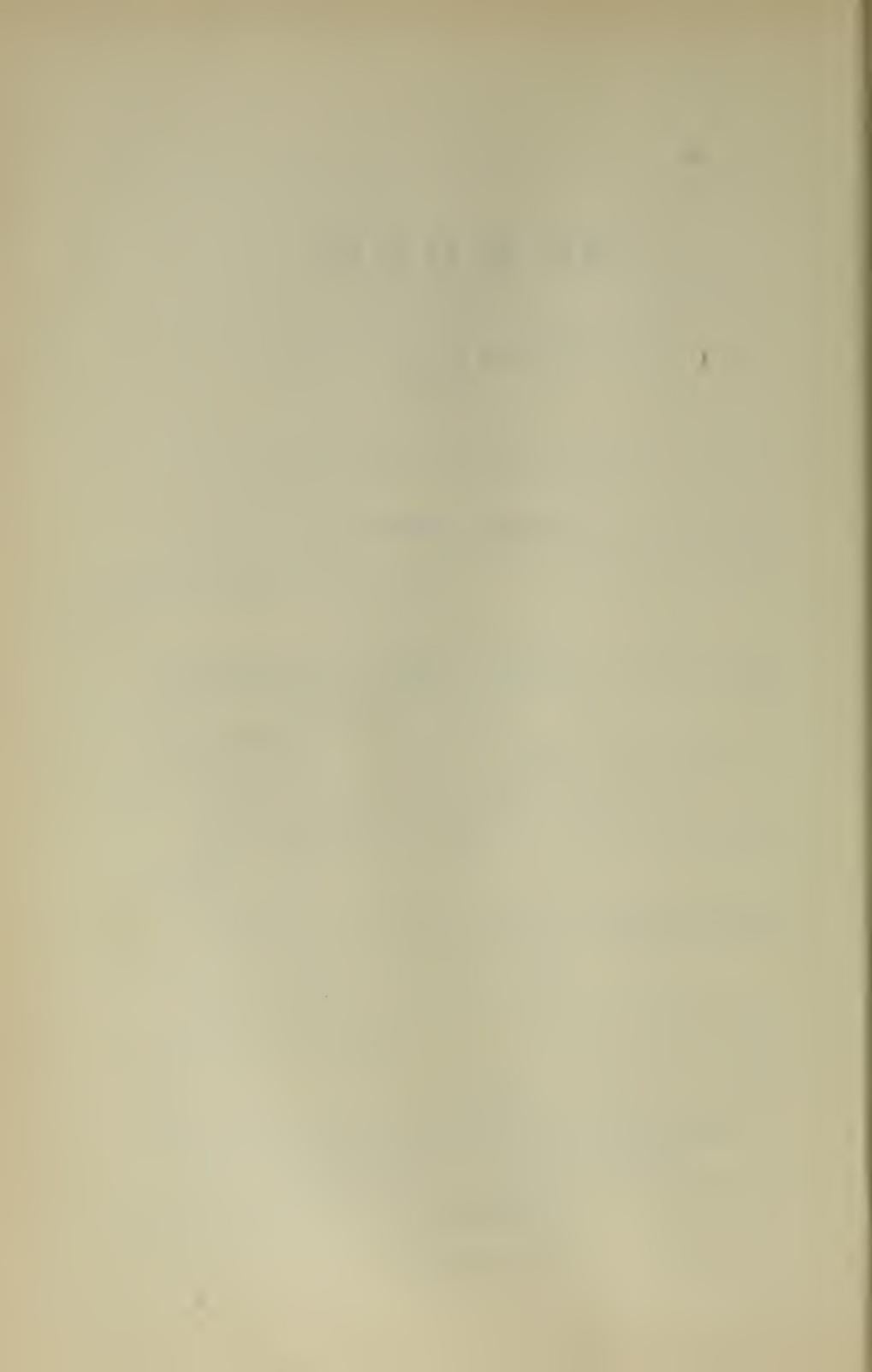
LONDON:

Printed for J. Millan, at Locke's Head in New-Street,  
near the upper End of the Hay-Market.

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MDCCXVII.

Price 1 s. 6 d.



To the Right Honourable  
**Mr. Dodington,**<sup>1)</sup>

One of the Lords of His Majesty's Treasury, etc.

Sir,

It is not my Purpose, in this Address, to run into the common Tract of Dedicators, and attempt a Panegyric which would prove ungrateful to You, too arduous for Me, and superfluous with Regard to the World. To You it would prove ungrateful, since there is a certain generous Delicacy in Men of the most distinguished Merit, disposing Them to avoid those Praises They so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a Character, in which the Vertues, the Graces, and the Muses join their Influence, as much exceeds the Expression of the most elegant and judicious Pen, as the finish'd Beauty does the Representation of the Pencil, I have the best Reasons for declining such an arduous Undertaking. As, indeed, it would be superfluous in itself; for what Reader need to be told of those great Abilities in the Management of public Affairs, and those amiable Accomplishments in private Life, which You so eminently possess. The general Voice is loud in the Praise of so many Vertues, tho' Posterity alone will do Them Justice. But may You, Sir, live long to illustrate your own Fame by your own

---

<sup>1)</sup> This epistolary dedication is found only in the editions prior to the subscription quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the following short dedication appears on the title-page: Summer. Inscribed to the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

Actions, and by them be transmitted to future Times as the British Mæcenas!

Your Example has recommended Poetry, with the greatest Grace, to the Admiration of Those, who are engag'd in the highest and most active Scenes of Life: and this, tho' confessedly the least considerable of those exalted Qualities that dignify your Character, must be particularly pleasing to One, whose only Hope of being introduced to your Regard is thro' the Recommendation of an Art in which You are a Master. — But I forget what I have been declaring above, and must therefore turn my Eyes to the following Sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your Perusal, they are put into the Hands of one of the finest, and consequently the most indulgent Judges of the Age: but as there is no Mediocrity in Poetry, so there should be no Limits to its Ambition. — I venture directly on the Tryal of my Fame. — If what I here present You has any Merit to gain your Approbation, I am not afraid of its Success; and if it fails of your Notice, I give it up to its just Fate. This Advantage at least I secure to myself, an Occasion of thus publickly declaring that I am, with the profoundest Veneration,

Sir,

Your most devoted,

humble Servant

James Thomson.

## The Argument.<sup>1)</sup>

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. Morning. A view of the sun rising.<sup>2)</sup> Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Rural prospects.<sup>3)</sup> Summer insects described.<sup>4)</sup> Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and herds.<sup>5)</sup> A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind.<sup>6)</sup> Transition to the prospect of a well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. A digression on foreign summers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over; a serene afternoon. Bathing. Sun set. Evening. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

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<sup>1)</sup> Appears for the first time in the quarto of 1730. The following variations occur in the editions of 1744 and 1746: <sup>2)</sup> Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. <sup>3)</sup> "Rural prospects" omitted <sup>4)</sup> describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. <sup>5)</sup> Groupe of Herds and Flocks. <sup>6)</sup> Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect etc. as above down to "Great Britain". Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. The whole concluding etc.

# SUMMER.

## A POEM.

*The text given in full (A) is that of the first edition (1727). B = ed. 1730. The MS. notes, written before the publication of the edition of 1744, were made on the latter text.*

FROM Southern Climes, where unremitting Day  
Burns over Head, illustrious Summer comes,  
In Pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth.  
He comes! attended by the sultry Hours,  
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his Way;  
While, from his ardent Look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushful Face, and Earth, and Skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade, B9  
Where scarce a Sun-Beam wanders thro' the Gloom;  
And, on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink  
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oaks  
Rowls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,  
And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

15 Come, Inspiration! from thy Hermit-Seat, B15  
By Mortal seldom found: may I presume

B 1, 2 From yonder fields of æther fair disclos'd, || Child of the  
Sun! illustrious etc. 12 oak 16 may fancy dare,  
MS 2 illustrious ] resplendent T

## SUMMER.

The text reproduced in full (C) is that of the edition of 1744. The variations from the previous text are printed in italics. D = ed. 1746.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,  
Child of the Sun, *refulgent* Summer comes,  
In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth:  
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,  
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way;  
While, from his ardent Look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushful Face; and Earth, and Skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,  
Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom; D<sub>9</sub>  
And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink  
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,  
And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy Hermit-Seat,  
By Mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,

From thy fix'd, serious Muse, and raptur'd Glance  
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look,  
 Creative of the Poet, every Power  
 20 Exalting to 'an Extasy of Soul!

With what a perfect, World-revolving Power  
 Were first th'unweildy Planets launch'd along  
 Th'illimitable Void! thus to remain,  
 Amid the Flux of many thousand Years,  
 25 That oft has swept the busy Race of Men,  
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,  
 Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their Course;  
 To Day, and Night, and the delightful Round  
 Of Seasons, faithful; not excentric once:  
 30 So pois'd, and perfect, is the vast Machine!

B32

**B** 17 Glance] eye *After l. 20 the poetical dedication is inserted:*

And thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!  
 In whom the human graces all unite:  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastiz'd; goodness and wit,  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;  
 Unblemish'd honour; and an active zeal,  
 For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;  
 Oh Dodington! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
 And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

[25]

[30]

28 To night and day, with the delightful round

**MS** 22 th'unweildy] (the cumbrons) *T* 27 Unresting, changeless]  
 Firm, unabating *T*

From thy fix'd serious *Eye*, and raptur'd *Glance*  
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look  
 Creative of the Poet, every Power  
 20 Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul.

And thou, *my youthful Muse's early Friend*,  
 In whom the Human Graces all unite: D<sub>21</sub>  
 Pure Light of Mind, and Tenderness of Heart;  
 Genius, and Wisdom; the gay social Sense,  
 25 By Decency chastis'd; Goodness and Wit,  
 In seldom-meeting Harmony combin'd;  
 Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,  
 For Britain's Glory, Liberty, and Man:  
 O Dodington! attend my rural Song,  
 30 Stoop to my Theme, inspirit every Line,  
 And teach me to deserve thy *just Applause*.

With what *an awful* world-revolving Power  
 Were first th'unwieldy Planets launch'd along  
 Th'illimitable Void! Thus to remain,  
 35 Amid the Flux of many thousand Years,  
 That oft has swept the *toiling* Race of Men  
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,  
*Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their Course;*  
*To the kind-temp'r'd Change of Night and Day,*  
 40 *And of the Seasons ever stealing round,*  
*Minutely faithful: Such the perfect Hand,*  
*That poi'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.*

B<sub>42</sub>

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd,  
 And Cancer reddens with the Solar Blaze,  
 Short is th'uncertain Empire of the Night:  
 And soon, observant of approaching Day,  
 35 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews!  
 Mildly eluent in the streaky East;  
 And, from before the Lustre of her Face,  
 White, break the Clouds away. With tardy Step  
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in a-pace  
 40 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.  
 The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top  
 Swell on the Eye, and brighten with the Dawn.  
 Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoaking Currents shine;  
 And, from the bladed Field, th'unhunted Hare  
 45 Limps awkward: while along the Forest-Glade,  
 The wild Deer trip, and, often turning, gaze  
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,  
 The native Voice of undissembling Joy;  
 And thick around the wood-land Hymns arise.  
 50 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves  
 His mossy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells:  
 And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives  
 His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

B<sub>66</sub>

Falsly luxurious, will not Man awake,  
 55 And starting from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,  
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song!  
 And is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wise?  
 To lie in dead Oblivion, lost to all,  
 60 Our Natures boast of noble, and divine:

---

**B** 33 th'uncertain ] the doubtful      36, 37 At first faint-gleaming  
 in the dappled east; || Till far o'er aether shoots the trembling  
 glow;      44 th'unhunted ] the fearful      59, 60 losing half ||  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd, D<sub>43</sub>

And Cancer reddens with the solar Blaze,

45 Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night;

And soon, observant of approaching Day,

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,

At first faint-gleaming in the dappled

Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glow;

50 And, from before the Lustre of her Face,

White break the Clouds away. With *quicken'd* Step,

Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,

And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.

The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top

55 Swell on the *Sight*, and brighten with the Dawn.

Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoking Currents shine;

And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare

Simps, auksward: while along the Forest-glade

The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze

60 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,

The native Voice of undissembled Joy;

And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.

Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves

His mossy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells;

65 And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives

His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;

D<sub>67</sub>

And, *springing* from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,

70 To Meditation due, and sacred Song?

*For* is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wise?

To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half

The fleeting Moments of too short a Life?

Total Extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul!  
 Or else to feaverish Vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams.  
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain  
 Longer than Nature craves? When every Muse,  
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning Walk.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,  
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brim,  
 Tipt with æthereal Gold, his near Approach  
 Betoken glad: and now apparent all,  
 Aslant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,  
 He looks, in boundless Majesty, abroad;  
 And sheds the shining Day, that, burnish'd, plays  
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,  
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!  
 Of all material Beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe,  
 Without whose vesting Beauty, all were wrapt  
 In unessential Gloom; and Thou, red Sun,  
 In whose wide Circle Worlds of Radiance lie,  
 Exhaustless Brightness! may I sing of Thee!

Who would the Blessings, first and last, recount,  
 That, in a full Effusion, from Thee flow,  
 As soon might number, at the Height of Noon,  
 The Rays that radiate from thy cloudless Sphere,  
 An universal Glory darting round.

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,  
 As with a Chain, indissoluble, bound,  
 Thy System rolls entire; from the far Bourn

Total extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul;  
 75 Or else to feverish Vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams?  
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain,  
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse  
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,  
 80 To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day, D81  
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,  
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's *Brow*  
*Illum'd with fluid Gold*, his near Approach  
 85 Betoken glad. *Lo!* now apparent all,  
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,  
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays  
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,  
 90 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!  
 Of all material Beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe!  
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential Gloom; and thou, *O Sun!*  
 95 *Soul of surrounding Worlds! in whom best seen*  
*Shines out thy Maker!* may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,  
 As with a Chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy System rolls entire: from the far Bourne  
 100 Of *utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his Round*  
*Of thirty Years; to Mercury, whose Disk*

D97

Of slow-pac'd Saturn, to the scarce-seen Disk  
Of Mercury, lost in excessive Blaze.

Informer of the planetary Train!

Without whose vital, and effectual Glance,  
They'd be but brute, uncomfortable Mass,  
And not, as now, the green Abodes of Life,  
How many Forms of Being wait on Thee,  
Inhaling Gladness! from th'unfetter'd Mind,  
By Thee sublim'd, to that Day-living Race,  
The mixing Myriads of thy evening Beam.

B106

The vegetable World is also thine,  
Parent of Seasons! from whose rich-stain'd Rays  
Reflected various, various Colours rise:  
The freshening Mantle of the youthful Year;  
The wild Embroidery of the watry Vale;  
With all that chears the Eye, and charms the Heart.

B114

The branching Grove thy lusty Product stands,  
To quench the Fury of thy Noon-Career:  
And crowd a Shade for the retreating Swain,  
When on his russet Fields You look direct.

B120 C—D

---

**B** 101 setting beam. 107 Eye, ] sense. 109 Diffus'd, and  
deep, to quench the summer noon;

**MS** For 103: . . . Seasons! thine the lovely Spring  
Thy fairest Offspring. (Her each Beauty thine  
Her every Grace) Her each Beauty owes  
Its Birth to Thee; as from thy rich stain'd Rays *T*

107, 108 The Meadow blooming broad, the blossom'd Woods,  
And all the flowery Pride of rising May.  
Summer is thine, thine his expanding Force,  
His (quickening) vital Vigour, (and) his prolific Heat.  
Whence (teeming) pregnant Earth swells joyous to thy Ray:  
And whence the Grove thy lusty etc. *T*

109 (*see B*) the summer noon ] (thy fiery Rage) the Dog-star's  
Rage *T*

*Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,  
Lost in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.*

Informer of the planetary Train!

D<sub>104</sub>

- 105 Without whose quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs  
Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead,  
And not as now the green Abodes of Life;  
How many Forms of Being wait on thee,  
Inhaling Spirit; from th'unfetter'd Mind,  
110 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,  
The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam.

The vegetable World is also thine,

D<sub>112</sub>

- Parent of Seasons! who the Pomp precede  
That waits thy Throne, as thro' thy vast Domain,  
115 Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,

In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime.

Mean-time th'expecting Nations, circled gay  
With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,  
Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up

- 120 A common Hymn: while, round thy beaming Car,  
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly Dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,  
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,  
Of Bloom etherial the light-footed Dews,

125 And soften'd into Joy the surly Storms.

These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,  
Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,  
Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; till, kindling at thy Touch,  
From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year.

- 130 Nor to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,

D<sub>130</sub>

Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,

Her liberal Tresses, is thy Force confin'd:

But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,

The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.

- 135 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines;

Fruit is thy Bounty too, with Juice replete,  
Acid, or mild; and from thy Ray receives  
A Flavour pleasing to the Taste of Man.  
By Thee concocted, blushes; and by Thee  
Fully matur'd, into the verdant Lap  
Of Industry, the mellow Plenty falls.

Extensive Harvests wave at thy Command,  
And the bright Ear, consolidate by Thee,  
Bends, unwithholding, to the Reaper's Hand.

Even Winter speaks thy Power, whose every Blast,  
O'ercast with Tempest, or severely sharp  
With breathing Frost, is eloquent of Thee,  
And makes us languish for thy vernal Gleams.

Shot to the Bowels of the teeming Earth,  
The ripening Oar confesses all thy Flame.

Th'unfruitful Rock, itself, impregn'd by Thee,  
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone,  
Collected Light, compact! that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native Lustre let abroad,  
Shines proudly on the Bosoms of the Fair!

At Thee the Ruby lights his deepening Glow.  
A bleeding Radiance! grateful to the View.

**B** 126 Flame.] power. *Five new lines follow:*

Hence labour draws his tools; hence waving war  
Flames on the day; hence busy commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain;  
And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines  
With glittering silver, and resplendent gold.

**MS** For 113—120:

Acid, or mild, or sweetly various mixt:  
Whatever Autumn o'er the Garden showers,  
In radiant Heaps; or, in bright Prospect round,  
Spreads unwithholding to the Reaper's Hand. *T*  
[140,141] (and busy Commerce hence || Wide, binds the Nations  
etc.) *T, who then cancels from hence busy to resplendent gold.*  
133 (And inward seems to wave it's radiant Flame) *T*

B124 C—D-

B130 C—D-

B133 C—D-

B137 C—D-

B144

B149

|140]

Hence Labour draws his Tools; hence *burnish'd War Gleams on the Day*; *the nobler Works of Peace*  
*Hence bless Mankind, and generous Commerce binds*  
The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

140 Th'unfruitful Rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone.

D140

*The lively Diamond drinks thy purest Rays,*  
Collected Light, compact; that polish'd bright,  
And all it's native Lustre let abroad,  
145 *Dares, as it sparkles on the Fair-one's Breast,*  
*With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes.*  
At thee the Ruby lights it's deepening Glow,  
*And with a waving Radiance, inward flames.*

From Thee the Saphire, solid Æther! takes  
 His Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,  
 The Purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own Smile the Yellow Topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper Verdure dies the Robe of Spring,  
 When first she gives it to the Southern Gale,  
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
 Thick, thro' the whitening Opal, play thy Beams;  
 Or, flying, several, from his Surface, form  
 A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,  
 As the Site changes in the Gazer's Hand.

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,  
 Assumes a mimic Life. By Thee refin'd,  
 In brisker Measures, the relucent Stream  
 Frisks o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,  
 Softens at thy Return. The Desart joys  
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.  
 Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,  
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,  
 Reflects, from every fluctuating Wave,  
 A Glance, extensive as the Day. But these,  
 And all the much transported Muse can sing,  
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,  
 Unequal far, great, delegated Source,  
 Of Life, and Light, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,  
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated Light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From Mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;  
 Whose single Smile has, from the First of Time,  
 Fill'd, over-flowing, all these Lamps of Heaven,

**B** 144 changes] varies      165 those  
**MS** 148 o'er] thro' T

From thee the Saphire, solid Ether, takes  
 150 *It's* Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring,  
 When first she gives it to the southern Gale,  
 155 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd.  
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams;  
 Or, flying several from *it's* Surface, form  
 A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,  
 As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

D160

160 The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,  
 Assumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd,  
 In *brighter Mazes*, the relucent Stream  
*Plays* o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,  
 165 Softens at thy return. The Desart joys  
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.  
 Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,  
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,  
*Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,*  
 170 *Restless, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,*  
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,  
 Unequal far, great delegated Source,  
 Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below!

D175

175 How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,  
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated Light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;  
 Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,  
 180 Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,

That Beam for ever thro' th'immeasur'd Sky:  
 But should He hide his Face, th'astonish'd Sun,  
 And all th'extinguish'd Stars, would, loosening, reel  
 Wide, from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

170 And yet, was every faltering Tongue of Man, B187  
 Almighty Poet! silent in thy Praise,  
 Thy matchless Works, in each exalted Line,  
 And all the full, harmonic Universe,  
 Would tuneful, or expressive, Thee attest,  
 175 The Cause, the Glory, and the End of All!

To Me be Nature's Volume, wide, display'd:  
 And to peruse the broad, illumin'd Page,  
 Or haply catching Inspiration thence,  
 Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
 180 My sole Delight; as thro' the falling Gloom,  
 Pensive, I muse, or, with the rising Day,  
 On Fancy's Eagle-Wing, excursive, soar.

Fierce, flaming up the Heavens, the peircing Sun B200  
 Attenuates to Air the high-rais'd Clouds,  
 185 And Morning Mists that hover'd round the Hills,  
 In Party-colour'd Bands; till, all unveil'd,  
 The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems  
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,  
 190 Dew-dropping Coolness to the Shade retires;  
 And Tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the Sky,  
 By sharp Degrees, his burning Influence rains  
 On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

- B** 166 th'immeasur'd ] the boundless 174 tuneful,] vocal,  
 184 Melts into limpid air the etc.  
**MS** 189—193 *T deletes but then writes:* To be restored 192 sharp ]  
 (swift) *T*

That beam for ever thro' the boundless Sky:  
 But, should he hide his Face, th'astonish'd Sun,  
 And all th'extinguish'd Stars, would loosening start  
 Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

185      And yet was every faltering Tongue of Man,  
           Almighty Maker! silent in thy Praise;  
           Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,  
           Even in the Depth of solitary Woods,  
           By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,  
 190    And to the Quire celestial Thee resound,  
           Th'eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's Volume broad-display'd;  
 And to peruse it's *all-instructing* Page,  
 Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,  
 195 Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
 My sole Delight; as thro' the falling Gloom's  
 Pensive I *stray*, or with the rising Dawn,  
 On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the *potent* Sun  
 200 Melts into limpid Air the high-rais'd Clouds,  
 And morning Mists, that hover'd o'er the Hills  
 In party-colour'd Bands; till wide unveil'd  
 The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,  
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

205      Half in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,  
           Dew-dropping Coolness to the Shade retires;  
           There on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,  
           By gelid Founts and careless Rills to muse:  
           While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the Sky,  
 210    With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts  
           On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

Who can, unpitying, see the flowery Race,  
B211  
 195 Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,  
 Before th'unbating Beam! So fade the Fair,  
 When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.  
 But One, the Follower of the Sun, They say,  
 Sad, when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,  
 200 Weeping all Night; and when He, warm, returns,  
 Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

Home, from his Morning Task, the Swain retreats,  
B219  
 His Flock before Him stepping to the Fold;  
 While the full-udder'd Mother lows around  
 205 The cheerful Cottage then expecting Food,  
 The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,  
 The Rook, and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks,  
 That the calm Village, in their verdant Arms,  
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy Flight;  
 210 Where, on the mingling Boughs, they sit embower'd,  
 All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the homely Fowls convene;  
 And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,  
 The House-Dog, with th'employless Giey-Hound, lies.  
 215 Outstretch'd, and sleepy: in his Slumbers One  
 Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults  
 O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,  
 They bootless snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
 To let the little, noisy Summer-Race  
 220 Live in her Lay, and flutter thro' her Song,  
 Not mean tho' simple; to the Sun ally'd,  
 From Him their high Descent, direct, They draw.

Wak'd by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young  
B240  
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,  
 225 Lighter, and full of Life. From every Chink,

**B** 208, 209 That . . . embrace *bracketed*

**MS** For 196, 197: And, (flagging) withering fade before the fervid  
 Beam? *T*

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race,

D<sub>222</sub>

Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,

Before *the parching Beam*? So fade the Fair,

<sup>215</sup> When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.

But one, the *lofty Follower of the Sun*,

Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,

*Drooping* all Night; and, when he warm returns,

Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

<sup>220</sup> Home, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats; <sup>D<sub>220</sub></sup>

His Flock before him stepping to the Fold:

While the full-udder'd Mother lows around

The cheerful Cottage, then expecting Food,

The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,

<sup>225</sup> The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks

(That the calm Village in their verdant Arms,

Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;

Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd,

All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.

<sup>230</sup> Faint, underneath, the *houshold* Fowls convene;

And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,

The House-Dog, with *the vacant Greyhound*, lies,

Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one

Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults

<sup>235</sup> O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,

They *starting* snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain

To let the little noisy Summer-race

Live in her Lay, and flutter through her Song,

Not mean tho' simple: to the Sun ally'd,

<sup>240</sup> From him *they draw their animating Fire*.

Wak'd by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young

D<sub>241</sub>

Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,

Lighter and full of *Soul*. From every Chink,

And secret Corner, where they slept away  
 The wintry Gloom, by Myriads, all at once,  
 Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey.  
 Black, azure, brown; more than th'assisted Eye  
<sup>230</sup> Of poring Virtuoso can discern.  
 Ten thousand Forms! Ten thousand different Tribes!  
 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some  
 By fatal Instinct fly; where, on the Pool,  
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the Stream,  
<sup>235</sup> Are snatch'd, immediate, by the springing Trout,  
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-Wood Glade  
 Delight to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,  
 In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The Meads their Choice, and visit every Flower,  
<sup>240</sup> And every latent Herb; but careful still  
 To shun the Mazes of the sounding Bee,  
 As o'er the Blooms He sweeps. Some to the House,  
 The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;  
 Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese:  
<sup>245</sup> Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling Stream  
 They're pierc'd to Death; or, weltering in the Bowl,  
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief, to heedless Flies the Window proves      B265  
 A constant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,  
<sup>250</sup> The Villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce.  
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap  
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch, He sits,  
 Surveying all his waving Snares around.  
 Within an Inch the dreadless Wanderer oft  
<sup>255</sup> Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front.  
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, He, dreadful, darts,  
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line;

- And secret Corner, where they slept away  
 245 The wintry *Storms*; or rising from their Tombs,  
     To higher Life; by Myriads, forth at once,  
     Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd Hues  
     Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose.  
 Ten thousand Forms! Then thousand different Tribes!  
 250 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some  
     By fatal Instinct fly; where on the Pool  
     They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the Stream,  
     Are snatch'd immediate by the *quick-eyed* Trout,  
     Or darting Salmon. *Thro'* the green-wood Glade  
 255 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,  
     In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make  
     The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,  
     And every latent Herb: for the sweet Task,  
     To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,  
 260 In what soft Beds, their Young yet undispos'd,  
     Employs their tender Care. Some to the House,  
     The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;  
     Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese;  
     Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream  
 265 They meet their Fate; or, weltering in the Bowl,  
     With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless Flies the Window proves  
 A constant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,  
     The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 270 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled Heap  
     Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits,  
     O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.  
     Near the dire Cell the dreadless Wanderer oft  
     Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front.  
 275 The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
     With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line:

D<sub>267</sub>

And, fixing in the Fly his cruel Fangs,  
Strides backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,  
<sup>260</sup> And shriller Sound declare extream Distress,  
And ask the helping, hospitable Hand.

Ecchoes the living Surface of the Earth;  
Nor undelightful is the humming Sound  
To Him who muses, thro' the Woods, at Noon;  
<sup>265</sup> Or drowsy Shepherd, as He lies reclin'd,  
With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade  
Of Willows grey, close-crowding o'er the Brook.

B279

**B** 262 Earth; ] ground; 263 humming Sound ] ceaseless hum,  
**MS** 265 drowsy ] (slumbering) *T*

And, fixing, in the *Wretch* his cruel Fangs,  
*Strikes* backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,  
 And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress,  
 280 And ask the helping hospitable Hand.

*Resounds* the living Surface of the Ground:  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,  
 To him who muses thro' the Woods at Noon;  
 Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
 285 With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade  
 Of Willows grey, close-crouding o'er the Brook.

*Gradual, from These what numerous Kinds descend,*, D<sup>287</sup>  
*Evading even the microscopic Eye!*  
*Full Nature swarms with Life; one wondrous Mass*  
 290 *Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,*, ll. 287—317  
*Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven*  
*Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,*  
 In putrid Streams, emits the living Cloud  
 Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,  
 295 Where searching Sun-Beams scarce can find a Way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf  
 Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. Secure,  
*Within it's winding Citadel, the Stone*  
 Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,  
 300 *That Dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,*  
 The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp  
 Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed  
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with Green, invisible,  
 305 *Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.*  
 Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,

D<sup>282</sup>

ll. 287—317  
*transferred here*  
*from Spring*  
*B136—168*

**MS** 287—315 *T's draught — in "Spring", but already marked "In Summer" — shows the following variations:* Downward from these, etc. as *Su. C 287—305. For 306—308:*

Each Liquid too, whether of acid (Point, Taste) Point  
 Or oily smooth, whether severe and harsh

Let no presuming, impious Railer tax  
Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd  
<sup>270</sup> In vain, or not for admirable Ends.

B285

Shall little, haughty Ignorance pronounce  
His Works unwise; of which the smallest Part  
Exceeds the narrow Vision of his Mind!  
So on the Concave of a sounding Dome,  
<sup>275</sup> On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!  
Wanders a critic Fly; his feeble Ray  
Extends an Inch around; yet, blindly bold,  
He dares dislike the Structure of the Whole.  
And lives the Man, whose universal Eye  
<sup>280</sup> Has swept, at once, th'unbounded Scheme of Things;

**B** 274 So ] Thus

**MS** 274 sounding ] lofty *T*

*Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,  
With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream  
Of purest Crystal, nor the lucid Air,*  
 310 *Tho' one transparent Vacancy it seems,  
Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd  
By the kind Art of forming Heaven, escape  
The grosser Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds  
In Worlds inclos'd should on his Senses burst,*  
 315 *From Cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd Bowl,  
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night,  
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.*

Let no presuming impious Railer tax  
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
 320 In vain, or not for admirable Ends.  
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
 His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part  
 Exceeds the narrow Vision of her Mind?  
*As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,*  
 325 On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!  
*A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads  
An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole.*  
 And lives the Man, whose universal Eye  
 330 Has swept at once th'unbounded Scheme of Things;

**MS** (*Sequel*)

Or rais'd to racy Flavour, (bright) quick and high  
 With various Forms abounds (whence is deriv'd  
 Perhaps their various Taste) whence is, perhaps,  
 Deriv'd their various Taste. Nor is the Stream  
*etc. as Su. C 309/10 with limpid for lucid. Then:*  
 Devoid of Life. Even Animals subsist  
 On Animals, in infinite Descent.  
 These, more and more, th'Inspecting Glass discerns,  
 As more it's finer Curve collects the Rays,  
 And to the Curious gives th'amazing Scenes  
 Of lessening Life, *etc. as Spring B 161—68 save*  
*l. 167, which runs as Su. C 316.*

D318

Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,  
 As, with unfaultering Accent, to conclude  
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down  
 285 From infinite Perfection to the Brink  
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate Abyss!  
 Recoiling giddy Thought: or with sharp Glance,  
 Such as remotely wafting Spirits use,  
 Survey'd the Glories of the little World?  
 290 Till then, alone, let zealous Praise ascend,  
 And Hymns of heavenly Wonder, to that Power,  
 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,  
 As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

Thick, in yon Stream of Light, a Thousand Ways, B321  
 295 Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering Kingdoms sport; with Tempest-Wing.  
 Till Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day:  
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle, Summer Life, in Fortune's Shine,  
 300 A Season's Glitter! In soft-circling Robes,  
 Which the hard Hand of Industry has wrought,  
 The human Insects glow; by Hunger fed,  
 And chear'd by toiling Thirst, They rowl about  
 From Toy to Trifle, Vanity to Vice;  
 305 Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes  
 Behind, and strikes Them from the Book of Life.

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**B** 289 Survey'd ] Beheld      After l. 306 the following 19 lines  
 are inserted:

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the blooming maid,  
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek,  
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands [325]  
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load [330]

Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,  
 As with unfaltering Accent to conclude  
 That This availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down  
 335 From Infinite Perfection to the Brink  
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate Abyss!  
*From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns?*  
 Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend,  
 And Hymns of *holy* Wonder, to that Power,  
 340 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,  
 As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

Thick, in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways, D<sub>342</sub>  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering Nations sport; till, *Tempest-wing'd*,  
 345 *Fierce* Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.  
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,  
 A Season's Glitter! *Thus they flutter on*  
 From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice;  
 350 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes  
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead: D<sub>352</sub>  
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil,  
 Healthful, and strong; full as the Summer-Rose  
 355 Blown by prevailing Suns, the *ruddy* Maid,  
 Half-naked, swelling on the Sight, and all  
 Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.  
 Even stooping Age is here; and Infant-Hands  
 Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load  
 360 O'ercharg'd, amid the *kind* Oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field.  
 They spread the *breathing* Harvest to the Sun,

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**B** (*Sequel*)

O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.  
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field.  
They spread the tawny harvest to the sun,  
That casts refreshful round a rural smell:  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
Rises the russet hay-cock thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

(335)

[340]

That throws refreshful round a rural Smell:  
 365 Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,  
     And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead,  
     *The russet Hay-Cock rises thick behind,*  
     In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale,  
     Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice  
 370 Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.

D<sub>371</sub>

*Or rushing thence, in one diffusive Band,*  
*They drive the troubled Flocks, many a Dog*  
*Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook*  
*Forms a deep Pool: This Bank abrupt and high,*  
 375 *And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.*  
*Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,*  
*The Clamour much, of Men, and Boys, and Dog,*  
*Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood*  
*Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,*  
 380 *On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:*  
*Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,*  
*Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,*  
*And panting labour to the farther Shore.*  
*Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece*  
 385 *Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt*  
*The Trout is banish'd by the sordid Stream;*  
*Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow*  
*Slow-move the harmless Race: where, as they spread*  
*Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray,*  
 390 *Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild*  
*Outragious Tumult means, their loud Complaints*  
*The Country fill; and, toss'd from Rock to Rock,*  
*Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills.*  
*At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks,*  
 395 *Are in the wattled Pen innumEROUS press'd,*  
*Head above Head; and, rang'd in lusty Rows,*



- The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding Shears.  
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,  
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.*
- 400 *One, chief, in gracious Dignity enthron'd,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays  
Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King;  
While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls  
To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.*
- 405 *Mean-time, their joyous Task goes on apace:  
Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some,  
Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,  
To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand;  
Others th'unwilling Wether drag along,*
- 410 *And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy  
Holds by the twisted Horns th'indignant Ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,  
By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,  
How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies!*
- 415 *What Softness in it's melancholy Face,  
What dumb complaining Innocence appears!  
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife  
Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;  
No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,*
- 420 *Who having now, to pay his annual Care,  
Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,  
Will send you bounding to your Hills again.*

- A Simple Scene! yet hence Britannia sees  
Her solid Grandeur rise: hence she commands*
- D<sub>423</sub>
- 425 *Th'exalted Stores of every brighter Clime,  
The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage:  
Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,  
Wide glows her Land: her dreadful Thunder hence  
Rides o'er the Waves sublime, and now, even now,*
- 430 *Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled Coast,  
Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.*

"Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun  
 Shoots, thro' th'expanding Air, a torrid Gleam.  
 O'er Heaven, and Earth, far, as the darted Eye  
 310 Can pierce, a dazzling Deluge reigns; and all,  
 From Pole to Pole, is undistinguish'd Blaze.  
 Down to the dusty Earth the Sight, o'er-power'd,  
 Stoops for Relief; but thence ascending Steams.  
 And keen Reflection pain. Burnt to the Heart  
 315 Are the refreshless Fields; their arid Hue  
 Adds a new Fever to the sickening Soul:  
 And, o'er their slippery Surface, wary, treads  
 The Foot of thirsty Pilgrim, often dipt  
 In a cross Rill, presenting to his Wish  
 320 A living Draught, He feels before he drinks!  
 No more the Woods return the sandy Sound  
 Of sharpening Sithe: the Mower, sinking, heaps  
 O'er Him the tedded Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;  
 And scarce a chirping Grashopper is heard  
 325 Thro' all the Mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The Desart sings; and the stubborn Rock, *c* ✓  
 { Split to the Centre, sweats at every Pore.  
 The very Streams look languid from afar;  
 Or, thro' the fervid Glade, impetuous, hurl *c* ↗  
 330 Into the Shelter of the crackling Grove.

Prevailing Heat! oh intermit thy Wrath! B367  
 And on my aking Temples, potent, thus  
 Beam not so hard! — Incessant, still You flow;  
 And still another fervent Flood succeeds,  
 335 Pour'd on the Head profuse — In vain I groan,

- B** 321 Echo no more returns      323 tedded ] humid      325 Thro'  
 the dumb mead.      326 singes;] reddens;      331 All-conquering  
 heat.      332 aking ] throbbing      335 groan,] sigh,  
**MS** 317 o'er] on *T*      *For* 318—320: The thirsty Pilgrim; who  
 to firm his Step, *T* Dips in the passing Rill his dusty Foot. *T*  
 323 humid ] (breathing) *T*

"Tis raging Noon: and, vertical, the Sun  
*Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.*  
 O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the *ranging Eye*  
 435 Can *sweep*, a dazzling Deluge reigns; and all  
 From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.  
*In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,*  
 Stoops for Relief; thence hot ascending Steams  
 And keen Reflection pain. *Deep to the Root*  
 440 *Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields*  
*And slippery Lawn an arid Hue disclose,*  
*Blast Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.*  
 Echo no more returns the *cheerful Sound*  
 Of sharpening Scythe: the Mower sinking heaps  
 445 O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;  
 And scarce a chirping Grass-hopper is heard  
 Thro' the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very Streams look languid from afar;  
 Or, thro' *th'unshelter'd Glade, impatient, seem*  
 450 *To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.*

D<sub>432</sub>

2 lines omitted

All-Conquering Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath!  
 And on my throbbing Temples potent thus  
 Beam not so *fierce!* Incessant still you flow,  
 And still another fervent Flood succeeds,  
 455 Pour'd on the Head profuse. In vain I sigh,

D<sub>451</sub>

- And, restless, turn, and look around for Night;  
 Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.  
 Who shall endure! — The too resplendent Scene  
 Already darkens on the dizzy Eye;
- 340 And double Objects dance: unreal Sounds  
 Sing round the Ears: a Weight of sultry Dew  
 Hangs, deathful, on the Limbs: shiver the Nerves:  
 The supple Sinews sink; and on the Heart,  
 Misgiving, Horror lays his heavy Hand.
- 345 Thrice happy He! who, on the Sunless Side  
 Of a romantic Mountain, Forrest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:  
 Or in the gelid Caverns, Woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
- 350 Sits cooly calm; while all the World without,  
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,  
 And all his Passions aptly harmoniz'd,
- 355 Amidst a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets hail!      B392

Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!  
 With Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!  
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,

360 As to the hunted Hart the sallying Spring,  
 Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides  
 Laves, as He floats along the Herbag'd Brink.  
 Cold, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comforts glide;  
 The Heart beats glad: the misty Eyes refulge:

365 The Ears resume their Watch: the Sinews knit;  
 And Life shoots swift thro' every active Limb.

**B** 338 shall ] can      339 Eye; ] sight,      341 Sing deep around;  
 345 who, ] that      355 Amid      358 Ye Ashes      363 comfort  
 glides;      364, 365 glad; the fresh-expanded eye, || And ear  
 resume      366 active ] lighten'd

And restless turn, and look around for Night;  
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.

Thrice happe he! that on the sunless side  
Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,

<sup>460</sup> Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:

Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,  
Sits coolly calm; while all the World without,  
Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.

<sup>465</sup> Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,  
Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,  
And *every Passion* aptly harmoniz'd,  
Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

7 lines omitted

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!

D469

<sup>470</sup> Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!

Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!

Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,  
As to the hunted Hart the sallying Spring,  
Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides  
<sup>475</sup> Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.

*Cool*, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides;  
The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye  
And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit;  
And Life shoots swift thro' *all the* lighten'd Limbs.

All in th'adjoining Brook, that shrills along  
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,  
 370 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now  
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain,  
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose.  
 Rural Confusion! On the grassy Bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while Others stand  
 375 Half in the Flood, and, often bending, sip  
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops  
 The strong, laborious Ox, of honest Front,  
 Which, incompos'd, He shakes; and from his Sides  
 The busy Insects lashes with his Tail,  
 380 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careless Arm  
 Thrown round his Head on downy Moss sustain'd;  
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;  
 And there his Sceptre-Crook, and watchful Dog.

385 Light, fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight  
 Of angry Hornets fasten on the Herd,  
 That, startling, scatters from the shallow Brook,  
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,  
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scour the Plain,  
 390 Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;  
 While, from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

Oft in this Season too the Horse provok'd,  
 While his big Sinews, full of Spirits, swell,

**B** 379 busy ] troublous

**MS** For 380—382 (Amid . . . sustain'd) *T writes but then cancels:*  
 stretch'd on (his) the grassy Bed.  
 To Guilt and Care unknown, slumbers the Swain:  
 Around his Head, in downy Moss sustain'd,  
 His loosen'd arm in careless Manner thrown;

B403

B421

B429

480      *Around th' adjoining Brook, that purls along*  
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now  
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain;

485 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,  
 Rural Confusion! on the grassy Bank

Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops

490 The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,  
 Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his Sides  
 The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careless Arm

495 Thrown round his Head, on downy Moss sustain'd;  
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;  
 There, *listening every Noise, his watchful Dog.*

Light fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight  
 Of angry *Gad-Flies* fasten on the Herd;  
 500 That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,  
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,  
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scowr the Plain,  
 Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;  
 While from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan,  
 505 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

Oft in this Season too the Horse, provok'd,  
 While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,

D480

D498

D506

- 395 Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,  
     Springs the high Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,  
     Darts on the gloomy Flood, with steady Eye,  
     And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,  
     Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!  
 400 Bears down th'opposing Stream: quenchless his Thirst,  
     He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;  
     And, with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight Depth  
     Of yonder Grove, of wildest, largest Growth;  
 405 That, high embowering in the middle Air,  
     Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,  
     Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,  
     And all is awful, silent Gloom around.

These are the Haunts of Meditation, these  
 410 The Scenes where antient Bards th'inspiring Breath,  
     Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,  
     Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,  
     On heavenly Errands bent — To save the Fall  
     Of Virtue, struggling on the Brink of Vice;  
 415 In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,  
     To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul,  
     For future Tryals, fated, to prepare;  
     To prompt the Poet, who, devoted, gives  
     His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs  
 420 Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's Breast,  
     Backward to mingle in detested War,  
     But foremost when engag'd, to turn the Death;  
     And numberless such Offices of Love,  
     Daily, and nightly, zealous, to perform.

425       Shook, sudden, from the Bosom of the Air,  
     A thousand Shapes, or glide athwart the Dusk,

**B** 421, 422 Backward . . . engag'd bracketed     425 Air,] sky,  
**MS** 395 With Ardor trembling *T*     413 Errand *T*

B439

B445

B461

Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,  
 Springs the High Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,  
 510 Darts on the gloomy Flood, with *steadfast* Eye,  
 And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,  
 Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!  
 Bears down th'opposing Stream: quenchless his Thirst;  
 He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;  
 515 And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight Depth  
 Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth;  
 That, *forming high in Air a woodland Quire*,  
 Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,  
 520 Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,  
 And all is awful *listening* Gloom around.

These are the Haunts of Meditation, these  
 The Scenes where antient Bards th'inspiring Breath,  
 Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,  
 525 Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,  
 On *gracious* Errands bent: to save the Fall  
 Of Virtue struggling on the Brink of Vice;  
 In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,  
 To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul  
 530 For future Trials fated to prepare;  
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives  
 His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs  
 Of dying *Worth*, and from the Patriot's Breast,  
 (Backward to mingle in detested War,  
 535 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death;  
 And numberless such Offices of Love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the Bosom of the Sky,  
 A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,

D516

D522

D538

Or stalk, majestic, on: harrow'd, I feel  
 A sacred Terror, and severe Delight,  
 Creep thro' my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,  
 430 Those hollow Accents, floating on my Ear,  
 Pronounce, distinct, — "Be not of Us afraid,  
 "Poor, kindred Man, thy fellow Creatures, We  
 "From the same bounteous Power our Beings drew,  
 "The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit!  
 435 "Once, some of Us, like Thee, thro' stormy Life  
 "Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere We could attain  
 "This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,  
 "Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.  
 "Then fear not Us; but, with commutual Song,  
 440 "Oft, in these dim Recesses, undisturb'd  
 "By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,  
 "Of Nature sing with Us, and Nature's God —  
 "And, frequent, at the middle Waste of Night,  
 "Or, all Day long, in Desarts still, are heard,  
 445 "Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-Sky,  
 "Around, or underneath, aerial Sounds.  
 "Sent from angelic Harps, and Voices join'd:  
 "A Happiness bestow'd by Us, alone,  
 "On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear  
 450 "Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain."

**B** 427 on. Arrousd, I      430 Those accents murmur'd in  
 th'abstracted ear,      433 Parent-Power      439 us not  
 commutual] responsive

**MS** 443, 444 Here frequent at the solemn midnight Hour  
 Or silent depth of noon, in Desarts etc. T

- 540 Or stalk majestic on. *Deep-rous'd*, I feel  
 A sacred Terror, and severe Delight,  
 Creep through my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,  
*A Voice, than Human more*, th'abstracted Ear  
*Of Fancy strikes.* "Be not of us afraid,
- 545 "Poor kindred Man; thy Fellow-creatures, we  
 "From the same Parent-Power our Beings drew,  
 "The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.  
 "Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy Life,  
 "Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
- 550 "This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,  
 "Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.  
 "Then fear *not us*; but with responsive Song,  
 "Amid these dim Recesses, undisturb'd  
 "By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
- 555 "Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.  
 "Here frequent, at the *Visionary Hour*,  
 "When musing *Midnight reigns* or *silent Noon*,  
 "Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard,  
 "And Voices chaunting from the *Wood-crown'd Hill*,
- 560 "The deepening Dale, or inmost silvan Glade:  
 "A *Privilege* bestow'd by us, alone,  
 "On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear  
 "Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain."

*And art thou, \*Stanley, of that sacred Band?*

D564

- 565 *Alas, for us too soon! — Tho' rais'd above*  
*The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight*  
*Of human Joy; yet, with a mingled Ray*  
*Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel*  
*A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:*
- 570 *Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene;*  
*Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,*  
 \* *A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the*  
*Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.*

Thus up the Mount, in visionary Muse  
 I stray, regardless whither; till the Stun  
 Of a near Fall of Water every Sense  
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought: Swift, shrinking back,  
 455 I stand aghast, and view the broken Scene.

B487

Like one who flows in Joy, when, all at once,  
 Misfortune hurls Him down the Hill of Life,  
 Smooth, to the giddy Brink a lucid Stream  
 Rolls, unsuspecting, till, surpris'd, 'tis thrown,  
 460 In loose Meanders, thro' the trackless Air;  
 Now a blue watry Sheet, anon, dispers'd,  
 A hoary Mist, then, gather'd in again,  
 A darted Stream, aslant the hollow Rock,  
 This Way, and that tormented, dashing thick,  
 465 From Steep to Steep, with wild, infracted Course,  
 And, restless, roaring to the humble Vale.

**B** 456, 457 omitted. 458—460 *thus expanded:*

Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood  
 Rolls fair, and placid; till collected all,  
 In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground,  
 Th'impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep,  
 Thunders, and shakes th'astonish'd country round.

[495]

*Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense  
Inspir'd; where moral Wisdom mildly shone,  
Without the Toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd,  
575 In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.  
But, O thou best of Parents! wipe thy Tears;  
Or rather to Parental Nature pay  
The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while  
Lent thee his younger Self, this opening Bloom  
580 Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.*

*Believe the Muse: the wintry Blast of Death  
Kills not the Buds of Virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns,  
Thro' endless Ages, into higher Powers.*

585 Thus up the Mount, in *airy Vision rapt*,  
I stray, regardless whither; till the *Sound*  
Of a near Fall of Water every Sense  
Wakes from the Charm of Thought: swift-shrinking back,  
*I check my Steps*, and view the broken Scene.

Smooth to the shelving Brink a copious Flood  
590 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round.  
At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad;  
595 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding Rocks below  
Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower.  
Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose:  
600 But, raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now  
Aslant the hollow'd Channel rapid darts;  
And falling fast from gradual Steep to Steep,  
With wild infracted Course, and lessen'd Roar,

**D** 603 Steep to Steep, ] Slope to Slope,

467 With the rough Prospect tir'd, I turn my Eyes      B<sub>503</sub>  
 Where, in long Vista, the soft-murmuring Main  
 Darts a green Lustre, trembling, thro' the Trees;  
 470 Or to yon Silver-streaming Threads of Light,  
 A showery Beauty beaming thro' the Boughs.  
 Invited from the Rock, to whose dark Cliff  
 He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,  
 With upward Pinions, thro' th'attractive Gleam;  
 475 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,  
 Gains on the Sun; while all the feathery Race,  
 Smote by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep, in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower,  
 Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.  
 480 The Wood-Dove, only, in the Centre, coos,  
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plain't,  
 Short Interval of weary Woe! again,  
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,  
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,  
 485 Accross his Fancy comes; and then resounds  
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

Beside the dewy Border let Me sit,      B<sub>523</sub>  
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air;  
 There, on that Rock, by Nature's Chissel carv'd,  
 490 An ample Chair, moss-lin'd, and over Head  
 With weaving Umbrage hung; thro' which the Bee  
 Strays, diligent; and, with th'extracted Sweet  
 Of Honey-Suckle, loads his little Thigh.

And what a pleasing Prospect lies around!      B<sub>530</sub> C<sub>14</sub>  
 495 Of Hills, and Vales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires      D<sub>1438</sub>

- B** 467 Eyes] gaze,      471 Beauty] radiance,      477 by] with  
 480 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,      491 By  
 flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee      494 pleasing] various  
**MS** 468, 469 (To where the River, as it various winds || It's mazy  
 Current, gleams amid the Trees;) *T*      494 And] See *T*

605 *It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,  
Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.*

Invited from the *Cliff*, to whose dark *Brow*  
He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,  
With upward Pinions thro' the *Flood of Day*;  
610 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,  
Gains on the Sun; while all the *tuneful* Race,  
*Smit* by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,  
Deep in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.  
615 The Stock-Dove only thro' the Forest cooed,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,  
Short Interval of weary Woe! again  
The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,  
Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,  
620 Across his Fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

Beside the dewy Border let me sit,  
All in the Freshness of the humid Air;  
There on that *hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild*,  
625 An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head  
By flowering Umbrage shaded; where the Bee  
Strays diligent, and with th'extracted *Balm*  
Of *fragrant Woodbine* loads his little Thigh.

Now, while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade,  
630 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,  
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring Flight,  
And view the Wonders of the torrid Zone:  
*Climes unrelenting!* with whose Rage compar'd,  
Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.  
635 See, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the Sky

D607

D622

D629

And Towns betwixt, and gilded Streams! till all  
The stretching Landskip into Smoak decays.

Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,  
Inspiring Vigour, Liberty, abroad,  
500 Walks thro' the Land of Heroes, unconfin'd,  
And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

B534 C1434  
D1442

Rich is thy Soil, and merciful thy Skies;  
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought:  
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks: thy Vallies float  
505 With golden Waves; and on thy Mountains Flocks  
Bleat, numberless: while, roving round their Sides,  
Bellow the blackening Herds, in lusty Drovers.  
Beneath, thy Meadows flame, and rise unquell'd.  
Against the Mower's Sythe. On every Hand,  
510 Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;  
And Property assures it to the Swain,  
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his certain Toil.

B538 C1438  
D1446

Full are thy Cities with the Sons of Art;  
And Trade, and Joy, in every busy Street,  
515 Mingling, are heard: even Drudgery, Himself,  
As at the Car He sweats, or, dusty, hews  
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports.  
Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield,  
With Labour burn, and echo to the Shouts  
520 Of hurry'd Sailor, as He, hearty, waves  
His last Adieu, and, loosening every Sheet,  
Resigns the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

B549 C1449  
D1457

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,  
By Hardship sinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,  
525 Scattering the Nations where They go; and first,  
Or on the listed Plain, or wintry Seas.  
Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Arts

B559 C1459  
D1467

The short-liv'd Twilight; and with ardent Blaze  
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air:  
 He mounts his Throne; but kind before him sends,  
 640 Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,  
 The \*general Breeze, to mitigate his Fire,  
 And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World.  
 Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,  
 645 Returning Suns and †double Seasons pass:  
 Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,  
 That on the high Equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays:  
 Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,  
 650 Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills;  
 Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep Immensity of Shade.  
 Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown,  
 The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods  
 655 Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven  
 Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,  
 Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste  
 And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,  
 660 And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,  
 Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats  
 A friendly Juice to cool it's Rage contain.

Cf. A627, 628

Bear me, Pomona! to thy Citron-Groves;  
 To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,  
 665 With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,

D663

\* Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East; caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.

† In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.

Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside;  
 In Genius, and substantial Learning high;  
 530 For every Virtue, every Worth renown'd,  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind,  
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd;  
 The Scourge of Tyrants, and the sole Resource  
 Of such as under grim Oppression groan.

535 Hence may'st Thou boast a Bacon, and a More;  
 Nor cease to vie Them with the noblest Names  
 Of ancient Times, or Patriot, or Sage.  
 And for the Strength, and Elegance of Truth,  
 A Barrow, and a Tillotson are thine:  
 540 A Locke, inspective into human Minds,  
 And all th'unnotic'd World that passes there.  
 Nor be thy Boyle forgot; who, while He liv'd,  
 Seraphic, sought Th'Eternal thro' his Works,  
 By sure Experience led; and, when He dy'd,  
 545 Still bid his Bounty argue for his God,  
 Worthy of Riches He! — But what needs more —

**B** 533 Scourge ] dread 535—546 *thus expanded:*

Thy sons of glory many! thine a More,  
 As Cato firm, as Aristides just. [575]

Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;  
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy Name in thunder round the world.  
 Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?  
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd,  
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. [580]  
 Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,  
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,

C1471 D1479

[575]

[580]

[585]

*Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes,  
Fann'd by the Breeze, it's Fever-cooling Fruit;  
Or, stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,*

670 *O let me drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,  
More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice  
Which Bacchus pours! Nor, on it's slender Twigs  
Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd;  
Nor, creeping thro' the Woods, the gelid Race*

675 *Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells  
Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.  
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the Pride  
Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er  
The Poets imag'd in the golden Age:*

680 *Quick, let me strip thee of thy spiny Coat,  
Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with Jove!*

*From These the Prospect varies. Plains immense D690  
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads,  
And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,  
685 Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.  
Another Flora there, of bolder Hues,  
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,  
Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand  
Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift*

690 *Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,  
And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,*

**D** After 668:

Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds, [669]  
Quench my hot Limbs; or lead me thro' the Maze,  
Embowering endless, of the Indian Fig;  
Or thrown at gayer Ease, on some fair Brow,  
Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd,  
Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,  
And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade. [675]

669 Or ] O 670 Give me to drain After 670: And from  
the Palm to draw its freshening Wine! 680 spiny ] tufty

Let comprehensive Newton speak thy Fame,  
 In all Philosophy. For solemn Song  
 Is not wild Shakespear Nature's Boast, and thine!  
 550 And every greatly amiable Muse  
 Of elder Ages in thy Milton met!  
 His was the Treasure of Two Thousand Years.  
 Seldom indulg'd to Man, a God-like Mind.

B620 C2552  
D1560**B** (*Sequel*)

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd.  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. [590]  
 A Hambden thine, of unsubmitting soul;  
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age,  
 To slavery prone; and bad thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of Freedom fierce.  
 Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass, [595]  
 The plume of war! with every laurel crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 Nor him of later name, firm to the cause  
 Of Liberty, her rough determin'd friend,  
 The British Brutus; whose united blood [600]  
 With Russel, thine, thou patriot wise, and calm,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown  
 In Sages too, far as the sacred light [605]  
 Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.  
 Thine is a Bacon form'd of happy mold,  
 When Nature smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,  
 Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd. [610]  
 The generous \*Ashley thine, the friend of man;  
 Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the moral Beauty charm the heart. [615]  
 What need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search  
 Still sought the great Creator in his works,  
 By sure experience led? and why thy Locke  
 Who made the whole internal world his own?

\* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.  
 Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd,  
 From little Scenes of Art, great Nature dwells  
 695 In awful Solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild Herds, that own no Master's Stall,  
 Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas:  
 On whose luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd,  
 Like a fall'n Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,  
 700 Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.  
 The Flood disparts: behold! in plaited Mail,  
 \*Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,  
 The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies:  
 He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills;  
 705 Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,  
 In widening Circle round, forget their Food,  
 And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

D716

Peaceful, beneath primeval Trees, that cast  
 Their ample Shade o'er Niger's yellow Stream,  
 710 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred Wave;  
 Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,  
 High-rais'd in solemn Theater around,  
 Leans the huge Elephant: wisest of Brutes!  
 O truely wise! with gentle Might endow'd,  
 715 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees  
 Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,  
 And Empires rise and fall; regardless he  
 Of what the never-resting Race of Men  
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their Guile,  
 720 Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps;  
 Or with his towery Grandeur swell their State,  
 The Pride of Kings! or else his Strength pervert  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray,  
 Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind.

Cf. A629

\* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.*

Unlimited, and various, as his Theme;  
 555 Astonishing as Chaos; as the Bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, soft as the Talk  
 Of our grand Parents, and as Heaven sublime.

And should I northward turn my filial Eye,  
 Beyond the Tweed, pure Parent-Stream! to where  
 560 The hyperborean Ocean, furious, foams  
 O'er Orca, or Betubium's highest Peak,  
 Rapt, I might sing thy Caledonian Sons,  
 A gallant, warlike, unsubmitting Race!  
 Nor less in Learning vers'd, soon as He took  
 565 Before the Gothic Rage his Western Flight;  
 Wise in the Council, at the Banquet gay:  
 The Pride of Honour burning in their Breasts,  
 And Glory, not to their own Realms confin'd,  
 But into foreign Countries shooting far,  
 570 As over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

May my Song soften as, thy Daughters, I,  
 Britannia, hail! for Beauty is their own,  
 And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,  
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony: the Cheek,  
 575 Where the live Crimson, thro' the Native White,  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,  
 And every nameless Grace: the parted Lip,  
 Like the red Rose-Bud moist with morning Dew,  
 Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,  
 580 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,  
 The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast:  
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,  
 And by the Soul inform'd, when, drest in Love,  
 She sits, sweet-smiling, in the lovely Eye.

B—C—D—

B631 C157<sup>2</sup>  
D1580

**B** 558—570 taken out of "Summer", and, with many alterations, transferred to "Autumn" (A 817—844). After 572 one line is inserted: The feeling heart, simplicity of life, 584 high smiling in the conscious eye.

**MS** 580 circling ] lovely T

725      *Wide o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,*      D<sub>733</sub>  
*Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,*  
*Thick-swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,*  
*That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd*  
*The plumy Nations, there her gayest Hues*  
730 *Profusely pours. \*But, if she bids them shine,*  
*Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,*  
*Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song.*  
*Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent*  
*Proud Montezuma's Realm, whose Legions cast*  
735 *A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,*  
*While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,*  
*Thro' the soft Silence of the listening Night,*  
*The sober-suited Songstress trills her Lay.*

But come, my Muse, the Desart-Barrier burst,      D<sub>747</sub>  
740 *A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky:*  
*And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,*  
*Shoot o'er the Vale of Sennar; ardent climb*  
*The Nubian Mountains, and the secret Bounds*  
*Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.*  
745 *Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the Mask*  
*Of social Commerce com'st to rob their Wealth;*  
*No holy Fury Thou, blaspheming Heaven,*  
*With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace,*  
*And thro' the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,*  
750 *To spread the purple Tyranny of Rome.*  
*Thou, like the harmless Bee, may'st freely range,*  
*From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,*  
*From Jasmine Grove to Grove, may'st wander gay,*  
*Thro' Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods,*  
755 *That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,*  
*And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.*  
*There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,*

\* In all the Regions of the Torrid Zone, the Birds, tho' more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

585 Island of Bliss! amid the Subject Seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,  
 At once the Wonder, Terror and Delight  
 Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore  
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval Arm,  
 590 Not to be shook Thy self, but all Assaults  
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

B646 C1587  
D1595

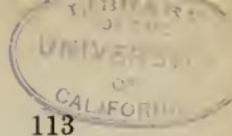
O Thou, by whose almighty Nod, the Scale  
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,  
 Send forth the saving Vertues round the Land,  
 595 In bright Patrol: white Peace, and social Love;  
 The tender-looking Charity, intent  
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles;  
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;  
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,  
 600 Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chastity,  
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,  
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;  
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,  
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:  
 605 While, in the radiant Front, superiour, shines  
 That first, paternal Vertue, public Zeal,  
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide Survey,  
 And ever musing on the Common Weal,  
 Still labours, glorious, with some brave Design.

B653 C1594  
D1602

610 Thus far, transported by my Country's Love.  
 Nobly digressive from my Theme, I've aim'd  
 To sing her Praises, in ambitious Verse;  
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,  
 The various Summer-Horrors, which infest  
 615 Kingdoms that scorch below severer Suns:

B671 C—D

**MS** 610 Thus I, enraptur'd *T*      611 have dar'd *T*      *For* 613—  
 615: But other Prospects now, appalling, rise; || (And the  
 fierce fervid Summer spreads to view) And dire to view the  
 fervid Summer spreads *T*      615 scorch ] parch *T*      beneath *P*



For many a League; or on stupendous Rocks,  
That, from the sun-redoubling Valley lift,  
760 Cool, to the middle Air, their lawny Tops;  
Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise;  
And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields;  
And Fountains gush; and careless Herds and Flocks  
Securely stray; a World within itself,  
765 Distraining all Assault: there let me draw  
Ethereal Soul, there drink reviving Gales,  
Profusely breathing from the Spicy Groves,  
And Vales of Fragrance; there at distance hear  
The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep  
770 From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold;  
And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless, rove,  
Fervent with Life of every fairer kind:  
A Land of Wonders! which the Sun still eyes  
With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm  
775 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene! In blazing Height of Noon, D784  
The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.  
Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round,  
Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.  
780 For to the hot Equator crowding fast,  
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air  
Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,  
Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd;  
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,  
785 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd.  
Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd  
Around the cold aërial Mountain's Brow,  
And by conflicting Winds together dash'd,  
790 The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,  
From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;  
Till, in the furious elemental War

Kingdoms, on which, direct, the Flood of Day,  
Oppressive, falls, and gives the gloomy Hue,  
And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,  
Wan Jealousy, red Rage, and fell Revenge,  
620 Their hasty Spirits prompts. Ill-fated Race! B677 C—D—  
*Cf.* C879  
Altho' the Treasures of the Sun be theirs,  
Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines, *Cf.* C646  
Whence, over Sands of Gold, the Niger rolls  
His amber Wave; while on his balmy Banks,  
625 Or in the Spicy, Abyssinian Vales,  
The Citron, Orange, and Pomegranate drink  
Intolerable Day, yet, in their Coats, Cf. C661  
A cooling Juice contain. Peaceful, beneath,  
Leans the huge Elephant, and, in his Shade,  
630 A Multitude of beauteous Creatures play;  
And Birds, of bolder Note, rejoice around. *Cf.* C708

And oft amid their aromatic Groves,  
Touch'd by the Torch of Noon, the gummy Bark,  
Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky Wreath.  
635 Instant, so swift the ruddy Ruin spreads,  
A Cloud of Incense shadows all the Land;  
And, o'er a thousand, thundering Trees at once,  
Riots, with lawless Rage, the running Blaze:  
But chiefly, if fomenting Winds assist,  
640 And, doubling, blend the circulating Waves  
Of Flame tempestuous, or, directly on,  
Far-streaming, drive Them thro' the Forest's Length.

**B** 620 spirit    639 if] should

**MS** 619 Wan] Wild    red] blind *T*    *For* 626—628:

Unnumber'd Fruits of keen refreshful Taste,  
Pomegranates, Citrons, and Ananas drink  
Intolerable Day; yet, in their Coats,  
A gelid Juice to cool it's Rage contain.  
Peaceful, meantime, amid the mighty Woods, *T*

*Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass  
Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.*

795      *The Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search D803  
Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,  
Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.  
From his two Springs, in Gojam's sunny Realm,  
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid Lake  
800 Of fair Dambea rolls his Infant-Stream.  
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,  
That with unfading Verdure smile around.  
Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks;  
805 And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,  
Winds in progressive Majesty along:  
Thro' splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze,  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts  
810 Of Life-deserted Sand; till, glad to quit  
The joyless Desart, down the Nubian Rocks  
From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,  
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading Wave.*

*His Brother Niger too, and all the Floods  
815 In which the full-form'd Maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty Limbs; and all that from the Tract  
Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind  
Fall on Cormandel's Coast, or Malabar;  
From \*Menam's orient Stream, that nightly shines  
820 With Insect-Lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
On Indus' smiling Banks the rosy Shower:  
All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,  
And pour untoiling Harvest o'er the Land.*

D822

\* The River that runs thro' Siam; on whose Banks a vast  
Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful  
Appearance in the Night.

But other Views await — where Heaven above, B<sub>704</sub> C—D—  
 Glows like an Arch of Brass; and all below,  
 645 The Earth a Mass of rusty Iron lies,  
 Of Fruits, and Flowers, and every Verdure spoilt,  
 Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary Waste,  
 Thin-cottag'd, and, in Time of trying Need,  
 Abandon'd by the vanish'd Brook, like One  
 650 Of fading Fortune by his treacherous Friend.

Such are thy horrid Desarts, Barca, such, B<sub>712</sub> C—D—  
 Zaara, thy hot, interminable Sands,  
 Continuous, rising often with the Blast,  
 Till the Sun sees no more; and unknit Earth,  
 655 Shook by the South into the darken'd Air,  
 Falls, in new, hilly Kingdoms, o'er the Waste.

**B** 645 The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies; 652 inter-  
 minable] inhospitable After l. 656 the following 32 lines are  
 added:

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true) C—D—  
 A smother'd city from the sandy wave  
 Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, [720]  
 Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,  
 Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.  
 For by the nitrous penetrating salts,  
 Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd and preserv'd,  
 Each object hardens gradual into stone, [725]  
 Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.  
 The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd  
 The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd  
 By sudden fate, and live on every face  
 The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art. [730]  
 Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand,  
 Delighted even in death; and each for each  
 Feeling alone, with that expressive look,  
 Which perfect Nature only knows to give.  
 And there the father agonizing bends [735]  
 Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train  
 Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.  
 The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,  
 With horror staring; while in council deep

Nor less thy World, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd, D<sup>832</sup>  
 825 The lavish Moisture of the melting Year.  
*Wide o'er his Isles, the branching Oronoque*  
*Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives*  
*To dwell aloft on Life-sufficing Trees,*  
*At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.*  
 830 *Swell'd by a thousand Streams, impetuous hurl'd*  
*From all the roaring Andes, huge descends*  
*The mighty \*Orellana. Scarce the Muse*  
*Dares stretch her Wing o'er this enormous Mass*  
*Of rushing Water, scarce she dares attempt*  
 835 *The Sea-like Plata; to whose dread Expanse,*  
*Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Course,*  
*Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,*  
*In silent Dignity they sweep along,*  
*And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,*  
 840 *And fruitful Desarts, Worlds of Solitude,*  
*Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in rain,*  
*Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking These,*  
*O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffusive flow,*  
*And many a Nation feed, and circle safe,*  
 845 *In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle;*  
*The Seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd*  
*By christian Crimes and Europe's cruel Sons.*  
*Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep,*  
*Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,*  
 850 *Yields to this liquid Weight of Half the Globe;*  
*And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.*

But what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth? D<sup>860</sup>  
 This gay Profusion of luxurious Bliss?  
 This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads,  
 855 Their powerful Herds, and Ceres void of Pain?  
 By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,  
 What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,

\* The River of the Amazons.

'Tis here, that Thirst has fix'd his dry Domain,B750 C—D—  
 And walks his wide, malignant Round, in search  
 Of Pilgrim lost; or, on the \*Merchant's Tomb,  
 Triumphant, sits, who, for a single Cruise  
 660 Of unavailing Water paid so dear:  
 Nor could the Gold his hard Associate save.

\* In the Desart of Araoan are two Tombs with Inscriptions on Them, importing that the Persons there interr'd were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who both died of Thirst; and that the Former had given to the Latter Ten thousand Ducats for one Cruise of Water.

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**B** (*Sequel*)

Assembled full, the hoary-headed sires  
 Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate.[740]  
 As when old Rome, beneath the raging Gaul,  
 Sunk her proud turrets, resolute on death,  
 Around the Forum sat the grey divan  
 Of Senators, majestic, motionless,[745]  
 With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes  
 Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;  
 Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn sight  
 The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them Gods.

*Th'ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health,  
Their Forests yield? Their toiling Insects what,  
860 Their silky Pride, and vegetable Robes?*

*Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid  
Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,  
Golconda's Gems, and sad Potosi's Mines;  
Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun?*

*865 What all that Afric's golden Rivers roul,  
Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores?*

*Ill-fated Race! the softening Arts of Peace,  
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;  
The Godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast;  
870 Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought;  
Investigation calm, whose silent Powers  
Command the World; the Light that leads to Heaven;  
Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws,  
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone*

*875 Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man:*

*These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself  
Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize;  
And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom  
Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue,*

*880 And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,  
Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,  
Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,  
The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life,  
The Heart-shed Tear, th'ineffable Delight*

*885 Of sweet Humanity: These court the Beam  
Of milder Climes; in selfish fierce Desire,  
And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,  
There lost. The very Brute-Creation there  
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.*

*Cf. A620*

*Cf. A617*

B756

Here the green Serpent gathers up his Train,  
 In Orbs immense, then darting out anew,  
 665 Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd Brake;  
 And lolling, frightful, guards the scanty Fount.  
 If Fount there be: or, of diminish'd Size,  
 But mighty Mischief, on th'unguarded Swain  
 Steals, full of Rancour. Here the savage Race  
 670 Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Blood,  
 And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut  
 His sacred Eye. The rabid Tyger, then,  
 The fiery Panther, and the whisker'd Pard,  
 Bespeckl'd fair, the Beauty of the Waste,  
 675 In dire Divan, surround their shaggy King,  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the burning Sand,  
 With planted Step; while an obsequious Crowd,  
 Of grinning Forms, at humble Distance wait.  
 These, all together join'd, from darksome Caves,  
 680 Where, o'er gnaw'd Bones, They slumber'd out the Day,  
 By supreme Hunger smit, and Thirst intense,  
 At once, their mingling Voices raise to Heaven;  
 And, with imperious, and repeated Roars,  
 Demanding Food, the Wilderness resounds,  
 685 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

- 890      *Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,*      D898  
*Which even Imagination fears to tread,*  
*At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train*  
*In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew,*  
*Seeks the refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd,*  
*895 He throws his Folds: and while, with threatning Tongue,*  
*And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls*  
*His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,*  
*Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands,*  
*Nor dares approach. But still more direful He,*  
*900 The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,*  
*Whose high-concocted Venom thro' the Veins*  
*A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift*  
*The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man,*  
*This Child of revengeful Nature! There, sublim'd*  
*905 To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race*      Cf. A669  
*Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Guilt,*  
*And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut*  
*His sacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce,*  
*Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.*  
*910 The lively-shining Leopard, speckled o'er*      Cf. A674  
*With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waste;*  
*And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,*  
*The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell.*  
*These, rushing from th'inhospitable Woods*  
*915 Of Mauritania, or the tufted Isles,*  
*That verdant rise amid the Lybian Wild,*  
*Innumerable glare around their shaggy King,*      Cf. A675  
*Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand;*  
*And, with imperious and repeated Roars,*      Cf. A683  
*920 Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks*  
*Croud near the guardian Swain; the nobler Herds,*  
*Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,*  
*They ruminating lie, with Horror hear*  
*The coming Rage. Th'awaken'd Village starts;*  
*925 And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains*

Unhappy He! who, from the first of Joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone,  
 Amid this World of Death. Ceaseless, He sits,  
 Sad, on the rocky Eminence, and views  
 690 The rowling Main, that ever toils below;  
 Still fondly forming, in the farthest Verge,  
 Where the blue Æther mixes with the Wave,  
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the Clouds.  
 At Evening, to the setting Sun He turns  
 695 A watry Eye, and down his dying Heart  
 Sinks, helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,  
 And Hiss, continual thro' the tedious Night.

B779

Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes  
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
 700 And haughty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,  
 With Cato leading thro' Numidian Wilds:  
 Disdainful of Campania's fertile Plains,  
 And all the green Delights of Italy,  
 When, for Them, she must bend the servile Knee,  
 705 And, fawning, take the Blessings once her own.

B791

**B** 689 rocky] jutting    692 blue] round    695 watry] mournful  
**MS** 686—705 deleted by T, who cancels B671—798

*Her thoughtless Infant. From the Pyrate's Den,  
Or stern Morocco's tyrant Fang escap'd,  
The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again:  
While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds,  
From Atlas Eastward to the frightened Nile.*

Cf. A684

Unhappy he! who from the first of Joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone D939  
Amid this World of Death. *Day after Day,*  
Sad on the jutting Eminence *he sits,*  
*And views the Main that ever toils below;*  
Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,  
Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,  
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the Clouds.  
At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns  
A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart  
Sinks helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,  
And Hiss continual thro' the tedious Night.  
Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes  
Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
*And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,*  
*Her Cato following thro' Numidian Wilds:*  
Disdainful of Campania's gentle Plains,  
And all the green Delights *Ausonia pours;*  
When for them she must bend the servile Knee,  
And fawning take the *splendid Robber's Boon.*

*Nor stop the Terrors of these Regions here.* D959  
Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,  
Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot,  
From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky,  
*And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,*  
A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites  
With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,  
Son of the Desart! even the Camel feels,  
Shot thro' his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast.  
*Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,*



Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play:  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;  
 Till with the general all-involving Storm  
 965 Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise;  
 And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,  
 Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan  
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded Streets,  
 970 Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long Delay.

But chief at Sea, whose every exile Wave  
 Obeys the Blast, th'aërial Tumult swells. D980  
 In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,  
 975 Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,  
 The circling \*Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,  
 Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,  
 And dire \*Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy †Speck  
 980 Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.  
 Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs  
 Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow  
 Musters it's Force. A faint deceitful Calm,  
 985 A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass  
 Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods.  
 In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands.  
 990 Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,  
 The broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,

\* Typhon and Ecnephia, Terms for particular Storms or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.

† Called by Sailors the Ox-Eye, being in Appearance at first no bigger.



*Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyss.  
With such mad Seas the daring \*Gama fought,  
For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,  
Incessant, labring round the stormy Cape;  
By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst  
Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd  
The rising World of Trade: the Genius, then,  
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless Sloth,  
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,  
For idle Ages, starting, heard at last  
The †Lusitanian Prince; who, Heav'n-inspir'd,  
To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind,  
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.*

*Increasing still the Terrors of these Storms,* D1013  
*His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,  
Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent  
Of steaming Couds, of rank Disease, and Death,  
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny Flood,  
Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along;  
And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her Sons,  
Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves.  
The stormy Fates descend; one Death involves  
Tyrants and Slaves; when strait, their mangled Limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas  
With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.*

*When o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains* D1026  
*Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,  
And draws the copious Steam: from swampy Fens,  
Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,*

\* Vasco de Gama, the first that sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

† Don Henry, third Son to John the first, King of Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new Countries was the Source of all the modern Improvements in Navigation.

What need I mention those inclement Skies,  
Where, frequent, o'er the sickening City, Plague,  
The fiercest Son of Nemesis divine!

*And breathes destructive Myriads; or from Woods,  
Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul,  
In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,  
1025 Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot  
Has ever dared to pierce, then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire Power of pestilent Disease.  
A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend,  
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,  
1030 And feeble Desolation, casting down  
The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.  
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd  
The British Fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable Scene; you, pitying, saw  
1035 To infant Weakness sunk the Warrior's Arm;  
Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,  
The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamless Eye  
No more with Ardor bright: you heard the Groans  
Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore;  
1040 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen Waves,  
The frequent Corse; while on each other fix'd,  
In sad Presage, the blank Assistants seem'd,  
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.*

What need I mention those inclement Skies,  
1045 Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,  
The fiercest Child of Nemesis divine,  
Descends? \*From Ethiopia's poison'd Woods,  
From stifled Cairo's Filth, and fetid Fields  
With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd,  
1050 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage  
The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,  
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty Domes,

Dro52

\* These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague, in Doctor Mead's elegant Book on that Subject.

Collects a close, incumbent Night of Death,  
 710 Uninterrupted by the living Winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze, and stain'd  
 With many a Mixture, by the Sun suffus'd,  
 Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,  
 Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand  
 715 Of drooping Justice, ineffectual, falls  
 The Sword, and Ballance. Mute the Voice of Joy;  
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.  
 Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad,  
 And rang'd, at open Noon, by Beasts of Prey,  
 720 And Birds of bloody Beak: while, all Night long,  
 In spotted Troops, the recent Ghosts complain,  
 Demanding but the covering Grave. Mean time,  
 Lock'd is the deaf Door to Distress, even Friends,  
 And Relatives, endear'd for many a Year,  
 725 Savag'd by Woe, forget the social Tye,  
 The blest Engagement of the yearning Heart;  
 And sick, in Solitude, successive, die,  
 Untended, and unmourn'd. And, to compleat  
 The Scene of Desolation, wide around,  
 730 Denying all Retreat, the grim Guards stand,  
 To give the flying Wretch a better Death.

**B** 717 Clamour | murmur      720—723 (while . . . Friends) *thus condensed*: beak. The sullen door  
 No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice  
 Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted Friends,  
 726 blest ] close      yearning ] kindred      728 And ] While  
 731 To ] And

*She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death;  
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,*

1055 *Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze; and stain'd  
With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,  
Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then  
Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand  
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop*

1060 *The Sword and Balance: mute the Voice of Joy,  
And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.  
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad;  
*'Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd  
The chearful Haunt of Men: unless escap'd**

1065 *From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns,  
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,  
With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven  
Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns,  
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen Door,*

1070 *Yet uninfeeted, on it's cautious Hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors Society.  
Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,  
Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie,  
The sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.*

1075 *But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,  
The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;  
And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs  
They fall, unblest, unintended, and unmourn'd.  
Thus o'er the prostrate City black Despair*

1080 *Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat  
The Scene of Desolation, stretch'd around,  
The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,  
And give the flying Wretch a better Death.*

Much of the Force of foreign Summers still,  
 Of growling Hills, that shoot the pillar'd Flame,  
 Of Earthquake, and pale Famine, could I sing;  
 735 But equal Scenes of Horror call Me Home.

B824

For now, slow-settling, o'er the lurid Grove,  
 Unusual Darkness broods; and, growing, gains  
 The whole Possession of the Air, surcharg'd  
 With wrathful Vapour, from the damp Abrupt,  
 740 Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.  
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, Vitriol, on the Day  
 Stream, and fermenting in yon baleful Cloud,  
 Extensive o'er the World, a reddening Gloom!  
 In dreadful Promptitude to spring, await  
 745 The high Command. A boding Silence reigns  
 Thro' all the dun Expanse, save the dull Sound  
 That, from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,  
 Rowls o'er the trembling Earth, disturbs the Flood,  
 And stirs the Forrest-Leaf without a Breath.  
 750 Prone, to the lowest Vale, th'aerial Tribes  
 Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze  
 The Cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens  
 Cast a deplored Eye, by Man forsook,

B828

- 
- B** 738 whole] broad      Air,] sky,      742 Steam,      746 Dread  
 thro' the
- MS** 737 growing] spreading *P*      738 The wide Dominion *P*  
 739 from the dark Abyss, *P*      743 That o'er the World  
 extends a *P*      747 Which, *P*

Much yet remains unsung: the Rage intense  
 1085 Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,  
*Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:*  
*Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,*  
*Th'infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame;*  
*And, rous'd within the subterranean World,*  
 1090 *Th'expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes*  
*Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,*  
*And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.*  
*But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:*  
*A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.*

1095      *Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid Grove*      D1103  
*Unusual Darkness broods; and growing gains*  
*The full Possession of the Sky, surcharg'd*  
*With wrathful Vapour, from the secret Beds,*  
*Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.*  
 1100 *Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume*  
*Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,*  
*With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,*  
*Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud,*  
*A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,*  
 1105 *Ferment; till, by the Touch ethereal rous'd,*  
*The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War*  
*Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,*  
*They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns,*  
*Dread thro' the dun Expanse; save the dull Sound,*  
 1110 *That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,*  
*Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, disturbs the Flood.*  
*And shakes the Forest-Leaf without a Breath.*  
*Prone, to the lowest Vale, th'aërial Tribes*  
*Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce*  
 1115 *Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze*  
*The Cattle stand, and on the scouling Heavens*  
*Cast a deplored Eye; by Man forsook,*

755 Who to the crowded Cottage hies Him fast,  
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

"Tis dumb Amaze, and listening Terror all;  
When, to the quicker Eye, the livid Glance  
Appears, far South, emissive thro' the Cloud;  
760 And, by the powerful Breath of God inflate,  
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice,  
At first low-muttering; but, at each Approach,  
The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more  
The Noise astounds: till, over Head, a Sheet  
765 Of various Flame discloses wide, then shuts  
And opens wider, shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping Æther in a Blaze.  
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal  
770 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven, and Earth.

B849

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,  
In the white, heavenly Magazines congeal'd;  
An often fatal to th'unshelter'd Head  
Of Man, or rougher Beast. The sluicy Rain,  
775 In one unbroken Flood, descends; and yet  
Th'unconquerable Lightning struggles thro'  
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,  
And strikes the Shepherd, as He, shuddering, sits,  
Presaging Ruin, in the rocky Clift.  
780 His inmost Marrow feels the gliding Flame;  
He dies — and, like a Statue grim'd with Age,  
His live, dejected Posture still remains;  
His Russet sing'd, and rent his hanging Hat;

B863

**B** 774, 775 beast. Wide-rent, the clouds || Pour a whole flood; and  
yet, its rage unquench'd, 776 inconquerable 879 in ] mid

**MS** 758 When darting from the Cloud the livid Glance P

Who to the crowded Cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

- 1120      'Tis *listening Fear, and dumb Amazement* all :      D1120  
 When to the *startled Eye* the *sudden Glance*  
 Appears far South, *eruptive* thro' the Cloud;  
 And *following slower, in Explosion vast,*  
 The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.  
 1125 At first, *heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,*  
*The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,*  
*And rolls it's awful Burden on the Wind,*  
 The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more  
 The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet  
 1130 Of *livid Flame* discloses wide, then shuts  
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal  
 1135 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

- Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,  
 Or *prone-descending Rain.* Wide-rent, the Clouds,  
 Pour a whole Flood; and yet, it's *Flame* unquench'd,  
 Th'unconquerable Lightning struggles thro',  
 1140 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,  
 And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.

Against his Crook his sooty Cheek reclin'd;  
 785 While, whining at his Feet, his half-stun'd Dog,  
     Importunately kind, and fearful, pats  
     On his insensate Master, for Relief.

Black, from the Stroak, above, the Mountain-Pine, 880  
     A leaning, shatter'd Trunk, stands scath'd to Heaven,  
 790 The Talk of future Ages! and, below,  
     A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie.  
     Here, the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look,  
     They wore alive, and ruminating still,  
     In Fancy's Eye; and there, the frowning Bull,  
 795 And Ox half-rais'd. A little farther, burns  
     The guiltless Cottage; and the haughty Dome  
     Stoops to the Base. Th'uprooted Forrest flies  
     Aloft in Air, or, flaming out, displays  
     The savage Haunts, by Day unpierc'd before.  
 800 Scar'd is the Mountain's Brow; and, from the Cliff,  
     Tumbles the smitten Rock. The Desart shakes,  
     And gleams, and grumbles, through his deepest Dens.

Now swells the Triumph of the Virtuous Man; B— c— d—  
     And this outrageous, elemental Fray,  
 805 To Him, a dread Magnificence appears,  
     The Glory of that Power He calls his Friend,  
     Sole honourable Name! — But Woe to Him,  
     Who, of infuriate Malice, and confirm'd  
     In Vice long-practis'd, is a Foe to Man  
 810 His Brother, and at Variance with his God.  
     He thinks the Tempest weaves around his Head;  
     Loudens the Roar to Him, and in his Eye  
     The bluest Vengeance glares. Th'Oppressor, who,  
     Unpitying, heard the Wailings of Distress,

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B 797, 798 base. In one immediate flash, || The forest falls; or  
 etc. 799 unpierc'd by day before. 803—826 omitted

Black from the Stroke, above the *smouldring* Pine  
*Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,*  
A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie:  
1145 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In Fancy's Eye; and there the frowning Bull,  
And Ox half-rais'd. *Struck on the castled Cliff,*  
*The venerable Tower and spiry Fane*  
1150 *Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods*  
*Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,*  
*Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.*  
Amid Carnarvon's Mountains rages loud  
The repercussive Roar: with mighty Crush,  
1155 ~~into~~ Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks  
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the Sky,  
Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and Snowden's Peak,  
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.  
Far-seen, the Heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
1165 And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost Isles.

815 Gall'd by his Scourge, now shrinks at other Sounds.  
 Hid are the Neroes of the Earth — in vain,  
 Like Children hid in Sport. Chief, in the Breast  
 Of solitary Atheist, Wildness reigns,  
 Licentious; vanish'd every quaint Conceit,  
 820 And impious Jest, with which He us'd to pelt  
 Superiour Reason; Anguish in his Look,  
 And Supplication lifts his Hand. He'd pray;  
 If his hard Heart would flow. At last He runs,  
 Precipitant, and entering just the Cave,  
 825 The Messenger of Justice, glancing, comes,  
 With swifter Sweep, behind, and trips his Heel.

And yet not always on the guilty Head  
 Falls the devoted Flash. Young Celadon,  
 And his Amelia, an unrival'd Twain.

B see footnote

830 With equal Vertue form'd, and equal Grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone;  
 Hers the mild Lustre of th'unfolding Morn,  
 And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

They lov'd — but such their guileless Passion was, B903  
 835 As, in the Dawn of Time, alarm'd the Heart  
 Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.  
 'Twas Friendship, heighten'd by the mutual Wish,  
 Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,  
 Struck from the charmful Eye. Devoting all  
 840 To Love, Each was to Each a dearer Self!

**B** 827 *The passage opens thus:*

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;

[895]

And yet etc. as l. 827

829 Amelia were a matchless twain; 832 th'unfolding] the  
 blooming

**MS** 833 His the full Radiance P 836 Of nameless Innocence  
 and charming Truth. T 838, 839 Stroke (Throb) || Of mutual  
 Hearts high-tun'd. T

Guilt *hears appall'd*, with deeply troubled Thought; <sup>D1169</sup>  
And yet not always on the guilty Head  
*Descends the fated Flash.* Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless *Pair*,  
<sup>1165</sup> With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,  
The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone:  
Hers the mild Luster of the blooming Morn,  
And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was, <sup>D1177</sup>  
<sup>1170</sup> As in the Dawn of Time *inform'd* the Heart  
Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.  
'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish,  
Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,  
*Beam'd* from the *mutual* Eye. Devoting all  
<sup>1175</sup> To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;

Supremely happy in th'awaken'd Power  
 Of giving Joy! Alone, amid the Shades,  
 Still, in angelic Intercourse, They liv'd  
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,  
 845 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable Things!

Thus pass'd their Life, a clear, united Stream.      B915  
 By Care unruffled; till in evil Hour,  
 The Tempest caught Them on the tender Walk.  
 Heedless how far. Her Breast, presageful, heav'd  
 850 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look  
 Of the big Gloom, on Celadon her Eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting all her glowing Cheek.  
 In vain assuring Love, and Confidence  
 In Heaven repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook  
 855 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th'unequal Conflict, and, as Angels look  
 On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,  
 Mingl'd with matchless Love. — “Fear not, He said,  
 “Fair Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,  
 860 “And inward Storm! He, who enwraps yon Skies  
 “In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on Thee,  
 “With full Regard. O'er Thee the secret Shaft  
 “That wastes at Midnight, or th'undreaded Hour  
 “Of Noon, flies hurtless: and that very Voice,  
 865 “Which thunders Terror thro' the Sinner's Heart,  
 “With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.  
 “Tis Safety to be near Thee sure, and thus  
 “To clasp Perfection!” — From his void Embrace,  
 Mysterious Heaven! that Moment, in a Heap

**B** 843 angelic] harmonious      852 wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 858 With love illumin'd high. “Fear etc.      860 He, who yon  
 skies involves      865 the conscious heart,      869 (Mysterious  
 heaven !)

**MS** 846 pass'd] flow'd *T*      849 Regardless whither. Touch'd by  
 Fate she heav'd *T*

Supremely happy in th'awaken'd Power  
 Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades,  
 Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,  
 1180 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream,  
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,  
 The Tempest caught them on the tender Walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where it's Mazes stray'd,  
 1185 While, with each other blest, creative Love  
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd  
 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look  
 Of the big Gloom on Celadon her Eye  
 1190 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.

In vain assuring Love, and Confidence  
 In Heaven repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook  
 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th'unequal Conflict, and as Angels look  
 1195 On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,  
 With Love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,  
 "Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,  
 "And inward Storm! He, who yon Skies involves  
 "In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on thee,  
 1200 "With kind Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft  
 "That wastes at Midnight, or th'undreaded Hour  
 "Of Noon, flies harmless: and that very Voice,  
 "Which thunders Terror thro' the guilty Heart,  
 "With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.  
 1205 "Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 "To clasp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,  
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the Ground,

D1189

870 Of pallid Ashes, fell the beauteous Maid.  
 But who can paint the Lover, as He stood,  
 Struck by severe Amazement, hating Life,  
 Speechless, and fixt in all the Death of Woe!  
 So, faint Resemblance! On the Marble-Tomb  
 875 The well-dissembl'd Mourner, stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

Heard indistinct, the far-off Thunder peals,  
 From suffering Earth, commission'd o'er the Main,  
 Where the black Tempest, pressing on the Pool,  
 880 Heaves the dead Billows to the bursting Clouds.  
 Dire is the Fate of Those, who reeling high,  
 From Wave to Wave, even at the very Source  
 Of Lightning, feel th'undissipated Flame;  
 Or, should They in a watry Vale escape,  
 885 If, on their Heads, the forceful Spout descends,  
 And drives the dizzy Vessel down the Deep,  
 Till in the oozy Bottom stuck, profound.

As from the Face of Heaven, each shatter'd Cloud, B946  
 Tumultuous, roves, th'unfathomable Blue,  
 890 That constant Joy to every finer Eye,  
 That Rapture! swells into the general Arch,  
 Which copes the Nations. On the lilly'd Bank,  
 Where a Brook quivers, often, careless, thrown,  
 Up the wide Scene I've gaz'd whole Hours away,  
 895 With growing Wonder, while the Sun declin'd,  
 As now, forth-breaking from the blotting Storm.

Nature shines out; and, thro' the lighten'd Air,  
 A higher Lustre, and a clearer Calm,

**B** 877—887 omitted 888—897 thus condensed:

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, th'interminable blue,  
 Delightful swells into the general arch,  
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm  
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air etc.

B—C—D—

*A blacken'd Corse, was struck the beauteous Maid.  
But who can paint the Lover, as he stood,  
1210 Pierc'd by severe Amazement, hating Life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!  
So, faint Resemblance, on the Marble-Tomb,  
The well-dissembled Mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent, and for ever sad. ✓*

*1215 As from the Face of Heaven the shatter'd Clouds D1223  
Tumultuous rove, th'interminable *Sky*  
Sublimer swells, and o'er the World expands  
A purer *Azure*. Nature, from the Storm,  
Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd Air  
1220 A higher Luster and a clearer Calm,*

Diffusive, tremble; and, as if in sign  
 900 Of Danger past, a glittering Face of Joy,  
 Set off, abundant, by the level Ray,  
 Invests the Earth, yet weeping from Distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,  
 Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat  
 905 Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.  
 And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,  
 Most-favour'd, who, with Voice articulate,  
 Should lead the Chorus of this lower World!  
 Shall He, so soon, forgetful of the past,  
 910 After the Tempest, puff his transient Vows,  
 And a new Dance of Vanity begin,  
 Scarce ere the Pant forsakes his feeble Heart!

B956

Chear'd by the setting Beam, the sprightly Youth  
 Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose chrystral Depth  
 915 A sandy Bottom shows. A while he stands,  
 Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue Profound below;  
 Till disenchanted by the ruffling Gale,  
 He plunges headlong down the closing Flood.  
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek  
 920 Instant emerge; and, thro' the glassy Wave,  
 At each short Breathing, by his Lip repell'd,  
 With Arms, and Legs, according well, He makes,  
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path:  
 925 While, from his snowy Sides, a humid Light  
 Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

B967

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- B** 899 and, ] while,      900 Face ] robe      902 Earth, ] fields,  
 weeping ] dropping      909 *thus expanded*: forgetful of the hand ||  
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky, || After the etc.  
 910 transient ] idle      918 omitted. 919 He ] Then      closing ]  
 circling      921 glassy] flexile      925 snowy] polish'd      humid ]  
 dewy

Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
 Of Danger past, a glittering Robe of Joy,  
 Set off abundant by the *yellow* Ray,  
 Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Distress.

1225      'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,  
 Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat  
 Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.  
 And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,  
 Most-favour'd; who with Voice articulate  
 1230 Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand  
 That hush'd the Thunder, and *serenes* the Sky,  
*Extinguish'd* feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,  
 That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,  
 1235 Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost it's Fears?

D1233

Chear'd by the *milder* Beam, the sprightly Youth D1244  
 Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth  
 A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands  
 Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half-afraid  
 1240 To meditate the blue Profound below;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.  
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek  
 Instant emerge; and thro' *th'obedient* Wave,  
 At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd,  
 1245 With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,  
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;  
 While, from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light  
 Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

This is the purest Exercise of Health,  
 The great Refresher of the Summer-Heats;  
 Nor, when, the Brook pellucid, Winter keens,  
 930 Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the Brink.  
 Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd  
 By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse  
 Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs  
 Knit into Force; and that same Roman Arm,  
 935 Which stretch'd, victorious, o'er the conquer'd Earth,  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.  
 Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind,  
 Strictly ally'd, receives a secret Aid.

**B Before l. 927:**

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,  
 Where winded into lovely solitudes [930]  
 Runs out the rambling dale, that Damon sat,  
 Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse:  
 Damon, who still amid the savage woods,  
 And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd,  
 Firm, and to false philosophy devote. [935]  
 The brook ran babbling by; and sighing weak,  
 The breeze among the bending willows play'd:  
 When Sacharissa to the cool retreat,  
 With Amoret, and Musidora stole.  
 Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd;  
 And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe  
 Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 Tall, and majestic, Sacharissa rose,  
 Superior treading, as on Ida's top [940]  
 (So Grecian bards in wanton fable sung)  
 High-shone the sister and the wife of Jove.  
 Another Pallas Musidora seem'd,  
 Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look  
 A surer conquest of the sliding heart. [945]

928 great ] kind      934 that ] the      935 Which stretch'd, ]  
 That rose      938 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

This is the purest Exercise of Health,  
D1257  
 1250 The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats;  
 Nor, when *cold Winter keen*s the brightening Flood,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink.  
 Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,  
 By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse  
 1255 Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs  
 Knit into Force; and the same Roman Arm,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.  
 Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind  
 1260 Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

*Close in the Covert of an Hazel Copse,*  
D1269  
 Where winded into *pleasing Solitudes*  
 Runs out the rambling Dale, young Damon sat,  
*Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.*  
 1265 *There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks*  
*Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd*  
*Among the bending Willows, falsely he*  
*Of Musidora's Cruelty complain'd.*  
*She felt his Flame; but deep within her Breast,*  
 1270 *In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,*  
*The soft Return conceal'd; save when it stole*  
*In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye,*  
*Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.*  
*Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,*  
 1275 *He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;*  
*And, if an infant Passion struggled there,*  
*To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain!*  
*A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate*  
*Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.*  
 1280 *For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,*  
*This cool Retreat his Musidora sought:*

**B** (*Sequel*)

While, like the Cyprian goddess, Amoret,  
Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,  
And all one softness, melted on the sense.

Nor Paris panted stronger, when aside  
The rival-goddesses the veil divine

[1005]

Cast unconfiu'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, Damon, thou; the stoick now no more,  
But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th'inverted silk they drew;

As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone;

[1010]

And, thro' the parting robe, th'alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still,  
When from their naked limbs, of glowing white

In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;

[1015]

And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves;  
With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze  
Arrousd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.

\*So stands the statue that enchant's the world,  
Her full proportions such, and bashful so

[1020]

Bends ineffectual from the roving eye.

Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair  
The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;

And, every beauty softening, every grace

Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:

[1025]

A shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;

Or as the rose amid the morning-dew

Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,

While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,

But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks

[1030]

That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil,

Rising again; the latent Damon drew

Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,

As put his harsh philosophy to flight,

The joyless search of long-deluded years;

[1035]

And Musidora fixing in his heart,

Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

\* The Venus of Medicis.

Warm in *her* Cheek the sultry Season glow'd;  
 And, robe'd in loose Array, *she* came to bathe  
*Her* fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream.

1285 *What shall he do? In sweet Confusion lost,*  
*And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.*  
*A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul,*  
*A delicate Refinement, known to Few,*  
*Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire.*

1290 *But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,*  
*Say, ye severest, what would you have done?*  
*Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest*  
*Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around*  
*The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs,*  
 1295 *To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.*

*Ah then! not Paris on the shady Top*  
*Of Ida panted stronger, when aside*  
*The Rival-Goddesses the Veil divine*  
*Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all her Charms,*

1300 *Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy Leg,*  
*And slender Foot, th'inverted Silk she drew;*  
*As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone;*  
*And, thro' the parting Robe, th'alternate Breast,*  
*With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless Gaze*  
 1305 *In full Luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,*  
*How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View;*  
*As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White.*

*Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,*  
*In Folds loose-floating fell the fainter Lawn;*  
 1310 *And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,*  
*With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze*  
*Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn?*  
*Then to the Flood she rush'd; the parted Flood*  
*It's lovely Guest with closing Waves receiv'd;*  
 1315 *And every Beauty softening, every Grace*

Cf. B1004

1 line omitted

3 lines omitted



Flushing anew, a mellow Luster shed:  
 As shines the Lily thro' the Crystal mild;  
 Or as the Rose, amid the Morning-Dew  
 Fresh from Aurora's Hand, more sweetly glows.  
 1320 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the Wave  
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming Locks  
 That half-embrac'd Her in a humid Veil,  
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew  
 Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul,  
 1325 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought  
 With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,  
 By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd  
 The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the Shade,  
 1330 With headlong Hurry fled: but first these Lines  
 Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank  
 With trembling Hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair,  
 "Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye  
 "Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,  
 1335 "To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,  
 "And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprize,  
 As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense,  
 A stupid Moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the \*Statue that enchant's the World,  
 1340 So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,  
 The mingled Beauties of exulting Greece.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd  
 In careless Haste, th' alarming Paper snatch'd.  
 1345 But, when her Damon's well-known Hand she saw,  
 Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train  
 Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
 Her sudden Bosom seiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,  
 The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem  
 1350 And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,

\* The Venus of Medici.



*By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense  
Of self-approving Beauty stole across  
Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm  
Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul;*  
 1355 *And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream  
Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen  
Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd,  
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping Joy.  
"Dear Youth! sole Judge of what these Verses mean,*  
 1360 *"By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,  
"Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
"Discreet: the Time may come you need not fly."*

*The Sun has lost his Rage: his downward Orb* D<sub>1371</sub>  
*Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,*  
 1365 *And vital Luster; that, with various Ray,* J. MS 107, 8 p.  
*Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,*  
*Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes,*  
*The Dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,*  
*Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast*  
 1370 *Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth* ✓  
*And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour*  
*Of Walking comes: for him who lonely loves*  
*To seek the distant Hills, and there converse*  
*With Nature; there to harmonize his Heart,*  
 1375 *And in pathetic Song to breathe around*  
*The Harmony to others. Social Friends,*  
*Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul;*  
*To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,*  
*Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse,*  
 1380 *Displays it's Charms; whose Minds are richly fraught*  
*With Philosophic Stores, superior Light;*  
*And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns*  
*Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance;*  
*Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day:*  
 1385 *Now to the verdant Portico of Woods,*



To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;  
 By that kind School where no proud Master reigns,  
 The full free Converse of the friendly Heart,  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,  
 1390 Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,  
 And pour their Souls in Transport, which the Sire  
 Of Love approving hears, and calls it good.  
 Which Way, Amanda, shall we bend our Course?  
 The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?  
 1395 All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the Streams? or walk the smiling Mead?  
 Or court the Forest-Glades? or wander wild  
 Among the waving Harvests? or ascend,  
 While radiant Summer opens all it's Pride,  
 1400 Thy Hill, delightful \*Shene? Here let us sweep  
 The boundless Landskip: now the raptur'd Eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,  
 Now to the †Sister-Hills that skirt her Plain,  
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 1405 Majestic Windsor lifts his Princely Brow.  
 In lovely Contrast to this Glorious View,  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
 There let the feasted Eye unweary'd stray:  
 1410 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant Woods  
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's Retreat;  
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering Walks,  
 Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,  
 With Her the pleasing Partner of his Heart,  
 1415 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,  
 And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;  
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt

\* *The Old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.*

† *Highgate and Hamstead.*



*In Twit'nam's Bowers, and for their Pope implore  
 1420 The healing God; to royal Hampton's Pile,  
 To Clermont's terrass'd Height, and Esher's Groves,  
 Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd  
 By the soft Windings of the silent Mole,  
 From Courts and Senates Pelham finds Repose.  
 1425 Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!  
 O Vale of Bliss! O softly-swelling Hills!  
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,  
 And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil.*

*1430 Heavens! what a goodly Prospect spreads around, A494 B530 D1438  
 Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,  
 And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all  
 The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays!  
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,  
 1435 Inspiring Vigor, Liberty abroad  
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,  
 And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.*

*Rich is thy Soil, and merciful thy Cline;  
 Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought;  
 1440 Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks; thy Valleys float  
 With golden Waves: and on thy Mountains Flocks  
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their Sides,  
 Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Droles.  
 Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
 1445 Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,  
 Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;  
 And Property assures it to the Swain,  
 Pleas'd and unwearied, in his guarded Toil.*

*Full are thy Cities with the Sons of Art;  
 1450 And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,  
 Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,*



As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,  
 Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield,  
 1455 With Labour burn, and echo to the Shouts  
 Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth, A523 B559 D1467  
 1460 By Hardship sinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,  
 Scattering the Nations where they go; and first  
 Or in the listed Plain, or wintry Seas.  
 Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans  
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside;  
 1465 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high;  
 For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;  
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,  
 The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource  
 1470 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! *Alfred Thine,*  
*In whom the Splendor of heroic War,*  
*And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,*  
*Combine; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues saint,*  
 1475 *And his own Muses love, the best of Kings.*  
*With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,*  
*Names dear to Fame; the First who deep impress'd*  
*On haughty Gaul the Terror of thy Arms,*  
*That awes her Genius still. In Statesmen Thou,*  
 1480 *And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,*  
*Who, with a generous tho' mistaken Zéal,*  
*Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,*  
*Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,*  
*Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,*  
 1485 *A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death.*

B571 D1479



Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;  
 A Drake, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,  
 And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.

Then flam'd thy Spirit high: but who can speak  
 1490 The numerous Worthies of the Maiden Reign?

In Raleigh mark their every Glory mix'd,  
 Raleigh, the Scourge of Spain! whose Breast with all  
 The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.  
 Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign

1495 The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.  
 Then, *active still and unrestrain'd his Mind*  
*Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,*

And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World;

1500 Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
 The Plume of War! With *early Laurels* crown'd,  
 1505 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.

A Hampden too is thine, illustrious Land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,  
 Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age  
 To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 1510 In all thy Native Pomp of Freedom bold.

Bright, at his Call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,  
 Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye  
 Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strow

1515 The Grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd Blood  
 With calmest Chearfulness for Thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign:  
 Aiming at lawless Power, tho' meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious Luxury. With him

1520 His Friend, the \*British Cassius, fearless bled;

\* Algernon Sidney.

B595

B591



Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,  
 By antient Learning to th'enlighten'd Love  
 Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown  
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards;

1525 Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.

Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his Choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State,  
 And thro' the smooth Barbarity of Courts,

1530 With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still  
 To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich Soul,  
 Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.

1535 The great Deliverer he! who from the Gloom  
 Of cloyster'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,  
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long  
 Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,  
 And Definitions void: he led Her forth,

1540 Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the Chain of Things,  
 With radiant Finger points to Heaven again.

The generous \*Ashley thine, the Friend of Man;  
 Who scann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,

1545 His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,  
 To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,  
 And with the moral Beauty charm the Heart.

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious Search  
 Amid the dark Recesses of his Works,

1550 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,  
 Who made the whole internal World his own?  
 Let Newton, pure Intelligence, whom God  
 To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works

Cf. B607

Cf. B611

\* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.



*From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame  
 1555 In all Philosophy. For lofty Sense,  
 Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen  
 Thro' the deep Windings of the human Heart,  
 Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boast?  
 Is not each great each amiable Muse  
 1560 Of Classic Ages in thy Milton met?  
 A Genius universal as his Theme,  
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.  
 Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget,  
 1565 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing Son;  
 Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song  
 O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground:  
 Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,  
 Chaucer, whose native Manners-painting Verse,  
 1570 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic Cloud  
 Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.*

May my Song soften, as thy Daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail! for Beauty is their own,  
 The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,  
 1575 And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,  
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,  
 Where the live Crimson, thro' the native White  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,  
 And every nameless Grace; the parted Lip,  
 1580 Like the red Rose-Bud moist with Morning-Dew,  
 Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,  
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,  
 The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;  
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,

A571 B631 D1580

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**MS** 1560 *Classic*] Elder (*as in B*)      1561 *universal*] vast, and  
 boundless      1563 *blowing*] blisfull.      1564 *forget that elder*  
*Bard T*      1565 *pleasing*] (gaudy) *T*      1568 *Him T Thee P*  
 1569 *Verse,] (Song) T*      1571 *Life T Time P thy] his T*

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by Degrees,  
940 Just o'er the Verge of Day. The rising Clouds,B1050  
That shift, perpetual, in his vivid Train,  
Their dewy Mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,  
Unfold the hidden Riches of his Ray,

1585 And by the Soul inform'd, when drest in Love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

Island of Bliss! amid the subject Seas,  
That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,  
At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,  
1590 Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore  
Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,  
Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults  
Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty Nod the Scale  
1595 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving Virtues round the Land,  
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;  
The tender-looking Charity, intent  
On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles;  
1600 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;  
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,  
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chastity  
With Blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;  
1605 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,  
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:  
While, in the radiant Front, superiour shines  
That first paternal Virtue, public Zeal,  
Who *throws* o'er all an equal wide Survey,  
1610 And, ever musing on the common Weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great Design.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the Verge of Day. The *shifting* Clouds  
*Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train,*  
1615 *In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.*  
*Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,*  
*As if his weary Chariot sought the Bowers*  
*Of Amphitrite, and her tending Nymphs,*

A595 B646 D1595

A592 B653 D1602

D1620

And chase a Change of Colours round the Sky.  
 945 'Tis all one Blush from East to West! and now,  
 Behind the dusky Earth, He dips his Orb,  
 Now half immeis'd, and now a golden Curve  
 Gives one faint Glimmer, and then disappears.

Passes the Day illusive, and perplext,  
 950 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,  
 This Moment hurrying all th'impassion'd Soul,  
 The next in Nothing lost; 'tis so to Him,  
 The Dreamer of this Earth, a clearless Blank!  
 A Sight of Horror! to th'ungodly Wretch,  
 955 The Hard, the Lewd, the Cruel, and the False,  
 Who, all Day long, have made the Widow weep,  
 And snatch'd the Morsel from her Orphan's Mouth.  
 To give their Dogs: but to th'harmonious Mind,  
 Who makes the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,  
 960 Diffusing kind Beneficence around  
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew,  
 To Him, the long Review of order'd Life  
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt!

B see footnote

Confess'd, from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds.  
 965 The Sky begreying, sober Evening takes

B1076

**B** 949 For ever running an enchanted round, [1060]  
 Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void;  
 954 the cruel wretch; 955 omitted 956 Who, rowling in  
 inhuman pleasure deep, || The whole day long has made the  
 widow pine; 958 his dogs. But to the tuneful 965 All  
 ether sadening, sober etc.

**MS** For 956—958 (see B) T writes:

Who rather than restrict his selfish Joys,  
 His gross inhuman Luxuries, will leave  
 The lonely Widow desolate to pine,  
 And give his Dog the Morsel that (had made) would make  
 Her Orphans glad. But to etc.

(*So Grecian Fable sung*) he dips his Orb;  
 1620 Now half-immers'd: and now a golden Curve  
 Gives one bright *Glance*, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted Round,  
 Passes the Day, deceitful, *vain, and void*;  
 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,  
 1625 This Moment hurrying *wild th'impassion'd Soul*,  
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
 The Dreamer of this Earth, *an idle Blank*:  
 A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,  
 Who all Day long in sordid Pleasure roll'd,  
 1630 Himself an useless Load, has squander'd vile,  
 Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have clear'd  
 A drooping Family of modest Worth.  
 But to the generous still-improving Mind,  
 That gives the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,  
 1635 Diffusing kind Beneficence around,  
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew;  
 To him the long Review of order'd Life  
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds,  
 1640 All Ether softening, sober Evening takes

D1630

D1647

Her wonted Station in the middle Air,  
 A thousand Shadows at her Beck. First This  
 She sends on Earth; then That of deeper Die  
 Steals soft behind; and then a Deeper still,  
 970 In well-adjusted Circles, gathers round,  
 To close the Face of Things. Th'expected Breeze  
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,  
 Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn,  
 While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.

975 Wild-wafting o'er the Lawn, the thistly Down      B—  
 Plays in the fickle Air, now seems to fall,  
 And now, high-soaring over Head, an Arch,  
 Amusive, forms, then slanting down eludes  
 The Grasp of idle Swain. But should the West  
 980 A little swell the Breeze, the woolly Shower,  
 Blown, in a white Confusion, thro' the Dusk,  
 Falls o'er the Face unfelt, and, settling slow,  
 Mantles the Twilight Plain. And yet even here,  
 As thro' all Nature, in her lowest Forms,  
 985 A fine Contrivance lies, to wing the Seed,  
 By this light Plumage, into distant Vales.

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd Home      B1087  
 Hies, merry-hearted, and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail,  
 990 The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless Heart,  
 Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,  
 Loves fond, by that sincerest Language, shown,  
 Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.  
 Onward They pass, o'er many a panting Height,  
 995 And Valley sunk, and unfrequented, where,  
 At Fall of Eve, the Fairy People throng,  
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass

**B** 970 In circle following circle, gathers round,      971 Th'expected ]  
 A fresher      975—986 *omitted*      992 that ] the

Her wonted Station in the middle Air;  
 A thousand Shadows at her Beck. First This  
 She sends on Earth; then That of deeper Dye  
 Steals soft behind; and then a Deeper still,  
 1645 In Circle following Circle, gathers round,  
 To close the Face of Things. A fresher *Gale*  
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,  
 Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn;  
 While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.  
 1650 *Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,*  
*A whitening Shower of vegetable Down*  
*Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care*  
*Of Nature nought despairs: thoughtful to feed*  
*Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year,*  
 1655 *From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.*

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home  
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;  
 The Beauty whom perhaps his witless Heart,  
 1660 Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,  
*Sincerely loves, by that best Language shown*  
 Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.  
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,  
 And Valley sunk, and unfrequented; where  
 1665 At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,  
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass

D1664

A Summer-Night, as village Stories tell.  
 But far about They wander from the Grave  
 1000 Of Him, whom his ungentle Fortune forc'd,  
     Against Himself, to lift the hated Hand  
     Of Violence; by Man cast out from Life.  
 And, after Death, to which They drove his Hope,  
     Into the broad Way side. The ruin'd Tower  
 1005 Is also shun'd, whose unblest Chambers hold,  
     Nightly, sole Habitant, the yelling Ghost.

Struck from the Roots of slimy Rushes, blue,  
 The Wild-Fire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails  
     A Length of Flame, deceitful, o'er the Moss,  
 1010 Whither, entangled in the Maze of Night,  
     While the damp Desart breathes his Fogs around,  
     The Traveller, decoy'd, is quite absorpt,  
     Rider and Horse, into the miry Gulph,  
     Leaving his Wife, and Family involv'd  
 1015 In sorrowful Conjecture. Other Times,  
     Sent by the quick-ey'd Angel of the Night,  
     Innoxious, on th'unstartling Horses Mane,  
     The Meteor sits, and shows the narrow Path,  
     That, winding, leads thro' Pits of Death, or else  
 1020 Directs Him how to take the dangerous Ford.

Among the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,  
 The Glow-worm lights his Lamp, and thro' the Dark,  
     Twinkles a moving Gem. On Evening's Heel,  
     Night follows fast; not in her Winter-Robe,  
 1025 Of massy, stygian Woof, but loose array'd.  
     In Mantle dun. A few erroneous Rays,  
     Glanc'd from th'imperfect Surfaces of Things,  
     Fling half an Image on the straining Eye.

- B** 998 A] The 1000 forc'd] urg'd 1002 men 1005 unblest] hoary 1006 So night-struck fancy dreams, the etc. 1007  
 —1020 taken out of "Summer" and transferred to "Autumn" (A 1047—1060). 1026 A faint erroneous ray, 1028 Fliugs

B—C—D—

B1107

The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the Grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd  
<sup>1670</sup> Against his own sad Breast to lift the Hand  
Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower  
In also shun'd; whose mournful Chambers hold,  
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

Among the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,

D 1682

<sup>1675</sup> The Glow-Worm lights his Gem; and, thro' the Dark,  
*A moving Radiance twinkles. Evening yields*  
*The World to Night;* not in her Winter-Robe  
Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd  
In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,  
<sup>1680</sup> Glanc'd from th'imperfect Surfaces of Things,  
Flings half an Image on the straining Eye;

While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,  
 1030 And Rocks, and Mountain-Tops, that long retain'd  
 Th'ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,  
 Doubtful if seen; whence posting Vision turns  
 To Heaven, where Venus, in the starry Front,  
 Shines eminent, and from her genial Rise,  
 1035 When Day-Light sickens, till it springs afresh,  
 Sheds Influence on Earth, to Love, and Life,  
 And every Form of Vegetation kind.  
 As thus, th'Effulgence tremulous, I drink,  
 With fix'd Peruse, the lambent Lightnings shoot  
 1040 A-cross the Sky, or, horizontal, dart  
 O'er half the Nations, in a Minute's Space,  
 Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,  
 And Silence, ere the various Talk begins.

That Instant, flashing, noiseless, from the North,    b—c—d—  
 1045 A thousand Meteors stream, ensweeping first  
 The lower Skies, then, all at once, converge  
 High to the Crown of Heaven, and, all at once,  
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
 1050 All Æther coursing in a Maze of Light.

From Eye to Eye, contagious, thro' the Crowd,    b—c—d—  
 The Pannic runs, and into wonderous Shapes  
 Th'Appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,  
 Throng with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;  
 1055 Till, the long Lines of full-extended War

**B** 1032 posting] sudden    1039 fix'd] glad    ll. 1044—1075 taken  
 out of "Summer" and transferred to "Autumn" (A 1004—1033).  
*Here, the following five lines are inserted in their place:*

The vulgar stare; amazement is their joy,  
 And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd!  
 But scrutinous Philosophy looks deep,  
 With piercing eye, into the latent cause;  
 Nor can she swallow what she does not see.

[1130] C—D—

While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,  
And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd  
Th'ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,

1685 *Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven*

*Thence weary Vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray  
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial Rise,  
When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh,*

1690 *Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.*

As thus th'Effulgence tremulous I drink,  
With *cherish'd Gaze*, the lambent Lightnings shoot  
Across the Sky; or horizontal dart,

1695 *In wondrous Shapes: by fearful murmuring Clouds  
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,*

*That more than deck, that animate the Sky,  
The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds;  
Lo! from the dread Immensity of Space  
Returning, with accelerated Course;*

1700 *The rushing Comet to the Sun descends;*

*And as he sinks below the shading Earth,  
With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens,  
The guilty Nations tremble. But, above  
Those superstitious Horrors that enslave*

1705 *The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith*

*And blind Amazement prone, th'enlighten'd Few,  
Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts,  
The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy  
Divinely great; they in their Powers exult,*

1710 *That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting spurns*

*This dusky Spot, and measures all the Sky;  
While, from his far Excursion thro' the Wilds  
Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,  
They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,*

1715 *In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent*

*To work the Will of all-sustaining Love:  
From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake*

In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood  
Rowls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.

As the mad People scan the fancy'd Scene,      B — C — D —  
On all Sides swells the superstitious Din,  
1060 Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks  
Of Blood, and Battle; Cities over-turn'd,  
And, late at Night, in swallowing Earthquake sunk,  
Or painted hideous with ascending Flame;  
Of Blights, that blacken the white-bosom'd Spring,  
1065 And Tempest, shaking Autumn into Chaff,  
Till Famine, empty-handed, starves the Year;  
Of Pestilence, and every great Distress,  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck  
Th'unalterable Hour: even Nature's Self  
1070 Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

Not so the Man of Philosophic Eye,  
And Inspect sage, the waving Brightness, He,  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,  
1075 Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

With Thee, serene Philosophy! with Thee!  
And thy high Praises, let me crown my Song!  
Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth!  
A Lustre shedding o'er th'ennobl'd Mind,  
1080 Stronger than Summer-Noon, and pure as that,  
Which gently vibrates on the Eye of Saint,  
New to the Dawning of cœlest Day.  
Hence, thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by Thee,  
She, soaring, spurns, with elevated Pride,  
1085 The tangling Mass of Cares, and low Desires,  
That bind the fluttering Crowd, and, Angel-wing'd,  
The Heights of Science, and of Virtue gains,

**B** 1081 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,

B — C — D —

B1135

*Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,  
Thro' which his long Ellipsis winds; perhaps  
1720 To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,  
To light up Worlds, and feed th'eternal Fire.*

With Thee, serene Philosophy! with Thee,  
And thy *bright Garland*, let me crown my Song!  
Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth!

D 1730

1725 A Luster shedding o'er th'ennobled Mind,  
Stronger than Summer-Noon; and pure as That,  
Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,  
New to the Dawning of celestial Day.  
Hence thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
1730 She *springs aloft*, with elevated Pride,  
*Above the tangling Mass of low Desires*,  
That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,  
The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,

Where all is calm, and bright! with Nature round  
 Or in the starry Regions, or th'Abyss,  
 1090 To Reason's, and to Fancy's Eye display'd;  
 The First up-tracing, from the vast Inane,  
 The Chain of Causes, and Effects to Him,  
 Who, absolutely, in Himself, alone,  
 Possesses Being; while the Last receives  
 1095 The whole Magnificence of Heaven, and Earth,  
 And every Beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,  
 A World swift-painted, on th'attentive Mind!

Tutor'd by Thee, hence Poetry exalts  
 1100 Her Voice to Ages, and informs the Page  
 With Music, Image, Sentiment and Thought,  
 Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind,  
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

Without Thee, what were unassisted Man!  
 1105 A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,  
 In Quest of Prey, and with th'unfashion'd Furr  
 Rough-clad, devoid of every honest Art,  
 And Elegance of Life. Nor Home, nor Joy  
 Domestick, mix'd of Tenderness and Care,  
 1110 Nor moral Excellence, nor social Bliss,  
 Nor Law were his; nor Property, nor Swain  
 To turn the Furrow, nor mechanic Hand,  
 Harden'd to Toil, nor Servant prompt, nor Trade,  
 Mother severe of infinite Delights!  
 1115 Nothing save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,  
 And Woes on Woes, to render human Life  
 Than Non-Existence worse. But taught by Thee

B1158

B1163

**B** 1088 bright!] clear; 1093 absolutely,] all-sustaining, 1113  
 Servant prompt,] sailor bold; 1117 *thus expanded*: woes, a  
 still-revolving train! || Whose horrid circle had made human life

Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round  
 1735 Or in the starry Regions, or th'Abyss,  
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's Eye display'd:  
 The First up-tracing, from the *dreary Void*,  
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to Him,  
*The World-producing Essence, who alone*  
 1740 Possesses Being; while the Last receives  
 The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth,  
 And every Beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,  
*Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.*

1745 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts  
 Her Voice to Ages; and informs the Page  
 With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,  
 Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind,  
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

1750 Without thee what were *unenlighten'd Man?*  
 A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,  
 In quest of Prey: and with th'unfashion'd Furr  
 Rough-clad; devoid of every *finer Art*,  
 And Elegance of Life. Nor *Happiness*  
 1755 Domestic, mix'd of Tenderness and Care,  
 Nor moral Excellence, or social Bliss,  
 Nor *guardian Law* were his; nor various Skill  
 To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool  
 Mechanic; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow  
 1760 Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves  
 The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole,  
 Mother severe of infinite Delights!  
 Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,  
 And Woes on Woes, a still-revolving Train!  
 1765 Whose horrid Circle had made human Life  
 Than Non-existence worse: but, taught by Thee

D1753

D1758

Ours are the Arts of Policy, and Peace,  
To live like Brothers, and, conjunctive, all  
1120 Embellish Life. While thus laborious Crowds  
Ply the tough Oar, Philosophy directs,  
Star-led, the Helm; or like the liberal Breath  
Of urgent Heaven, invisible, the Sails  
Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

Nor, to this evanescent Speck of Earth  
Poorly confin'd, those radiant Tracts on high  
Are her exalted Range; intent, to gaze  
Creation thro', and, from that round Complex  
Of never-ceasing Wonders, to conceive  
1130 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,  
And Nature circled. With inflected View,  
Thence, on th'Ideal Kingdom, swift, she turns  
Her Eye; and instant, at her virtual Glance,  
Th'obedient Phantoms vanish, and appear,  
1135 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,  
Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up  
To Notion quite abstract; where first begins  
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life  
Immediate, and unmix'd — but here the Cloud,  
1140 So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.  
Enough for Us we know, that this dark State,  
In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,  
This Infancy of Being! cannot prove  
The final Issue of the Works of God,  
1145 By Love, and Wisdom, inexpressive, form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising Mind.

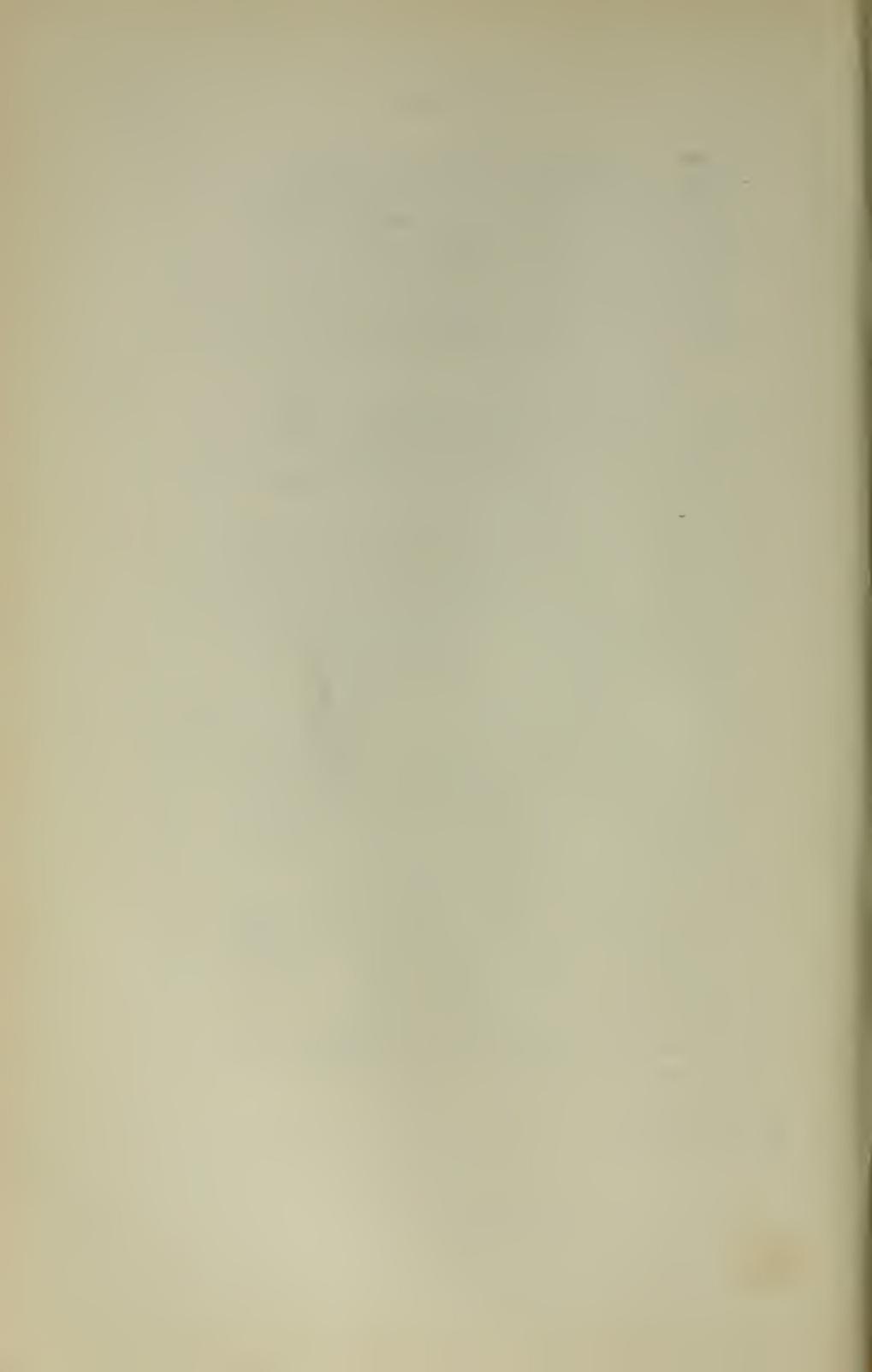
B1185

**B** 1118 Arts] plans 1126 those] the 1128 round] full  
1129 never-ending 1131 And nature mov'd compleat. With  
inward view, 1134 and] or

Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace;  
 To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all  
 Embelish Life. While thus laborious Crouds  
 1770 Ply the tough Oar, Philosophy directs  
*The ruling Helm*; or like the liberal Breath  
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the *Sail*  
 Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

Nor to this evanescent Speck of Earth  
 1775 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high  
 Are her exalted Range; intent to gaze  
 Creation thro'; and, from that full Complex  
 Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive  
 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,  
 1780 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,  
 Thence on th'ideal Kingdom swift she turns  
 Her Eye; and instant, at her *powerful* Glance,  
 Th'obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;  
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,  
 1785 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up  
*To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train,*  
 And Notion quite abstract; where first begins  
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life  
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,  
 1790 So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.  
 Enough for us we know that this dark State,  
 In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,  
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
 The final Issue of the Works of God,  
 1795 By *boundless Love and perfect Wisdom* form'd,  
 And ever rising with the rising Mind.

D1782



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# AUTUMN.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable  
Arthur Onslow, Esq;  
Speaker of the House of Commons.

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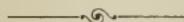
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## The Argument.

The subject propos'd. Address to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reaping. A tale.<sup>1)</sup> A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains, and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shine<sup>2)</sup> day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyrick on a philosophical country life.

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*Variations of the editions of 1744 and 1746:* <sup>1)</sup> . . . ready for Harvest. Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest-Storm. etc. <sup>2)</sup> Sun-shiny.



## AUTUMN.

*The text given in full (A) is that of first ed. (1730). B = ed. 1744. C = ed. 1746. The MS. notes, written before the publication of B, were made on A. BP means that P suggests the reading adopted in text B.*

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on; the doric reed once more,  
Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost  
5 Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring  
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-Suns  
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,  
10 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy conduct glow;  
15 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for publick virtue, she,  
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
20 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,

B9 C9

Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days, B<sub>23</sub> C<sub>23</sub>  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;  
25 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
With golden light irradiate, wide invests  
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
30 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below,  
Unbounded harvests hang the heavy head.  
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;  
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
35 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;  
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
By fits effulgent gilds th'illumin'd field,  
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
40 A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view,  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Convolv'd, and tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings Industry! rough Power! B<sub>43</sub> C<sub>43</sub>  
Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;  
45 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life:  
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
50 With various powers of deep efficiency

**B** 27 irradiate,] enliven'd 31 Unbounded] Extensive 40 wide-  
extended] Heart-expanding 42 Unbounded tossing 50 With  
various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind

**MS** 40 BP (*first heart-delighting*) 42 (O'er waving golden Seas  
of Ripend Corn) *P*

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
 Materials infinite; but idle all.  
 Still unexerted, in th'unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,  
 55 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand  
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year.  
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!  
 60 Aghast, and comfortless, when the red north,  
 With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;  
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.  
 65 For home he had not; home is the resort  
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 70 Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;  
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,  
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;  
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,  
 75 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 80 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;  
 Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabrick rose;

Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 85 And wrapt them in the woolly vesture warm,  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd, to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:  
 90 Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity;  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,  
 By hardy patience, and experience slow,  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;  
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
 95 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,  
 And bad him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd, <sup>B96 C96</sup>  
 And form'd a Public; to the general good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 100 For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,  
 The free, and fairly represented Whole;  
 For this devis'd the holy guardian laws,  
 Distinguish'd orders, animated Arts,  
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
 105 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still  
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd  
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
 And all the honey of their search, to such  
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

110 Hence every form of cultivated life  
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,  
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rose;

**B** 92 omitted    102 For This they plann'd    114 *thus amplified:*  
 the City rear'd || In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled  
 Head;

**MS** 92 deleted by P (T Tovey)    112 wrought] rose P    114 BP

115 And stretching street on street by thousands led,  
 From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew  
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.  
 'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky groupe  
 Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,  
 120 Restless design, and execution strong.  
 In every street the sounding hammer ply'd  
 His massy task; while the corrosive file,  
 In flying touches, form'd the fine machine.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
 125 The busy Merchant; the big ware-house built;  
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street  
 With foreign plenty; and on thee, thou Thames,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
 Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,  
 130 Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand,  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between  
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk  
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along  
 135 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,  
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;  
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
 From bank to bank increas'd: whence ribb'd with oak,  
 To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,  
 140 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
 His ample roof; and Luxury within  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view

**B** 115 led,] drew 116 and] or 118—123 omitted 127 and  
 thy Stream, O Thames, 130 Seiz'd] Chose 142 His] It's

**C** 129 omitted

**MS** 115—123 cancelled by P. T restores. 127 BP (but streams)  
 130 BP

B118 C118

B135 C134

145 Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er

B142 C141

Exalts, embellishes, and renders life

150 Delightful. Pensive Winter shear'd by him  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
Th'excluded tempest idly rave along.

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring.

Without him Summer were an arid waste;

155 Nor to th'autumnal months could thus transmit  
These full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,

B152 C151

And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;

160 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;

165 While, bandied round and round, the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest  
Fly hearty, to deceive the tedious time,  
And chearly steal the sultry hours away.

**B** 156 These] Those      165 While thro' their chearful Band the  
rural Talk      167 Fly harmless,      168 And steal unfelt the etc.

**MS** 156 BP      165—168 *P writes:*

While through (the) their chearfull Band the Rural Talk

With hearty Mirth deceive the tedious Task

And rural Jests smooth all the Sense of Pain

(follows something illegible)

And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away

*T retains the first and the fourth lines. For the two middle verses  
he restores text A with harmless for hearty, and Gambol for  
scandal. In the first line he corrects P's through into thro', and  
cancels the second l in chearfull: in the second verse he puts an  
s to deceive.*

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
170 And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husband-men! but fling  
175 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
How good the God of harvest is to you;  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
180 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
185 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,  
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, lost far up  
190 Amid the windings of a woody vale;  
Safe from the cruel, blasting arts of man;  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

B178 C17

- B** 170 glancing oft on every Side 189, 190 far retir'd || Among  
the Windings *For* 191:  
By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades, [185]  
But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd,  
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn  
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet  
From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:  
Almost on Nature's etc.

**MS** 190 Among *P* 191 *BP*, save the last of the five new lines  
which he gives thus: From the base Pride of the malignant  
World

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 195 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground deject, and darting all  
 200 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:  
 Or when the stories that her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune flatter'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 205 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
 210 Recluse among the woods; if city-dames  
 Will deign their faith. And thus she went compell'd  
 By strong necessity, with as serene,  
 And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,  
 To glean Palæmon's fields. The pride of swains  
 215 Palæmon was, the generous, and the rich,

**B** 199 dejected, darting all      201 stories that] mournful Tale  
 202 flatter'd] promis'd      206 simple Robe, their best Attire, ||  
 Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness      210—213 *thus expanded*:

Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods.  
 As in the hollow Breast of Appenine  
 [210] Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,  
 A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye,  
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia: till, at length, compell'd  
 [215] By strong Necessity's supreme Command,  
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's Fields.

**MS** 201—213 *BP*, with [209] deep-embowering and [212] Eyes.  
*P also deletes l. 208, but T restores it.*

Who led the rural life in all its joy,  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
 Transmits from antient, incorrupted times;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 220 And free to follow nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 225 With unaffected blushes from his gaze.  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chast desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;  
 230 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

B238 C237

What pity! that so delicate a form,  
 235 By beauty kindled, and harmonious shap'd,  
 Where sense sincere, and goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind  
 240 Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.  
 I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,  
 245 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

- B** 218 uncorrupted      220 But free      235, 236 kindled, where  
 enlivening Sense, || And more than vulgar Goodness      244  
 'Tis said that      waste ] lone
- MS** 235, 236 *BP* (*first exalted for enlivening*)      239 line; ] Blood  
*P*      244 ('Tis rumour'd that in some obscure retreat) *T*

Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live;  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

250 When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 The bountiful Acasto; who can speak  
 The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?  
 255 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;  
 And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.  
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 260 As thus Palæmon, passionate, and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

B254 C253

And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?  
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain? oh yes! the very same,  
 265 The soften'd image of my noble friend,  
 Alive, his every feature, every look,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than spring!  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,  
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,  
 270 In what unsmiling desert, hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?  
 Into such beauty spread? and blown so white?  
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.  
 275 O let me now, into a richer soil,  
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,

B266 C265

**B** 252 The] Of 253 mingled Passions 256 run] view'd  
 267 Fairer] Sweeter 270 unsmiling] sequester'd 272  
 white?] fair;  
**MS** 256 (he, ardent, ey'd Her) *T* 270 *BP*

- Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 280 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.  
 285 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;  
 With harvest shining all these fields are thine;  
 And, if my wishes may presume so far,  
 Their master too, who then indeed were blest,  
 290 To make the daughter of Acasto so.

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye      B295 C294  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

- 295 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 300 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:

**B** 284 Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.      *For*  
 287—90:

The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine;      [291]  
 If to the various Blessings which thy House  
 Has lavish'd on me, thou wilt add that Bliss,  
 That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee!

**C** [293] Has on me lavish'd,

**MS** 284 *BP*      287—90 *BP*, with showr'd upon *for* lavish'd on,  
*and first sweetest for* dearest

Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 305 Who flourish'd long in mutual bliss, and rear'd  
     A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
     And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.

B<sub>312</sub> C<sub>311</sub>

310 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
     Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
     Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.  
     But as th'aereal tempest fuller swells;  
     And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
 315 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,  
     Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;  
     Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours  
     A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
     High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
 320 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
     And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
     Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
     Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
     The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,  
 325 Tho' plyant to the blast, its seizing force;  
     Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
     Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,  
     Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
     In one continuous flood. Still over head  
 330 The glomerating tempest grows, and still  
     The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
     Ly sunk, and flattened, in the sordid wave.  
     Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.  
     Red, from the hills, innumerable streams

**B** 305 mutual] tender    324 boils] floats    330 The mingling  
 Tempest waves it's Gloom, and still

**MS** 305 tender Peace *P*    324 Wide shakes the billowy Plain *P*.  
 Wide floats the billowy Plain *T*

335 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks  
 The river lift; before whose weighty rush,  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,  
 In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,  
 340 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck  
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 345 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,  
 That sinks you soft in elegance, and ease;  
 350 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;  
 And O be mindful of that sparing board,  
 Which covers your's with luxury profuse,  
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
 355 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,  
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
 The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game.  
 360 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 365 Their varied plumes, watchful, and every way  
 Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.

B361 C360

**B** 336 weighty rush,] rushing Tide,      358 fast-thundering.  
 365 Plumes, and watchful every way      366 turn  
**MS** 336 BP

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their useless wings, intangled more and more:  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 370 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,  
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,  
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground; or drives them else disperst,  
 375 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
 Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such;  
 Then most delighted, when she smiling sees  
 The whole mix'd animal creation round  
 380 Alive, and happy. Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely cheerful, barbarous game of death;  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 385 Urg'd by necessity, had roam'd the dark;  
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,  
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate rage  
 390 Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste,  
 For sport alone, takes up the cruel tract,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

B380 C379

**B** 368 useless] idle 374 wide-dispers'd, 377 stain with such  
 her spotless Song; 378 smiling] social 385 roam'd] rang'd 389 rage] Wrath 390 howl'd] roam'd 391  
 alone pursues the cruel Chace,

**MS** 367 (they vainly beat *P*) *T* restores former text After 368 *P*  
*would insert:* Sad Captives never more to taste the Joys || Of  
 Liberty without redemption lost (*cancelled, probably by P*),  
 Unhappy Captives whom from instant Death || No Ransom  
 shall redeem, no Pity save (*cancelled by T*). 374 far dis-  
 pers'd *T* 390, 391 *BP*. *T* deletes *P*'s emendations.

Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
 395 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!  
 Shook from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 400 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt:  
 The thistly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 405 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.  
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits  
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
 By Nature rais'd to take th'horizon in;  
 410 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
 In act to spring away. The scented dew  
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,  
 In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 415 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once:  
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,  
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
 420 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

B402 C401

**B** 393 Ye ravening Tribes, upbraid our wanton Rage, 396  
 laugh] joy rejoice] delight 399 Shook] Scar'd 402  
 thick-entangled

**C** 393 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton Rage,

**MS** 393 Upbraid Mankind P. *T cancels this correction and substitutes the reading of text B.*

The Stag too, singled from the herd, where long      B<sub>427</sub> C<sub>426</sub>  
 He reign'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
 425 Before the tempest drives. At first in speed,  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, fear-arrous'd,  
 Gives all his swift, aereal soul to flight.  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind.  
 430 Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract  
 435 Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again  
 Th'inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;  
 440 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
 He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;  
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
 445 With quick consent, avoid th'infectious maze.  
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more  
 The fainting course; but wrenching, breathless toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;  
 450 And puts his last, weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;  
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,

**B** 424 reign'd] rang'd    434 Track    437 Expels    441 went]  
 wont    445 With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe.    447,  
 448 buoyant Spirit, now no more || Inspire the Course; but  
 fainting breathless Toil,

**C** 426 fear-arrous'd,] rous'd by Fear,    435 come    437 Expel  
**MS** 445 (see B) a] their T    447, 448 *BP, with active for buoyant*

Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous, chequer'd sides with gore.

455 Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,  
The rous'd-up lyon, resolute, and slow,  
Advancing full on the pretended spear,  
460 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe  
Vindictive fix, for murder is his trade:  
And growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
465 Grins near destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

B459 C458

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then  
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour  
Loose on the sly destroyer of the flock.  
470 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthen'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge  
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness  
475 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,

B471 C470

**B** 463 fix, and let the Ruffian die: 464 And, ] Or, 465 near ]  
fell 469 the nightly Robber of the Fold:

**MS** 463 BP, with Murderer for Ruffian 464 BP 465 BP  
467—469:

... not. Pour, ye Britons, then  
Your sportive Fury on the Wily Fox  
(The sly Destroyer of your harmless Flock)  
The nightly Robber of the sleeping Flock. P.  
*T substitutes prowling for Wily. The whole passage is deleted, probably by P.* 476 Bear] (Duck) T

From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;  
 480 Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,  
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;  
 485 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;  
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,  
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths  
 At once tore, mercyless! Thrice happy he!  
 490 At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,  
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread  
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,  
 495 The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,  
 When the night staggers with severer toils;  
 And their repeated wonders shake de dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;  
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
 500 Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
 From side to side; on which, with fell intent,  
 They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,  
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
 505 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,

B<sub>503</sub> C<sub>502</sub>

- 
- B** 480 snatch . . . by ] scale . . . to      489, 490 Relentless torn:  
 O glorious he, beyond || His daring Peers! when the retreating  
 Horn      After l. 496 one line is inserted: Toils, || With Feats  
 Thessalian Centaurs never knew,      501 in which, with despe-  
 rate Knife,
- MS** 480 (climb . . . to *P*) scale . . . to *T*      489 (Relentless, torn  
 at once *P*) Torn unrelenting: Happy, Glorious, he! *T*

Relating how it ran, and how it fell.  
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,  
 510 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
 A potent gale, reviving as the breath  
 Of Maia, to the love-sick shepherdess,  
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

515 Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn,  
 Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat  
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, not ashamed  
 To vie it with the vineyard's best produce.

520 Perhaps a while, amusive, thoughtful Whisk  
 Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of smoak,  
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss  
 525 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid  
 Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan  
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
 530 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch  
 Indulg'd askew; but earnest, brimming bowls  
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.

B531 C530

**B** 507 Relating all the Glories of the Chace. 511 reviving ]  
 delicious, 518—521 not afraid

Even with the Vineyard's best Produce to vie.  
 To cheat the thirsty Moments, Whisk a while  
 Walks his dull Round, beneath etc.

531 askew; ] apart;

**C** 520 Whist 521 dull] grave

**MS** 507 (*see B*) Glories ] (Wonders) *T* 512 Maia | Flora *P* Of  
 Love-inspiring May to the sick Maid *T* 531 (*BP*) askance *T*

Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
 535 Vociferate at once by twenty tongues,  
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,  
 To church, or mistress, politicks, or ghost,  
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplext.  
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 540 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.  
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;  
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,  
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
 545 Mix in the musick of the day again.  
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep  
 The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn;  
 So their mirth gradual sinks. Their feeble tongues,  
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
 550 Ly quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,  
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.  
 Then, sliding sweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above  
 Lies the wet, broken scene; and stretch'd below,  
 555 Each way, the drunken slaughter; where astride  
 The lubber Power himself triumphant sits,  
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
 And steeps them, silent all, in sleep till morn.

**B** 535 Vociferous at once from      543 go      547, 548 long with  
 fainter Murmur falls: || So gradual sinks their Mirth.      553  
 sweet,] soft,      O'erturn'd] Confus'd      After 553 *two lines are  
 inserted:*      above,

Glasses and Bottles, Pipes and Gazetteers,  
 As if the Table itself was drunk,

554 Lie a      stretch'd] wide,      555 Is heap'd the social  
 Slaughter:      556 Power in filthy Triumph sits,      558 And  
 steepes them drench'd in potent Sleep till Morn.

**C** 541 every kindred] each congenial

**MS** 535 BP      547 towards] at P      548 BP      550 maudlin]  
 (flaggy T) maudlin P

B57x C57x

But if the rougher sex by this red sport  
 560 Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid joy  
 E'er stain the bosoms of the British Fair.  
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!  
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,  
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,  
 565 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
 Made up of blushes, tenderness, and fears,  
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;  
 570 With every motion, every word, to wave  
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;  
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,  
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;  
 And by this silent adulation, soft,  
 575 To their protection more engaging man.  
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,  
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,  
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
 580 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!  
 And fashion'd all to harmony, alone,  
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
 In rapture warbled from the radiant lip;  
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,

**B** After 558 five lines are added:

Perhaps some Doctor, of tremendous Paunch,  
 Awful and deep, a black Abyss of Drink,  
 Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd Flock  
 Retiring, full of Rumination sad,  
 Laments the Weakness of these latter Times.

559 red J fierce      561 Bosom      568 omitted      583 from  
 Love-breathing Lips;

**C** 560 Are] Is

**MS** 559 BP      568 P cancels the line, T restores it.

Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;  
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
 To play the pencil, turn th'instructive page;  
 To give new flavour to the fruitful year,  
 590 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race  
 To rear their graces into second life;  
 To give society its highest taste;  
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 595 With every kinder, care-elusive art,  
 To raise the glory, animate the joys,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life;  
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;  
 600 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,  
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
 The woodlands raise; the cluster'd nut for you  
 605 The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
 Or, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 610 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:  
 Melinda form'd with every grace compleat,  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

**B** 588 play ] guide      th'instructive ] the tuneful      589 give ] lend  
 595 gentle Care-eluding      596 glory,] Virtues,      joys,] Bliss,  
*After 596 one line is inserted:*

Even charm the Pains to something more than Joy,      [608]

604 clustering Nuts      606 Or, ] And,

**MS** 588 guide *P*      595 care-elusive] (Soul-endearing, Soul-enjoying)  
 Love-securing *T*      [608] Pains ] Cares *T*      598 praise] Fame *T*

Hence from the busy, joy-resounding fields,  
 615 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
     Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and vital taste  
     The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
     Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,  
     From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,  
 620 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
     Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
     A various sweetness swells the gentle race,  
     In species different, but in kind the same,  
     By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,  
 625 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
     In ever-changing composition mixt.  
     So fares it with those wide-projected heaps  
     Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
     InnumEROus, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
 630 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
     Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points  
     The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:  
     Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
     Phillips, facetious bard, the second thou  
 635 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
     With British freedom sing the British song;  
     How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
     Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer  
     The wintry revels of the labouring hind;  
 640 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his last, best beams  
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;

B626 C625

B654 C652

**B** 616 and taste, reviv'd,     627 *thus expanded*: Such, falling  
 frequent thro' the chiller Night, || The fragrant Stores, the wide-  
 projected Heaps     634 Pomona's Bard,     641 his sweetest Beams

**C** 623 omitted

**MS** 616 *BP* (*first refresh'd*)     620 melts] (drops) *P?*     627 Such,  
 nightly shook, the wide-projected Heaps *T*     634 Plain  
 Phillips, careless Bard *T*

Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks  
 Of, Dodington! thy seat, serene, and plain;  
 645 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,  
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood;  
 Here rich with harvest; and there white with flocks.  
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
 650 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
 New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds  
 New plans to quicken, and new groves to green.  
 Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat;  
 655 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk  
 They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone,  
 Fir'd by the thirst of thy applause, I court  
 Th'inspiring breeze; and meditate the book  
 Of Nature, ever-open; aiming thence,  
 660 Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral song.  
 And, as I steal along, the sunny wall,  
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
 My theme still urges in my vagrant thought;  
 Presents the downy peach; the purple plumb,  
 665 With a fine blueish mist of animals  
 Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,  
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;

- B** 643 majestic] delightful 653 plans] Plants *For* 656, 657:  
 For virtuous Young and Thee they twine the Bay.  
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst  
 Of thy Applause, I solitary court  
 660 Warm from the Heart, to learn *etc.* 661 along the  
 663 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought;  
 664 purple] shining
- MS** 643 once delightful Walks *T* 644 plain] fair *T* 660  
 thine] Thee *T* 663 My urgent Theme recalls my vagrant  
 Thought *T*

Hangs out her clusters, swelling to the south;  
 670 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;  
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
 The vineyard heaves resplendent on the day;  
 675 Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heighten'd blaze.  
 Low bend the gravid boughs. The clusters clear,  
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
 680 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes  
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;  
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
 685 Each fond for each to cull th'autumnal prime,  
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,  
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;  
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
 690 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:  
 The Claret smooth, deep as the lip we press,  
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,  
 As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign.

695 Now by the cool, declining year condens'd,  
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.

B685 C683

B709 C707

**B** 669 swelling ] glowing      674 heaves ] swells      678 gravid ]  
 weighty      691 deep ] red      694 bright ] gay  
**MS** 669 *BP*      670 scarcely ] (kindly) *T*      674 *BP*      After 694 *P*  
*suggests:* Here bring in the Verses on Stowe. (*But T inserts them after 977.*)

No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides;  
 And deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays  
 The rocky, long division; while aloft,  
 His piny top is, lessening, lost in air:  
 No more his thousand prospects fill the view  
 With great variety; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,  
 Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerst;  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.  
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems  
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.  
 Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun  
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;  
 Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb  
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,  
 Objects appear: and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
 The shepherd stalks gigantick. Till at last  
 Wreath'd close around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive floating, sits the general fog  
 Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,  
 A formless, gray confusion covers all.  
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)  
 Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd  
 Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn  
 His endless train forth from the dubious gloom.

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**B** 701 deep ] high   lays ] rears   702—704 *thus contracted*: The  
 rocky, long Division, fills the View   707 Sinks dark and  
 dreary. Thence expanding far,   718 close] dun   719  
 floating,] closing,   725 His lovely Train from out

**MS** 702—4 *BP (first Eye for View)*. *Before writing this, P had struck out from while to immerst (702—7) and filled up the gap with the words views beneath || Their ample Circuit from his piny Top || Or stands the awfull Object of their Gaze (cancelled) 705 great] grand P   707 BP (first wide and broad for far)*

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
 To smoak along the hilly country, these,  
 With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature say,  
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those grand reserves  
 730 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
 And their unfailing stores the rivers draw.  
 But is this equal to the vast effect?  
 Is thus the Volga fill'd? the rapid Rhine?  
 735 The broad Euphrates? all th'unnumber'd floods,  
 That large refresh the fair-divided earth;  
 And, in the rage of summer, never cease  
 To send a thundering torrent to the main?

What tho' the sun draws from the steaming deep      B—C—  
 740 More than the rivers pour? How much again,  
 O'er the vext surge, in bitter-driving showers,  
 Frequent returns, let the wet sailor say:  
 And on the thirsty down, far from the burst  
 Of springs, how much, to their reviving fields,  
 745 And feeding flocks, let lonely shepherds sing.  
 But sure 'tis no weak, variable cause,  
 That keeps at once ten thousand thousand floods,  
 Wide-wandering o'er the world, so fresh, and clear,  
 For ever flowing, and for ever full.  
 750 And thus some sages, deep-exploring, teach:

- 
- B** 728 With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,      729  
 grand reserves] ample Stores      730 Rock;      732 stores]  
 Wealth      733—749 omitted, and 750—752 thus condensed: Some  
 Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave || For ever lashes etc.
- C** 728 weightier      730 Rocks;
- MS** 728 (*see B*) (and Alpine loads of Snow) *T*      738 a...torrent]  
 their (chrystral) ample Tribute *P*      746 'Tis, sure, no weak  
 nor variable Cause *P*      *For* 750—52 *T writes*:  
     Some Sages doubt: they (scarce can This believe)  
         scarcely This can deem  
     A Cause sufficient for the vast Effect;      (*Verte*)

That, where the hoarse, innumerable wave,  
 Eternal, lashes the resounding shore;  
 Suck'd thro' the sandy Stratum, every way,  
 The waters with the sandy Stratum rise;  
 755 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
 They leave each saline particle behind,  
 And clear, and sweeten, as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Tho' here and there in lowly plains it springs,  
 760 But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. The vital stream  
 765 Hence, in its subterranean passage, gains,  
 From the wash'd mineral, that restoring power,  
 And salutary virtue, which anew  
 Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling soul  
 Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye:  
 770 And whence, the royal maid, Amelia blooms  
 With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to bless,  
 Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,  
 In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,  
 The Carolina of another land.

**B** 753 Suck'd] Drill'd      756 They joyful leave their jaggy Salts  
 behind,      759 Tho' oft amid th'irriguous Vale it springs;  
*ll. 764—774 (The vital . . . land.) omitted. The following lines  
 are inserted in their place:*

But hence this vain

Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love      (*Verte*)

**C** 759 amidst

**MS** (*Sequel*) And thus, amusive, search another source

Amid the secret chambers of the Globe.

They teach, that, whence th'innumerable Wave,  
 Eternal, lashes etc.

756 (*see B*) jaggy] drossy *T*      758 mounting] rising *T*  
 768 calls up] and calls *T*

775 While Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play  
 The swallow-people; and tost wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
 The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,  
 780 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;

B838 C836

**B** (*Sequel*)

To take so far a Journey to the Hills,  
 When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil [760]  
 Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?  
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,  
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop  
 Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells,  
 And, ere they gain it's highest Peak, desert [765]  
 Th'attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?  
 Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts  
 The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak  
 Their secret Channels; or, by slow Degrees,  
 High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales:  
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous Globe,  
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid Bed,  
 And brought Deucalion's watry Times again.

[760]

[765]

[770]

[775]

C773

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,  
 That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
 From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores  
 Refresh the Globe, and all it's joyous Tribes?  
 O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,  
 To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyss,  
 O lay the Mountains bare! and wide display [780]  
 Their hidden Structure to th'astonish'd View!  
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny Load,  
 The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods  
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen Bounds!  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching Eye,  
 And high \*Olympus pouring many a Stream!  
 O from the sounding Summits of the North,  
 The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd

[785]

[790]

\* The Mountain called by that Name in the lesser Asia.

In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,  
 And where the cavern sweats, as sages dream.  
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of season, there  
 785 They twitter chearful, till the vernant months

**B** (*Sequel*)

To farthest Lapland and the frozen Main;  
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by Those  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;  
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ  
 Believes the \*stony Girdle of the World; [795]  
 And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely Floods;  
 O sweep th'eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding Base,  
 Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as Poets feign, [800]  
 His subterranean Wonders spread! unveil  
 The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,  
 Of Abyssinia's Cloud-compelling Cliffs,  
 And of the bending †Mountains of the Moon!  
 O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth, [805]  
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round  
 The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold!  
 Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms disclose.  
 I see the Rivers in their infant Beds! [810]  
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!  
 I see the leaning Strata, artful rang'd;  
 The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains,  
 The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs.  
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands, [815]  
 The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then  
 Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,  
 The gutter'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;  
 That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,  
 Retard it's Motion, and forbid it's Waste. [820]

\* The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth.

† A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now  
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep  
790 By diligence amazing, and the strong,

B851 C849

Unconquerable hand of Liberty,  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their plumy voyage thro' the liquid sky.

795 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;  
And many a circle, many a short essay  
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,  
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high  
800 Th'aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,  
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles

B864 C862

**B** (*Sequel*)

Beneath th'incessant weeping of these Drains,  
I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,  
The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk,  
Or stiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd.

O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,  
The crystal Treasures of the liquid World,  
Thro' the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst;  
And welling out, around the middle Steep,  
Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,

[825]

In pure Effusion flow. United, thus,  
Th'exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,  
The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd  
These Vapours in continual Current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided Earth,  
In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,  
A social Commerce hold, and firm support  
The full-adjusted Harmony of Things.

[830]

794 plumy] arduous

**MS** 794 *BP*

[835]

Of farthest Thule, and th'Atlantic surge  
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;  
 805 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made? what nations come and go?  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,  
 And white resounding shore are one wild cry.

810 Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,  
 And herd diminutive of many hues,  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;

815 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
 Of luxury. And here a while the muse,  
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:

820 Her airy mountains, from the gelid main,  
 Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,  
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,

825 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth  
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;  
 With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed, pure parent-stream,  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
 830 O'er Orca, or Betubium's highest peak.

B873 C871

ll. 817-844 ex-  
 panded from Su.  
 A558-70 (Al-  
 terations not in-  
 dicated here).

**B** 809 white] rude 820 gelid] waving 828 sq.

. . . Tweed (pure Parent-Stream,

Whose pastoral Banks first wak'd my Doric Reed,  
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary Brook)  
 To where etc.

[892]

830 Orca's or

**C** [892] wak'd] heard

**MS** 830 Orca's and *T*

Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited  
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage  
 She took her western flight. A generous race,  
 835 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave.  
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,  
 To hold a hapless, undiminish'd state;  
 Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 840 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal Morn.

845      Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power      B912 C910  
 That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul!  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 850 A double harvest to the pining swain?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
 How, by the finest art, the native robe  
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,  
 855 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,  
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 860 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,

**B** 834 generous] manly      After 836: two lines are inserted:

(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
 Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!)

837 hapless,] generous      838 ignoble] unequal

**MS** 837 hapless] free and *T*      856 passive] careless *P*

Unchalleng'd, round the sea-incircled globe;  
 And thus united Britain Britain make  
 Intire, th'imperial Mistress of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,

B931 C929

865 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From her first patriots, and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye:  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,  
 870 Her genius, wisdom, her politest turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field,  
 While thick around the deadly tempest flew.

875 And when the trumpet, kindling war no more,  
 Pours not the flaming squadrons o'er the field;  
 But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,  
 Kind peace unites the jarring world again;  
 Let a deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.

880 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate:  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
 885 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,

**B** 861 Unchalleng'd, ] Uninjur'd,      863, 864 And thus, in Soul  
 united as in Name, || Bid Britain reign the Mistress of the  
 Deep.      870 politest] engaging      873 Field.      874—79  
*replaced by the following single line:* Nor less the Palm of Peace  
 inwreathes thy Brow:

**MS** 861 BP      864 Note by T: \*(The late Duke of Argyle) The  
 Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who died      879 (Mix'd with  
 thy Laurels the deep Olive twines) T

Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
And seldom has she felt the friend like thee.

890      But see the fading, many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan, declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
895 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded æther; whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
900 The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And thro' their uvid pores his temper'd force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,  
905 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

B959 C957  
For ll. 897—903  
(world.) see Wi. B  
29—33. (Variations  
not indicated  
here.)

ll.903(Then)—915  
transferred here  
from Wi. B33—  
45. (Alterations  
printed in italics.)

910      *Thus* solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
*And* thro' the *sadden'd* grove; where scarce is heard  
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint  
915 *Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.*  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
920 On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock!

B972 C970

With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
 The gun the music of the coming year  
 925 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey!  
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The pale, descending year, yet pleasing still,  
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
 930 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,  
 Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,  
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.  
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy ruin streams;  
 935 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
 940 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
 Of bolder fruit falls from the naked tree;  
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power      B906 C904  
 945 Of philosophic Melancholy comes!  
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
 Peirc'd deep with many a secret pang, declare.  
 950 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;  
 In all the bosom triumphs, all the nerves;  
 Inflames imagination; thro' the sense

**B** 931 startling    934 ruin] Deluge    941 Fruits    949 secret]  
 virtuous    951 omitted    952 sense] Breast  
**MS** 922 save chattering] but joyless *P*

B990 C988  
*For ll. 928-970*  
*see Wi. B45-73*  
*(Var. not. ind.*  
*here).*

Infuses every tenderness: and far  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 955 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
     As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream,  
      Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
     As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
     As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd  
 960 To rapture, and divine astonishment.  
     The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief  
     Of humankind; the large, ambitious wish,  
     To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,  
     Lost in obscurity; th'indignant scorn  
 965 Of mighty pride; the fearless, great resolve;  
     The wonder that the dying patriot draws,  
     Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;  
     Th'arrousing pant for virtue, and for fame;  
     The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;  
 970 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to *vast, embowering shades!*

To twilight groves, and visionary vales!  
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms!  
 Where angel-forms *athwart the solemn dusk,*  
 975 *Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;*  
*And voices more than human, thro' the void*  
*Deep-sounding, seize th'enthusiastic ear.*

B1032 C1030  
ll. 971-77  
transf. here  
from Wi.  
B74-79

- B** 956 vulgar        962 Human Race;        964 the noble Scorn,  
 965 Tyrant Pride;        966 which        968 Th'awaken'd Throb  
 for Virtue,        After 977 the following lines on Stowe are inserted:  
     Or is this Gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers,        C1037  
     That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat        [1040]  
     Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful Land  
     In countless Numbers blest Britannia sees;  
     O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,

**MS** 964, 965 the (virtuous) poignant Scorn, || The (strong?) sweet  
 Disdain, mix'd with sublime Humility, || Of (worldly) tyrant  
 Pride; T

**B** (*Sequel*)

The fair Majestic Paradise of Stowe!  
 Not Persian Cyrus, or Iōnia's Shore, [1045]  
 E'er saw such silvan Scenes; such various Art  
 By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd  
 By cool judicious Art; that, in the strife,  
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
 And there, O Pit, thy Country's early Boast, [1050]  
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes,  
 Or in that \*Temple where, in future Times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name;  
 And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods. [1055]

While there with Thee th'enchanted Round I walk,  
 The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then  
 Will tread in Thought the Groves of Attic Land;  
 Will from thy standard Taste refine her own, [1060]  
 Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades  
 Forsaking, raise it to the human Mind.  
 O if hereafter she, with juster Hand,  
 Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou, [1065]  
 To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,  
 What every decent Character requires,  
 And every Passion speaks: O thro' her Strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds  
 Th'attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
 Of honest Zeal th'indignant Lightning throws, [1070]  
 And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne.  
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales  
 Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes:  
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant Files  
 Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range, [1075]  
 Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field,  
 And long-embattled Hosts! When the proud Foe  
 The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,  
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the World to War;  
 When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press [1080]  
 Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves,  
 The British Youth would hail thy wise Command,  
 Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

\* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

*And now the western sun withdraws the day;*  
*And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,*  
 980 *In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd*  
*Th'ascending vapour throws. Where waters ooze,*  
*Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,*  
*Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along*  
*The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon,*  
 985 *Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,*  
*Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.*  
*Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,*  
*(Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,*  
*And oceans roll, as optic tube desries)*  
 990 *A lesser earth, gires all his blaze again,*  
*Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.*  
*Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,*  
*Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.*  
*Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild*  
 995 *O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,*  
*While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam,*  
*The whole air whitens with a boundless tide*  
*Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.*

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light, 9905 C1103  
 1000 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,  
*With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;*  
*Or quite extinct, her deaden'd orb appears,*  
*And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white:*  
*Oft in this season, silent from the north*  
 1005 *A blaze of meteors shoots, ensweeping first*  
*The lower skies, then all at once converge*  
*High to the crown of heaven, and all at once*

B1034 C1032  
ll. 978-98  
transf. here from  
Wi. B80-96

ll. 1004-33  
transf. here  
from Su. A104  
-75.

- 
- B** 978 The Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day; 981  
 The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze, 988, 989  
 brackets omitted: desries, 990 lesser ] smaller his ] its  
**MS** 981 Throw the (damp) close (?) Vapour. Where still Waters  
 ooze T (cancelled)

Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
1010 All aether coursing in a maze of light.

From *look* to *look*, contagious thro' the crowd,  
The Pannic runs, and into wonderous shapes  
Th'appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;  
1015 Till the long lines of full-extended war  
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood  
Rowls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As *thus they scan the visionary scene*,  
On all sides swells the superstitions din,  
1020 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,  
And, late at night, in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or painted hideous with ascending flame;  
*Of swallow famine, inundation, storm;*  
1025 Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
Th'unalterable hour: even Nature's self  
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
1030 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
1035 A solid shade, immense. Sunk in the gloom  
Magnificent, and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

**B** 1014 Throng'd      1023 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending  
Flame;      1035 A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching  
Gloom,

**MS** 1020 Fancy *T*      1023 Or (hideous wrapt in all) blazing  
dreadfull (in) with consuming Flame *P*      1035 Sunk] Wrapt *T*

B1117 C1115

2 lines omitted

B1140 C1138

Distinction lost; and gay variety  
 One universal blot: such the fair power  
 1040 Of Light, to kindle, and create the whole.  
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark.  
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;  
 Nor visited by one directive ray,  
 1045 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;  
 1050 Whither *decoy'd by the fantastic blaze*,  
 Now sunk and now renew'd, he's quite absorpt,  
 Rider and horse, into the miry gulph:  
*While still, from day to day, his pining wife,*  
*And plaintive children his return await,*  
 1055 *In wild conjecture lost.* At other times,  
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,  
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
 The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,  
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else  
 1060 *Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.*

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines B1167 C1165  
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;  
 1065 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade  
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit. B1174 C1172  
 Lies the still heaving hive; at evening snatch'd,  
 1070 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,

ll. 1047-60  
 transf. here from  
 Su. A1007-21

And whelm'd o'er sulphur: while, undreaming ill,  
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
 Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd  
 1075 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.  
 Sudden the dark, oppressive steam ascends;  
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,  
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
 1080 And was it then for this ye roam'd the spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd  
 Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away?  
 For this in autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
 1085 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,  
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,  
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,  
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial<sup>¶</sup> food  
 Can you not borrow? and in just return,  
 1090 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?  
 Hard by, the stony bottom of their town  
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
 1095 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud city, populous, and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
 At theatre, or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
 1100 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,

- B** 1071 whelm'd ] fix'd      not dreaming      1080 you      1081 you  
 1093 Hard by,] See where  
**MS** 1071 not dreaming *P* (*T?* *Tovey*)      1083 waste] Heath *T*  
 1087 When] Still *P*      1093 *BP*

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,      B1210 C1208  
 1105 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.  
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
 1110 With a peculiar blue! th'æthereal arch  
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all  
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 1115 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up:  
And instant Winter bid to do his worst.  
While loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,  
 1120 Not needing the melodious impulse much,  
Leaps, wildly graceful, in the lively dance.  
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
 1125 Points an approving smile, with double force,  
The cudgel rattles, and the struggle twists.  
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
 1130 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

**B** 1116 And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd.      1119, 1120  
Shook to the Wind their Cares. The Toil-strung Youth || By  
the quick Sense of Music taught alone,      1126 and the  
Wrestler twines.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural Life.

B1237 C1235

- 1135 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate  
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,  
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 1140 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not.  
 What tho' from utmost land, and sea, purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer, tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 1145 With luxury, and death. What tho' his wine  
 Flows not from brighter gems; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;  
 Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle state.  
 What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,  
 1150 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all.  
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;  
 1155 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs, and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies  
 1160 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

**B** 1145 wine ] Bowl      1146 Flames not with costly Juice;  
 1148 Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State?      1149 What  
 tho' he knows not those

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 1165 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:  
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;  
 1170 Un sully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;  
 Calm contemplation, and Poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain,  
 1175 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.

B1280 C1273

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
 Rush into blood; the sack of cities seek;  
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.

1180 Let some far-distant from their native soil,  
 Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice,  
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,  
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,

1185 The social sense extinct; and That ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let These  
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,

1190 An iron race! and Those of fairer front,  
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
 And slippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;  
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

**B** 1167 besides      1169 lives] dwells      1183 ardent] eager

1192 Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight;

**MS** 1183 eager *P* (*T Tovey*)

1195 While He, from all the stormy passions free,  
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states  
 1200 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from day to day,  
 And month to month, thro' the revolving Year;  
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
 1205 Feels all her fine emotions at his heart;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
 1210 He quite enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as from frigid Tempe wont to fall,  
 Or Haemus cool, reads what the muse, of these  
 1215 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;  
 Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye  
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
 1220 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
 With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams  
 Deep-musing, then the best exerts his song.  
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 1225 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,

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**B** 1202, 1203 from Month to Month, || And Day to Day,      1205  
 fine] sweet      1210 quite] full      1213 from] o'er      fall, ]  
 wave,      1222 the] he  
**MS** 1205 fine] (kind) T

Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on th'astonish'd eye.  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
 1230 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
 O'er land, and sea, imagination roams;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 1235 The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Extatic shine; the little, strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 1240 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
 For happiness, and true philosophy  
 Still are, and have been of the smiling kind.  
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 1245 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,  
 Led by primæval ages, incorrupt,  
 When God himself, and Angels dwelt with men!

Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all!

B1354 C1352

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!  
 1250 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,  
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep  
 1255 Light my blind way: the mineral Strata there;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;

- B** 1228 astonish'd ] exalted      1235 of Kindred too and Love  
 1243 Are of the social still, and smiling Kind.      1246 un-  
 corrupt,      1247 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with  
 Man!
- C** 1252 void ] blue

O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
1260 And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
But if to that unequal; if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids  
1265 That best ambition; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;  
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

---

**B** 1264 forbid

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# WINTER.

## A POEM.

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By JAMES THOMSON, A. M.

---

Rapidus Sol  
Nondum Hyemem contingit Equis. Jam præterit æstas.  
VIRG.

Glacialis Hyems canos hirsuta Capillos.  
OVID.

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LONDON:

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MDCCXXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]



To the Right Honourable  
Sir Spencer Compton.<sup>1)</sup>

Sir,

The Author of the following Poem begs Leave to inscribe this his first Performance to your Name, and Patronage. Unknown Himself, and only introduced by the Muse, He yet ventures to approach You, with a modest Chearfulness: For, whoever attempts to excel in any Generous Art, tho' he comes alone, and unregarded by the World, may hope for your Notice, and Esteem. Happy! if I can, in any Degree, merit this Good Fortune: as every Ornament, and Grace, of Polite Learning is yours, your single Approbation will be my Fame.

I Dare not indulge my Heart, by dwelling on your Public Character; on that exalted Honour, and Integrity which distinguish You, in that August Assembly, where You preside; that unshaken Loyalty to Your Sovereign, that disinterested Concern for his People, which shine out, united, in all your Behaviour, and finish the Patriot. I am conscious of my Want of Strength, and Skill for so delicate an Undertaking: And yet, as the Shepherd, in his Cottage, may feel and acknowledge the Influence of the Sun with as

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<sup>1)</sup> This epistolary dedication (the authorship of which was claimed by Thomson's friend Malloch, alias Mallet) is found only in the editions prior to the quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the title-page of "Winter" bears this dedication: Winter. Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Wilmington.

lively a Gratitude, as the Great Man, in his Palace, even I may be allowed to publish my Sense of those Blessings, which, from so many powerful Vertues, are derived to the Nation they adorn.

I conclude with saying, that your fine Discernment and Humanity, in your Private Capacity, are so conspicuous, that, if this Address is not received with some Indulgence, it will be a severe Conviction, that what I have written has not the least Share of Merit.

I am,  
With the Profoundest Respect,  
Sir,  
Your most devoted,  
and most faithful,  
Humble Servant,

James Thomson.

---

The Preface.<sup>1)</sup>)

I am neither ignorant, nor concern'd, how much One may suffer in the Opinion of several Persons of great Gravity, and Character, by the Study, and Pursuit, of Poetry.

Altho' there may seem to be some Appearance of Reason for the present Contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern Writers, yet that any Man should, seriously, declare against that Divine Art is, really, amazing. It is declaring against the most charming Power of Imagination, the most exalting Force of Thought, the most affecting Touch of Sentiment; in a Word, against the very Soul of all Learning, and Politeness. It is affronting the universal Taste of Mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening World from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is, even, declaring against the sublimest Passages of the inspired Writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar Language of Heaven.

The Truth of the Case is this: These weak-sighted Gentlemen cannot bear the strong Light of Poetry, and the finer, and more amusing, Scene of Things it displays; but must Those, therefore, whom Heaven has blessed with the discerning Eye shut it, to keep them Company.

It is pleasant enough, however, to observe, frequently, in these Enemies of Poetry, an awkward Imitation of it. They sometimes, have their little Brightnesses, when the opening Gloom will permit. Nay, I have seen their Heaviness, on some Occasions, deign to turn friskish, and witty, in which they make just such another Figure as Æsop's Ass, when he began to fawn. To compleat the Absurdity, They would, even, in their Efforts against Poetry, fain be poetical;

<sup>1)</sup> This "Preface" and the three appended poems are found only in the editions which give the second text of "Winter" (1726, June).

like those Gentlemen that reason with a great deal of Zeal, and Severity, against Reason.

That there are frequent, and notorious, Abuses of Poetry is as true as that the best Things are most liable to that Misfortune; but is there no End of that clamorous Argument against the Use of Things from the Abuse of them? And yet, I hope, that no Man, who has the least Sense of Shame in Him, will fall into it after the present, sulphureous, Attacker of the Stage.

To insist no further on this Head, let Poetry, once more, be restored to her antient Truth, and Purity; let Her be inspired from Heaven, and, in Return, her Incense ascend thither; Let Her exchange Her low, venal, trifling, Subjects for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and, let Her execute these so as, at once, to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish: and then, of Necessity, the most inveterate Ignorance, and Prejudice, shall be struck Dumb; and Poets, yet, become the Delight and Wonder, of Mankind.

But this happy Period is not to be expected, till some long-wished, illustrious Man, of equal Power, and Beneficence, rise on the wintry World of Letters: One of a genuine, and unbounded, Greatness, and Generosity, of Mind; who, far, above all the Pomp, and Pride, of Fortune, scorns the little addressful, Flatterer; peirces thro' the disguised, designing, Villain; discountenances all the reigning Fopperies of a tasteless Age: and who, stretching his Views into late Futurity, has the true Interest of Virtue, Learning, and Mankind, intirely, at Heart — A Character so nobly desirable! that to an honest Heart, it is, almost, incredible so few should have the Ambition to deserve it.

Nothing can have a better Influence towards the Revival of Poetry than the chusing of great, and serious, Subjects; such as, at once, amuse the Fancy, enlighten the Head, and warm the Heart. These give a Weight, and Dignity, to the Poem: Nor is the Pleasure, I should say Rapture, both the Writer, and the Reader, feels, unwarranted

by Reason, or followed by repentant Disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren, Theme, is looked upon, by some, as the Sign of a happy, fruitful, Genius — fruitful indeed! — like one of the pendant Gardens in Cheapside, water'd, every Morning, by the Hand of the Alderman, Himself. And what are we commonly entertain'd with, on these Occasions, save forced, unaffected, Fancies; little, glittering Prettinesses; mixed Turns of Wit, and Expression; which are as widely different from Native Poetry, as Buffoonery is from the Perfection of human Thinking? A Genius fired with the Charms of Truth, and Nature, is tuned to a sublimer Pitch, and scorns to associate with such Subjects.

I cannot more emphatically recommend this Poetical Ambition than by the four following Lines from Mr. Hill's Poem, called, the Judgment Day, which is so singular an Instance of it.

For Me, suffice it to have taught my Muse,  
The tuneful Triflings of her Tribe to shun;  
And rais'd her Warmth such Heavenly Themes to chuse,  
As, in past Ages, the best Garlands won.

I know no Subject more elevating, more amusing; more ready to awake the poetical Enthusiasm, the philosophical Reflection, and the moral Sentiment, than the Works of Nature. Where can we meet such Variety, such Beauty, such Magnificence? All that enlarges, and transports, the Soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide, Survey of Them? In every Dress Nature is greatly charming! whether she puts on the Crimson Robes of the Morning! the strong Effulgence of Noon! the sober Suit of the Evening! or the deep Sables of Blackness, and Tempest! How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter! — But there is no thinking of these Things without breaking out into Poetry; which is, by the bye, a plain, and undeniable, Argument of their superior Excellence.

For this Reason the best, both Antient, and Modern,

✓ Poets have been passionately fond of Retirement, and Solitude. The wild romantic Country was their Delight. And they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented Fields, far from the little, busy, World, they were at Leisure, to meditate, and sing the Works of Nature.

The Book of Job, that noble, and antient, Poem, which, even, strikes so forcibly thro' a mangling Translation, is crowned with a Description of the grand Works of Nature; and that, too, from the Mouth of their Almighty Author.

It was this Devotion to the Works of Nature that, in his Georgicks, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this Declaration of his, which has been the Rapture of Ages.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
 Quarum Sacra fero ingenti perculsus Amore,  
 Accipiant; Cœlique Vias et Sidera monstrant,  
 Defectus solis varios, Lunæque labores:  
 Unde tremor Terris: qua vi Maria alta tumescant  
 Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa resident:  
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles  
 Hyberni: vel quæ tardis Mora Noctibus obstat.  
 Sin, has ne possim Naturæ accedere Partes,  
 Frigidus obstiterit circum Præcordia sanguis;  
 Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnis  
 Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. —————

Which may be Englished thus.

Me may the Muses, my supreme Delight!  
 Whose Priest I am, smit with immense Desire,  
 Snatch to their Care; the Starry Tracts disclose,  
 The Sun's Distress, the Labours of the Moon:  
 Whence the Earth quakes: and by what Force the Deeps  
 Heave at the Rocks, then on Themselves reflow:  
 Why Winter-Suns to plunge in Ocean speed:  
 And what retards the lazy Summer-Night.  
 But, least I should these mystic-Truths attain,  
 If the cold Current freezes round my Heart,  
 The Country Me, the brooky Vales may please  
 Mid Woods, and Streams, unknown. —————

I cannot put an End to this Preface, without taking the Freedom to offer my most sincere, and grateful, Acknowledgments to all those Gentlemen who have given my first Performance so favourable a Reception.

It is with the best Pleasure, and a rising Ambition, that I reflect on the Honour Mr. Hill has done me, in recommending my Poem to the World, after a manner so peculiar to Himself; than whom, none approves, and obliges, with a nobler, and more unreserved, Promptitude of Soul. His Favours are the very smiles of Humanity; graceful, and easy; flowing from, and to, the Heart. This agreeable Train of Thought awakens naturally in my Mind all the other Parts of his great, and amiable, Character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

Every Reader, who has a Heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle Power of Poetry, in the Lines, with which Mira has graced my Poem.

It perhaps, might be reckoned Vanity, in me, to say how richly I value the Approbation of a Gentleman of Mr. Malloch's fine, and exact Taste, so justly dear, and valuable, to all those that have the Happiness of knowing Him; and who, to say no more of Him, will abundantly make good, to the World, the early Promise, his admired Piece of William and Margaret has given.

I only wish my Description of the various Appearance of Nature in Winter, and, as I purpose, in the other Seasons, may have the good Fortune, to give the Reader some of that true Pleasure, which They, in their agreeable Succession, are, always, sure to inspire into my Heart.

---

To Mr. Thomson,

Doubtful to what Patron he should address his Poem, call'd,  
Winter.

Some Peers, perhaps, have Skill to judge, 'tis true:  
Yet no mean Prospect bounds the Muse's View.  
Firm in your native Strength, thus nobly shewn,  
Slight such delusive Props, and stand alone.  
Fruitless Dependance oft has found too late,  
That Greatness rarely dwells among the Great.  
Patrons are Nature's Nobles, not the State's,  
And Wit's, a Title no Broad Seal creates:  
Even Kings, from whose high Source all Honours flow,  
Are poor in Power, when they wou'd Souls bestow.

Heedless of Fortune, then look down on State,  
Balanc'd, within, by Reason's conscious Weight:  
Divinely proud of independant Will,  
Prince of your Passions, live their Sovereign still.  
He who stoops, safe beneath a Patron's Shade,  
Shines like the Moon, but by another's Aid:  
Free Truth shou'd, open, and unbyas'd steer,  
Strong, as Heaven's Heat, and as its Brightness clear.

O, swell not then, the Bosoms of the Vain,  
With false Conceit that you Protection gain:  
Poets, like you, their own Protectors stand,  
Plac'd above Aid from Pride's inferior Hand.  
Time, that devours the Lord's unlasting Name,  
Shall lend Her soundless Depth, to float your Fame.

On Verse like yours no Smiles, from Power, expect,  
Born with a Worth that doom'd you to Neglect:  
Yet, wou'd your Wit, be nois'd, reflect no more;  
Let the smooth Veil of Flattery silk you o'er:  
Aptly attach'd, the Court's soft Climate try,  
Learn your Pen's Duty from your Patron's Eye.  
Ductile of Soul, each pliant Purpose wind,  
And tracing Interest close, leave Doubt behind;  
Then shall your Name strike loud, the Publick Ear;  
For through Good-fortune, Virtue's self shines clear.

But, in defiance of our Taste, to charm!  
And Fancy's Force with Judgment's Caution arm!  
Disturb, with busy Thought, so lull'd an Age!  
And plant strong Meanings o'er the peaceful Page!  
Impregnate Sound, with Sense! teach Nature Art!  
And warm even Winter, till it thaws the Heart!  
How cou'd you thus, your Country's Rules transgress,  
Yet think of Patrons, and presume Success?

A. HILL.

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To Mr. Thomson,  
On his Blooming Winter.

Oh gaudy Summer, veil thy blushing Head,  
Dull is thy Sun, and all thy Beauties dead:  
From thy short Nights, and noisy, mirthful, Day,  
My kindling Thoughts, disdainful, turn away.

Majestic Winter with his Floods appears,  
And o'er the World his awful Terrors rears;  
From North to South, his Train disspreading, slow,  
Blue Frost, bleak Rain, and fleecy-footed Snow.

In Thee, sad Winter, I a Kindred find,  
Far more related to poor human Kind;  
To Thee my gently-drooping Head I bend,  
Thy Sigh my Sister, and thy Tear my Friend:  
On Thee I muse, and in thy hastening Sun,  
See Life expiring e'er 'tis well begun.

Thy sickening Ray, and venerable Gloom,  
Show Life's last Scene, the solitary Tomb;  
But thou art safe, so shaded by the Bays,  
Immortal in the noblest Poet's Praise;  
From Time and Death, He will thy Beauties save;  
Oh may such Numbers weep o'er Mira's Grave!  
Secure, and glorious, would her Ashes lie,  
Till Nature fade — and all the Seasons die.

MIRA.

To Mr. Thomson,

On his publishing the Second Edition of his Poem, call'd,  
Winter.

Charm'd, and instructed, by thy powerful Song,  
I have, unjust, with-held my Thanks too long:  
This Debt of Gratitude, at length, receive,  
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy Friend can give.

Thy Worth new lights the Poet's darken'd Name,  
And shows it, blazing, in the brightest Fame.  
Thro' all thy various Winter, full are found  
Magnificence of Thought, and Pomp of Sound,  
Clear Depth of Sense, Expression's hightening Grace,  
And Goodness, eminent in Power, and Place!  
For this, the Wise, the Knowing Few, commend  
With zealous Joy — for Thou art Virtue's Friend:  
Even Age, and Truth severe, in reading Thee,  
That Heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of Merit, faintly known,  
Friendless — supported by its self alone:  
For Those, whose aided Will could lift thee high,  
In Fortune, see not with Discernment's Eye.  
Nor Place, nor Power, bestows the Sight refin'd;  
And Wealth enlarges not the narrow Mind.

How couldst thou think of such, and write so well?  
Or hope Reward, by daring to excell?  
Unskilful of the Age! untaught to gain,  
Those Favours, which the fawning Base obtain!  
A thousand, shameful, Arts, to thee unknown,  
Falshood, and Flattery, must be first thy own.  
If thy lov'd Country lingers in thy Breast,  
Thou must drive out th'unprofitable Guest:  
Extinguish each bright Aim, that kindles there,  
And center in thy self thy every Care.

But hence that Vileness — pleas'd to charm Mankind,  
Cast each low Thought of Interest far behind:  
Neglected into noble Scorn — away  
From that worn Path, where vulgar Poets stray:

Inglorious Herd! profuse of venal Lays!  
 And by the Pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!  
 Thou, careless of the Statesman's Smile, or Frown,  
 Tread that strait Way, that leads to fair Renown.  
 By Virtue guided, and by Glory fix'd,  
 And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,  
 Dare to do well; and in thy boundless Mind,  
 Embrace the general Welfare of thy Kind:  
 Enrich them with the Treasures of thy Thought,  
 What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.  
 Where thy Power fails, unable to go on,  
 Ambitious, greatly will the Good undone.  
 So shall thy Name, thro' Ages, brightening shine,  
 And distant Praise, from Worth unborn, be thine:  
 So shalt thou, happy! merit Heaven's Regard,  
 And find a glorious, tho' a late Reward.

D. MALLOCH.

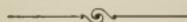
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### The Argument.<sup>1)</sup>

The subject proposed. Address to Lord Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural order<sup>2)</sup> of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them. A short digression into Russia. The wolves in Italy.<sup>3)</sup> A winter-evening described, as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. Its effects<sup>4)</sup> within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with philosophical<sup>5)</sup> reflections on a future state.

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<sup>1)</sup> Appears for the first time in the quarto. In the editions of 1744 and 1746 the following variations occur:   <sup>2)</sup> Course   <sup>3)</sup> perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Want and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter-Evening etc.   <sup>4)</sup> Frost. A View of Winter within   <sup>5)</sup> moral.



# WINTER.

## A POEM.

*Text A (1726, March) with the variations of text B (1726, June).*

SEE! Winter comes, to rule the varied Year,      B1 C1 E1  
Sullen, and sad; with all his rising Train,  
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms: Be these my Theme,  
These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,  
5 And heavenly musing. Welcome kindred Gloom's!  
Wish'd, wint'ry, Horrors, hail! — With frequent Foot,  
Pleas'd, have I, in my cheerful Morn of Life,  
When, nurs'd by careless Solitude, I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,  
10 Pleas'd, have I wander'd thro' your rough Domains;  
Trod the pure, virgin, Snows, my self as pure:  
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst:  
Or seen the deep, fermenting, Tempest brew'd,  
In the red, evening, Sky. — Thus pass'd the Time,  
15 Till, thro' the opening Chambers of the South,  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

Thee too, Inspirer of the toiling Swain!  
Fair Autumn, yellow rob'd! I'll sing of thee,  
Of thy last, temper'd, Days, and sunny Calms;

**B** 19 temper'd, ] equal,      sunny ] clouded

20 When all the golden Hours are on the Wing,  
 Attending thy Retreat, and round thy Wain,  
 Slow-rolling, onward to the Southern Sky.

Behold! the well-pois'd Hornet, hovering, hangs,      B<sub>23</sub> C—E—  
 With quivering Pinions, in the genial Blaze;  
 25 Flys off, in airy Circles: then returns,  
 And hums, and dances to the beating Ray.  
 Nor shall the Man, that, musing, walks alone,  
 And, heedless, strays within his radiant Lists,  
 Go unchastis'd away . . . Sometimes, a Fleece  
 30 Of Clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid Veil,  
 Soft, shadow o'er th'unruffled Face of Heaven;  
 And, thro' their dewy Sluices, shed the Sun,  
 With temper'd Influence down. Then is the Time,  
 For those, whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,  
 35 To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,  
 And soar above this little Scene of Things:  
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet:  
 To lay their Passions in a gentle Calm,  
 And woo lone Quiet, in her silent Walks.

40 Now, solitary, and in pensive Guise,      B<sub>40</sub> C—E—  
 Oft, let me wander o'er the russet Mead,  
 Or thro' the pining Grove; where scarce is heard  
 One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil:  
 Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her Plaint,  
 45 Far, thro' the withering Copse. Mean while, the Leaves,  
 That, late, the Forest clad with lively Green,  
 Nipt by the drizzly Night, and Sallow-hu'd,  
 Fall, wavering, thro' the Air; or shower amain,  
 Urg'd by the Breeze, that sobs amid the Boughs.  
 50 Then listening Hares forsake the rusling Woods,  
 And, starting at the frequent Noise, escape

**B** 23 Behold!] Mark, how      31 Soft,] Light,      38 To sooth  
 the throbbing Passions into Peace,      44 Haply, some widdow'd  
 Songster pours his Plaint,

To the rough Stubble, and the rushy Fen.  
 Then Woodcocks, o'er the fluctuating Main,  
 | That glimmers to the Glimpses of the Moon,  
 55 Stretch their long Voyage to the woodland Glade:  
   Where, wheeling with uncertain Flight, they mock  
   The nimble Fowler's Aim. — Now Nature droops;  
   Languish the living Herbs, with pale Decay:  
   And all the various Family of Flowers  
 60 Their sunny Robes resign. The falling Fruits,  
   Thro' the still Night, forsake the Parent-Bough,  
   That, in the first, grey, Glances of the Dawn,  
   Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry Waste.

The Year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,  
 65 Soft, o'er the secret Soul, in gentle Gales,  
   A Philosophic Melancholly breathes,  
   And bears the swelling Thought aloft to Heaven.  
   Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive,  
   What never mingled with the Vulgar's Dream:  
 70 Then wake the tender Pang, the pitying Tear,  
   The Sigh for suffering Worth, the Wish prefer'd  
   For Humankind, the Joy to see them bless'd,  
   And all the Social Off-spring of the Heart!

Oh! bear me then to high, embowering, Shades;      B74 C—E—  
 75 To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales;  
   To weeping Grottos, and to hoary Caves;  
   Where Angel-Forms are seen, and Voices heard,  
   Sigh'd in low Whispers, that abstract the Soul,  
   From outward Sense, far into Worlds remote.

80      Now, when the Western Sun withdraws the Day,      B80 C—E—  
   And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,  
   In her chill Progress, checks the straggling Beams,  
   And robs them of their gather'd, vapoury, Prey,  
   Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,

**B** 76 and prophetick Glooms;  
 frees; where Waters ooze,

83 And their moist Captives

85 Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along  
The dusky-mantled Lawn: then slow descend,  
Once more to mingle with their Watry Friends.

The vivid Stars shine out, in radiant Files;  
And boundless Ether glows, till the fair Moon  
90 Shows her broad Visage, in the crimson'd East;  
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing Cloud:  
Now, o'er the pure Cerulean, rides sublime.  
Wide the pale Deluge floats, with silver Waves,  
O'er the sky'd Mountain, to the low-laid Vale;  
95 From the white Rocks, with dim Reflexion, gleams,  
And faintly glitters thro' the waving Shades.

All Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall,  
And, at Return of Morning, silver o'er  
The Face of Mother-Earth; from every Branch  
100 Depending, tremble the translucent Gems,  
And, quivering, seem to fall away, yet cling,  
And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye,  
With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day.

Now, giddy Youth, whom headlong Passions fire,  
105 Rouse the wild Game, and stain the guiltless Grove,  
With Violence, and Death; yet call it Sport,  
To scatter Ruin thro' the Realms of Love,  
And Peace, that thinks no Ill: But These, the Muse,  
Whose Charity, unlimited, extends  
110 As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,  
Returning to her nobler Theme in view —

For see! where Winter comes, himself, confest,  
Striding the gloomy Blast. First Rains obscure  
Drive thro' the mingling Skies, with Tempest foul;  
115 Beat on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,

**B** 88 radiant] brightening 98 That, lighted by the Morning's  
Ray, impearl 101 quivering,] twinkling, 104 giddy]  
roving 112 Winter! who rides along the darken'd Air,

B88 C—E—

B97 C—E—

B104 C—E—

B112 C73 E72

That, sounding, wave below. The dreary Plain  
Lies overwhelm'd, and lost. The bellying Clouds  
Combine, and deepening into Night, shut up  
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,  
120 Each to his Home, retire; save those that love  
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,  
And, skimming, flutter round the dimply Flood.  
The Cattle, from th'untasted Fields, return,  
And ask, with meaning Low, their wonted Stalls;  
125 Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade:  
Thither, the houshold, feathery, People croud,  
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,  
Pensive and wet. Mean while, the Cottage-Swain  
Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and, taleful, there,  
130 Recounts his simple Frolic: Much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

B1

At last, the muddy Deluge pours along,  
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes  
<sup>135</sup> From the chapt Mountain, and the mossy Wild,  
Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far:  
Then o'er the sanded Valley, floating, spreads,  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
Betwixt two meeting Hills, it bursts a Way,  
<sup>140</sup> Where Rocks, and Woods o'er hang the turbid Stream.  
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great Parent! whose directing Hand  
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,  
<sup>145</sup> How mighty! how majestick are thy Works!  
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul,  
That sees, astonish'd! and, astonish'd sings!  
You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,

With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.  
 150 Where are your Stores, ye viewless Beings! say?  
 Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,  
 Against the Day of Tempest perilous?  
 In what untravel'd Country of the Air,  
 Hush'd in deep Silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?

155 Late, in the louring Sky, red, fiery, Streaks  
 Begin to flush about; the reeling Clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy Aim, as doubting yet  
 Which Master to obey: while rising, slow,  
 Sad, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon  
 160 Wears a bleak Circle round her sully'd Orb.  
 Then issues forth the Storm, with loud Control,  
 And the thin Fabrick of the pillar'd Air  
 O'erturns, at once. Prone, on th'uncertain Main,  
 Descends th' Etherial Force, and plows its Waves,  
 165 With dreadful Rift: from the mid-Deep, appears,  
 Surge after Surge, the rising, wat'ry, War.  
 Whitening, the angry Billows rowl immense,  
 And roar their Terrors, through the shuddering Soul  
 Of feeble Man, amidst their Fury caught,  
 170 And, dash'd upon his Fate: Then, o'er the Cliff,  
 Where dwells the Sea-Mew, unconfin'd, they fly,  
 And, hurrying, swallow up the steril Shore.

The Mountain growls; and all its sturdy Sons  
 Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade:  
 175 Lone, on its Midnight-Side, and all aghast,  
 The dark, way-faring, Stranger, breathless, toils,

**B** 159 Sad, ] Blank, 160 bleak ] wan 161 loud ] mad 163  
 th'uncertain ] the passive 165—168 *thus expanded:*  
 In frightful Furrows: From the brawling deep,  
 Heav'd to the Clouds, the watry Tumult comes.  
 Rumbling, the Wind-swohn Billows, rowl, immense,  
 And, on th'evanish'd Vessel, bursting fierce,  
 Their Terrors thunder, thro' the prostrate Soul [167]

B155 C119 E118

B174 C158 E175

And climbs against the Blast —  
 Low, waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its leafy Honours yet remains.

- <sup>180</sup> Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,  
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;  
 And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.  
 Sleep, frightened, flies; the hollow Chimney howls,  
<sup>185</sup> The Windows rattle, and the Hinges creak.

Then, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air, <sup>B187 C173 E171</sup>  
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,  
 That, murmur'd by the Demon of the Night,  
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe, and Death!

- <sup>190</sup> Wild Uproar lords it wide: the Clouds commixt,  
 With Stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the Sky.  
 All Nature reels. — But hark! The Almighty speaks:  
 Instant, the chidden Storm begins to pant,  
 And dies, at once, into a noiseless Calm.

- <sup>195</sup> As yet, 'tis Midnight's Reign; the weary Clouds, <sup>B198 C184 E202</sup>  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom:  
 Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep,  
 Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,  
 And Contemplation, her sedate Compeer;  
<sup>200</sup> Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,  
 And lay the medling Senses all aside.

And now, ye lying Vanities of Life!  
<sup>B205 C191 E209</sup>  
 You ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!  
 Where are you now? and what is your Amount?

**B** 190 Wild ] Huge 192—194 *thus amplified*:  
 All Nature reels — Till Nature's King, who oft,  
 Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells, alone,  
 And, on the Wings of the careering Wind,  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm;  
<sup>[195]</sup> And, strait, Earth, Sea, and Air, are hush'd, at once.

<sup>205</sup> Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.  
 Sad, sickening, Thought! and yet, deluded Man,  
 A Scene of wild, disjointed, Visions past,  
 And broken Slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,  
 With new-flush'd Hopes, to run your giddy Round.

<sup>210</sup> Father of Light, and Life! thou Good Supreme!  
<sup>B213 C199 E217</sup> O! teach me what is Good! teach me thy self!  
 Save me from Folly, Vanity and Vice,  
 From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul,  
 With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,  
<sup>215</sup> Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

Lo! from the livid East, or piercing North,  
<sup>B219 C205 E223</sup> Thick Clouds ascend, in whose spacious Womb,  
 A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd:  
 Heavy, they roll their fleecy World along;  
<sup>220</sup> And the Sky saddens with th'impending Storm.  
 Thro' the hush'd Air, the whitening Shower descends,  
 At first, thin-wavering; till, at last, the Flakes  
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,  
 With a continual Flow. See! sudden, hoar'd,  
<sup>225</sup> The Woods beneath the stainless Burden bow,  
 Blackning, along the mazy Stream it melts;  
 Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,  
 Is all one, dazzling, Waste. The Labourer-Ox  
 Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands  
<sup>230</sup> The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,  
 Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around  
 The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon,

**B** 207 wild, ] crude, 216 Lo!] Dun, 224—227:  
 . . . Flow. Blackening, they melt,  
 Along the mazy Stream. The leafless Woods  
 Bow their hoar Heads. And e'er the languid Sun,  
 Faint, from the West, emit his evening Ray,  
 Earth's universal Face, etc. as l. 227.

[230]

That Providence allows. The foodless Wilds  
 Pour forth their brown Inhabitants; the Hare,  
 235 Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset  
 By Death, in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,  
 And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,  
 Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind  
 Eye the bleak Heavens, and next, the glistening Earth,  
 240 With Looks of dumb Despair; then sad, dispers'd,  
 Dig, for the wither'd Herb, thro' Heaps of Snow.

Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind; B256 C239 E2  
 Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Penns  
 With Food, at will: lodge them below the Blast,  
 245 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,  
 In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing  
 Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains,  
 In one fierce Blast, and o'er th'unhappy Flocks,  
 Lodged in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,  
 250 The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,  
 The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,  
 That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky.

- B** 233 . . . allows. The Red-Breast, sole,  
 Wisely regardful of th'embroiling Sky,  
 In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves  
 His shivering Fellows, and to trusted Man [240]  
 His annual Visit pays: New to the Dome,  
 Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm Hearth, and, hopping o'er the Floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling Family, askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is: [245]  
 Till, more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs  
 Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds  
 etc. as after l. 233.
- 244 Blast,] Storm, 249 Lodged] Hid After l. 252 the  
 following 39 lines are inserted:

In Russia's wide, immeasurable, Moors,  
 Where Winter keeps his unrejoicing Court,  
 And in his airy Hall, the loud Misrule  
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:

C365 E89.

[270]

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,  
 In the wild Depth of Winter, while without  
 255 The ceaseless Winds blow keen, be my Retreat  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;

B306 C407 E424

**B** (*Sequel*)

Seen, by the wilder'd Traveller, who roams,  
 Guideless, the Yew-clad, stony, Wastes, the Bear,  
 Rough Tenant of these Shades! shaggy with Ice,  
 And dangling Snow, stalks thro' the Woods, forlorn.  
 Slow-pac'd, and sowerer, as the Storms increase,  
 He makes his Bed beneath th'inclement Wreath,  
 And scorning the Complainings of Distress,  
 Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

C370 E827

Or from the cloudy Alps, and Appenine,  
 Capt with grey Mists, and everlasting Snows,  
 Where Nature in stupendous Ruin lies;  
 And from the leaning Rock, on either Side,  
 Gush out those Streams that classic Song renowns:  
 Cruel as Death! and hungry as the Grave!  
 Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!  
 Assembling Wolves, in torrent Troops, descend,  
 And spread wide-wasting Desolation round.  
 Nought may their Course withstand. They bear along,  
 Keen, as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.  
 All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed,  
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.  
 Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,  
 Or shake the murdering Savages away.  
 Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast.  
 The God-like Face of Man avails him Nought.  
 Even Beauty, Force Divine! at whose bright Glance,  
 The generous Lyon stands in soften'd Gaze,  
 Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd, Prey.  
 But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack,  
 The Country be shut up; lur'd by the Scent,  
 On Church-Yards drear. (Inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrowded Body from the Tomb, o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul Shades, and frightened Ghosts, they howl.  
 255 keen, ] Ice,

C381 E389

[275]

[280]

[285]

[290]

[295]

[300]

[305]

Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join  
 To chase the cheerless Gloom: there let me sit,  
 And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead,  
 260 Sages of ancient Time, as Gods rever'd,  
 As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind,  
 With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.  
 Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought — I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd Volume, and, deep-musing, hail  
 265 The sacred Shades, that, slowly-rising, pass  
 Before my wondering Eyes — First, Socrates,  
 Truth's early Champion, Martyr for his God:  
 Solon, the next, who built his Commonweal,  
 On Equity's firm Base: Lycurgus, then,  
 270 Severely good, and him of rugged Rome,  
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.  
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just.  
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme;  
 With that attemper'd \*Heroe, mild, and firm,  
 275 Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled.  
 Scipio, the humane Warriour, gently brave,  
 Fair Learning's Friend; who early sought the Shade,  
 To dwell, with Innocence, and Truth, retir'd.  
 And, equal to the best, the Theban, He  
 280 Who, single, rais'd his Country into Fame.  
 Thousands behind, the Boast of Greece and Rome,  
 Whom Virtue owns, the Tribute of a Verse  
 Demand, but who can count the Stars of Heaven?  
 Who sing their Influence on this lower World?  
 285 But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,  
 With sober State, and of majestic Mien,  
 The Sister Muses in his Train — 'Tis He!  
 Maro! the best of Poets, and of Men!  
 Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing!  
 290 Parent of Song! and equal, by his Side,

\* Timoleon

The British Muse, join'd Hand in Hand, they walk,  
Darkling, nor miss their Way to Fame's Ascent.

Society divine! Immortal Minds!

B346 C455 E541

Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,

<sup>295</sup> And mount my soaring Soul to Deeds like yours.

Silence! thou lonely Power! the Door be thine:

See, on the hallow'd Hour, that none intrude,

Save Lycidas, the Friend, with Sense refin'd,

Learning digested well, exalted Faith,

<sup>300</sup> Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.

Clear Frost succeeds, and thro' the blew Serene,

B354 C550 E691

For Sight too fine, th'Ætherial Nitre flies,

To bake the Glebe, and bind the slip'y Flood.

This of the wintry Season is the Prime;

<sup>305</sup> Pure are the Days, and lustrous are the Nights,

Brighten'd with starry Worlds, till then unseen.

Mean while, the Orient, darkly red, breathes forth

An Icy Gale, that, in its mid Career,

Arrests the bickering Stream. The nightly Sky,

<sup>310</sup> And all her glowing Constellations pour

Their rigid Influence down: It freezes on

Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping World,

Lifts her pale Eye, unjoyous: then appears

The various Labour of the silent Night,

<sup>315</sup> The pendant Isicle, the Frost-Work fair,

Where thousand Figures rise, the crusted Snow,

Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining North.

On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains,

B372

While every Work of Man is laid at Rest,

<sup>320</sup> Rush o'er the watry Plains, and, shuddering, view

The fearful Deeps below: or with the Gun,

And faithful Spaniel, range the ravag'd Fields,

**B** 306 Brighten'd ] Radiant      316 thousand ] fancy'd      After  
l. 317 one line is added: North, || And Gem-besprinkled in the  
Mid-Day Beam.

And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,  
Distress the Feathery, or the Footed Game.

- 325      But hark! the nightly Winds, with hollow Voice, <sup>B379 C701 E988</sup>  
Blow, blustering, from the South — the Frost subdu'd,  
Gradual, resolves into a weeping Thaw.  
Spotted, the Mountains shine: loose Sleet descends,  
And floods the Country round: the Rivers swell,  
330 Impatient for the Day . . . Those sullen Seas,  
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more,  
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;  
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave —  
And hark! — the length'ning Roar, continuous, runs  
335 Athwart the rifted Main; at once, it bursts,  
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds!  
Ill fares the Bark, the Wretches' last Resort,  
That, lost amid the floating Fragments, moors  
Beneath the Shelter of an Icy Isle;  
340 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks  
More horrible. Can human Hearts endure  
Th'assembled Mischiefs, that besiege them round:  
Unlistening Hunger, fainting Weariness,  
The Roar of Winds, and Waves, the Crush of Ice,  
345 Now, ceasing, now, renew'd, with louder Rage,  
And bellowing round the Main: Nations remote,  
Shook from their Midnight-Slumbers, deem they hear  
Portentous Thunder, in the troubled Sky.  
More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan,  
350 And his unwieldy Train, in horrid Sport,

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**B** 325 Muttering, the Winds, at Eve, with hoarser Voice,      327  
weeping ] trickling      330 . . . Day. Broke from the Hills,  
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad, brown, Cataracts  
A thousand, Snow-fed, Torrents shoot, at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain  
Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,

*etc. as after l. 330.*

348 troubled ] gelid.

Tempest the loosen'd Brine; while, thro' the Gloom,  
 Far, from the dire, unhospitable Shore,  
 The Lyon's Rage, the Wolf's sad Howl is heard,  
 And all the fell Society of Night.

355 Yet, Providence, that ever-waking Eye  
 Looks down, with Pity, on the fruitless Toil  
 Of Mortals, lost to Hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! — Dread Winter has subdu'd the Year, B<sub>417</sub> C<sub>737</sub> E<sub>1024</sub>

360 And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desart Plains!

How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!

How dumb the Tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His solitary Empire. — Now, fond Man!

Behold thy pictur'd Life: Pass some few Years,

365 Thy flow'ring Spring, Thy short-liv'd Summer's Strength,

Thy sober Autumn, fading into Age,

And pale, concluding, Winter shuts thy Scene,

And shrouds Thee in the Grave — where now, are fled  
 Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes

370 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?

Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?

Those Nights of secret Guilt? those veering Thoughts,

Flutt'ring 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?

All, now, are vanish'd! Vertue, sole, survives,

375 Immortal, Mankind's never-failing Friend,

His Guide to Happiness on high — and see!

'Tis come, the Glorious Morn! the second Birth

Of Heaven, and Earth! — awakening Nature hears

Th' Almighty Trumpet's Voice, and starts to Life,

380 Renew'd, unfading. Now, th' Eternal Scheme,

That Dark Perplexity, that Mystic Maze,

Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,

To Reason's Eye, refin'd, clears up apace.

**B** 353, 354 At once, is heard, th'united, hungry, Howl, || Of all  
 the fell etc.

Angels, and Men, astonish'd, pause — and dread  
385 To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,  
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain Learned! see,  
And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that Power,  
And Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the Cause,  
Why conscious Worth, oppress'd, in secret long  
390 Mourn'd, unregarded: Why the Good Man's Share  
In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:  
Why the lone Widow and her Orphans, pin'd,  
In starving Solitude; while Luxury,  
In Palaces, lay prompting her low Thought,  
395 To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Faith,  
And Charity, prime Grace! wore the red Marks  
Of Persecution's Scourge: Why licens'd Pain,  
That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,  
Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye Good Distrest!  
400 Ye Noble Few! that, here, unbending, stand  
Beneath Life's Pressures . . . yet a little while,  
And all your Woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,  
And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings  
Life undecaying, Love without Allay,  
405 Pure flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.





## WINTER.

*Text (C) = ed. 1730, 4to. The variations from B are indicated by means of italics. D = ed. 1730, 8vo. The MS. notes were made on the latter text.*

SEE Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,  
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme.  
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
5 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!  
*Cogenial* horrors, hail! With frequent foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
10 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough *domain*;  
Trod the pure virgin-snows, my self as pure;  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd  
In the red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
15 Till thro' the *lucid* chambers of the south  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

*To thee, the patron of her first essay,*  
*The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.*  
*Since has she rounded the revolving Year:*  
20 *Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,*  
*Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;*

## WINTER.

*Text (E) = ed. 1744. (Variations from D in italics.) F = ed. 1746.  
The numbering of the lines in E and F is the same.*

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the vary'd Year,  
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising Train;  
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my Theme,  
These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,  
s And heavenly Musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!  
Cogenial Horrors, hail! with frequent Foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful Morn of Life,  
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,  
•o Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain;  
Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure;  
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,  
In the *grim* Evening-Sky. Thus pass'd the Time,  
•s Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To Thee, the Patron of her first Essay,  
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her Song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving Year:  
•o Skim'd the gay Spring; on Eagle-Pinions borne,  
Attempted thro' the Summer-Blaze to rise;

*Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;*  
*And now among the wintry clouds again,*  
*Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;*  
 25 *To swell her note with all the rushing winds;*  
*To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;*  
*As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:*  
*Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear*  
*With bold description, and with manly thought.*  
 30 *For thee the Graces smooth; thy softer thoughts*  
*The Muses tune; nor art thou skill'd alone*  
*In awful schemes, the management of states,*  
*And how to make a mighty people thrive:*  
*But equal goodness; sound integrity;*  
 35 *A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,*  
*Amid a sliding age; and burning strong,*  
*Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,*  
*A steady spirit, regularly free;*  
*These, each exalting each, the statesman light*  
 40 *40 Into the patriot; and, the publick hope*  
*And eye to thee converting, bid the muse*  
*Record what envy dares not flattery call.*

*When Scorpio gives to Capricorn the sway,*  
*And fierce Aquarius fouls th' inverted year;*  
 45 *Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun*  
*Scarce spreads o'er æther the dejected day.*  
*Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual shoot*  
*His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,*  
*Thro' the thick air; as at dull distance seen,*  
 50 *50 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;*  
*And, soon descending, to the long dark night,*  
*Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.*  
*Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,*  
*Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.*

Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale;  
 And now among the Wintry Clouds again,  
 Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar;  
 25 To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds;  
 To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods;  
 As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great:  
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging Ear  
 With bold Description, and with manly Thought.  
 30 *Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone,*  
 And how to make a mighty People thrive:  
 But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,  
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul  
 Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,  
 35 Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal,  
 A steady Spirit regularly free;  
 These, each exalting each, the Statesman light  
 Into the Patriot; *These, the publick Hope*  
 And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
 40 Record what Envy dares not Flattery call.

*Now when the clearless Empire of the Sky*  
*To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,*  
*And fierce Aquarius stains th'inverted Year;*  
*Hung o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven, the Sun*  
 45 *Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.*  
 Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,  
 Thro' the thick Air; as *cloath'd in cloudy Storm,*  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky;  
 50 *And, soon descending, to the long dark Night,*  
 Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns.  
 Nor is the Night unwish'd; while vital Heat,  
 Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.

- 55 *Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,*
- 60 *Thro' nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouzes all the seeds of dark disease.  
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with horrid views. The cattle droop  
The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,*
- 65 *Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,*
- 70 *And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,  
And care, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.*

*Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,*

B112 D73

- Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
- 75 *Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile;  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
That grumbling wave below. Th'un sightly plain  
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still*
- 80 *Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,  
Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.*
- 85 *The cattle from th'untasted fields return,*

**MS** 58 - 63 *T cancels* Thus Winter . . . horrid views, *but then writes*  
 Stet. 65 Red ] Brown *T* 74 (Striding the Blast. First  
 joyless &c) *T* 81 (The Day's fair Circle. Struck, the  
 Fowls &c.) *T*

Mean-time, in sable Cincture, Shadows vast,  
55 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,  
And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven  
Invoke the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,  
Thro' Nature shedding Influence malign,  
60 And rouses *up* the Seeds of dark Disease.  
The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life,  
And black with *more than melancholy Views.*  
*The Cattle droop;* and o'er the furrow'd Land,  
Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,  
65 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root.  
Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens,  
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming Storm;  
And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,  
And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook  
70 And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan,  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's Ear.

Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth,  
*Wrapt in black Glooms.* First joyless Rains obscure  
Drive thro' the mingling Skies with Vapour *foul*;  
75 Dash on Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,  
That grumbling wave below. Th'un sightly Plain  
Lies a brown Deluge; as the low-bent Clouds  
Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into Night shut up  
80 The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,  
Each to his Home, retire; save Those that love  
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.  
The Cattle from th'untasted Fields return,

And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.  
Thither the houshold, feathery people crowd,  
The crested cock, with all his female train,  
90 Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain  
Hangs o'er th'enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

95 *Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,* B133 D95  
*And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread,*  
*At last the rouz'd-up river pours along,*  
*Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes*  
*From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,*  
100 *Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:*  
*Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,*  
*Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,*  
*Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts a way,*  
*Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;*  
105 *There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,*  
*It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.*

Nature! great parent! whose *continual* hand  
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works!  
110 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!  
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!  
*Ye too, ye winds!* that now begin to blow,  
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
 Where are your stores, ye *subtile* beings! say,  
115 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,  
 Against the day of tempest perilous?  
 In what *far-distant region of the sky*,  
 Hush'd in *dead* silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

B143 D107

85 And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,  
 Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade.  
 Thither the household feathery People croud,  
 The crested Cock, with all his female Train,  
 Pensive, and *dripping*; while the Cottage-*Hind*  
 90 Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and taleful there  
 Recounts his simple Frolick: much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

Wide o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,  
 95 And the mix'd *Ruin* of it's Banks o'erspread,  
 At last the rous'd-up River pours along:  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the *rude* Mountain, and the mossy Wild,  
 Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far;  
 100 Then o'er the sanded Valley floating spreads,  
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
*Between* two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,  
 Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream;  
 There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,  
 105 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great Parent! whose *unceasing* Hand  
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,  
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works!  
 With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul!  
 110 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!  
 Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,  
 With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.  
 Where are your Stores, ye *powerful* Beings! say,  
 Where your aërial Magazines reserv'd,  
 115 *To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm.*  
 In what far-distant Region of the Sky,  
 Hush'd in dead Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

F 117 dead ] deep

MS 89 *dripping P*

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks  
 120 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds  
     Stagger with dizzy *poise*, as doubting yet  
     Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
     Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
     Wears a wan circle round her sully'd orb.  
 125 *The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;*  
     *Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;*

B155 D119

*Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, skreaming wild,*  
*The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,*  
*Eat into caverns by the restless wave,*  
 130 *And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,*  
*That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.*

**MS** 125 obtuse] blunted T? (*in pencil*)      obtuse emit] faint-  
 gleaming shed T? (*in pencil*)      shivering] quivering P?

When from the palid Sky the Sun descends,  
 With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb  
 120 Uncertain wunders, stain'd; red fiery Streaks  
 Begin to flush around. The reeling Clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet  
 Which Master to obey: while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon  
 125 Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns.  
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating Air,  
 The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray;  
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.  
 130 Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf;  
 And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats.  
 With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,  
 The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.  
 Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,  
 135 With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,  
 The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame  
 Foretel the Blast. But chief the plamy Race,  
 The Tenants of the Sky, it's Changes speak.  
 Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long  
 140 They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackening Train  
 Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,  
 And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.  
 Assiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl  
 Plies his sad Song. The Cormorant on high  
 145 Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.  
 Loud shrieks the soaring Hern; and with wild Wing  
 The circling Sea-Fowl cleare the flaky Clouds.  
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide  
 And blind Commotion heaves; while from the Shore,  
 150 Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave,  
 And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,  
 That solemn-sounding bids the World preparo.

Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,  
 And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air  
 O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,  
 135 Descends th'ethereal force, and *with strong gust*  
*Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep.*  
*Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,*  
*Lasht into foam, the fierce, conflicting brine*  
*Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.*

140 *Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds,*  
*And in broad billows rolling gather'd seas,*  
*Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,*  
*And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,*  
*Wild as the winds athwart the howling waste*

145 *Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave*  
*Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot*  
*Into the secret chambers of the deep,*  
*The full-blown Baltick thundering o'er their head.*  
*Emerging thence again, before the breath*

150 *Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course,*  
*And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,*  
*Or sand insidious break not their career,*  
*And in loose fragments fling them floating round.*  
*Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,*

155 *To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff,*  
*Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,*  
*Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.*

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 160 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,

B174 D158

**MS** 134 (Hurls into Ruins. On the &c.) *T* 140—142:  
 Mean-time o'er all the rough, tempestuous Flood  
 The Billows swell'd, amazing (*P?* suggests tremendous), to  
 the Clouds,  
 Surge over &c. *T*  
 152 sand insidious] Shoal, dire-lurking, *T* insidious *P* 158  
 groans and all his *P* Bellows the Mountain; and his *T*

Then issues forth the Storm with *sudden Burst*,  
 And *hurls the whole precipitated Air*,  
*155 Down, in a Torrent.* On the passive Main  
 Descends th'etherial Force, and with strong Gust  
 Turns from it's Bottom the discolour'd Deep.  
 Thro' the *black Night* that *sits immense around*,  
 Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine  
*160 Seems o'er a thousand raging Waves* to burn;  
 Meantime *the Mountain-Billows*, to the Clouds  
*In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,*  
*Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar*,  
 And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive,  
*165 Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste*  
 Of mighty Waters: now *th' inflated Wave*  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
 Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,  
 The *wintry Baltick* thundering o'er their *Heads*.  
*170 Emerging thence again, before the Breath*  
 Of *full-exerted Heaven* they wing their Course,  
 And dart on distant Coasts; if some sharp Rock,  
 Or *Shoal* insidious break not their Career,  
 And in loose Fragments fling them floating round.

*175 Nor less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.*  
 The Mountain *thunders*; and it's sturdy Sons  
 Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.  
 Lone to the midnight *Steep*, and all aghast,

**F** 178 to ] on  
**MS** 158 P    169 *wintry P?*    171 *P?*

The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, *often falling*, climbs against the blast.  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its *tarnish'd* honours yet *remain*;  
 165 *Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's*  
*Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.*  
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly *roof*,  
 170 Keen-fastening, shakes *them* to the solid base.  
 Sleep frightened flies; *and round the rocking dome,*  
*For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.*  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 175 That, *utter'd* by the demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt      B191 D177  
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.  
 All nature reels. Till nature's King, who oft  
 180 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;  
 Then straight *air, sea, and earth* are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis *midnight waste*. The weary clouds,      B198 D184  
 185 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the *serious* Night,  
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;  
 Let me shake off th'intrusive cares of day,  
 190 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

And now, ye lying Vanities of life!  
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!  
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?

The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils,  
 180 And, often falling, climbs against the Blast.  
 Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of it's tarnish'd Honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's  
 Assiduous Fury, it's gigantic Limbs.  
 185 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove  
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;  
 And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid Base.  
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking Dome,  
 190 For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast.  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,  
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,  
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,  
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death.

195 Huge Uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd  
 With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky.  
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the Wings of the careering Wind  
 200 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm;  
 Then straight Air Sea and Earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight deep. The weary Clouds.  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep,  
 205 Let me associate with the serious Night,  
 And Contemplation her sedate Compeer;  
 Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,  
 And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

*Where now, ye lying Vanities of Life!*  
 210 *Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!*  
*Where are you now? and what is your Amount?*

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

<sup>195</sup> Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,  
With new-flush'd hopes to run *the* giddy round.

Father of light, and life! thou Good supreme!

B<sub>213</sub> D<sub>199</sub>

<sup>200</sup> O teach me what is good! teach me thy self!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

<sup>205</sup> *The keener Tempests come: and fuming dun*

B<sub>219</sub> D<sub>205</sub>

*From all* the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
<sup>210</sup> And the sky saddens with *the gather'd storm*.  
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. *Sudden the fields*  
<sup>215</sup> *Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.*

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,  
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods  
Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west *emits* his evening ray,  
<sup>220</sup> Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,  
Is *one wild*, dazzling waste. The labourer-ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around  
<sup>225</sup> The winnowing store, and claim the little boon

**MS** 214 With Flow continual. Swift, the cherish'd Fields T 223, 224  
(With meaning Lowe the Fruit of all his Toil || Well-earn'd) T  
(His well-earn'd Stall. Meantime the Fowls of Heaven) T

Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.

Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,

A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past,

<sup>215</sup> And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd,

With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good supreme!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!

Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,

<sup>220</sup> From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul

With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

The keener Tempests come: and fuming dun

From all the livid East, or piercing North,

<sup>225</sup> Thick Clouds ascend; in whose capacious Womb

A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;

And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.

Thro' the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends,

<sup>230</sup> At first thin-wavering; till at last the Flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,

With a continual Flow. *The cherish'd Fields*

Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White.

'Tis Brightness all; save where the new Snow melts,

<sup>235</sup> Along the mazy *Current. Low, the Woods*

Bow their hoar *Head*; and, ere the languid Sun

Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,

Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,

Is one wild dazzling Waste, *that buries wide*

<sup>240</sup> *The Works of Man. Drooping*, the Labourer-Ox

Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands

The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,

Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around

The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon

That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,  
 Wisely regardful of th'embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering fellows, and to trusted man  
 230 His annual visit pays. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
 235 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak *heaven*, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

6 lines omitted

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, B256 D245  
 240 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,

**D** 230 *Between pays and The foodless the 6 lines which were omitted from C are reinserted:*

New to the dome

[230]

Against the window beats, then brisk alights  
 On the warm hearth, and hopping o'er the floor  
 Eyes all the smiling Family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
 Attract his slender feet.

[235]

*The addition of these verses constitutes the only difference between D and C.*

**MS** 241 With plenteous Food. *P*

*245 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,  
Wisely regardful of th'embroiling Sky,  
In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves  
His shivering Mates, and pays to trusted Man  
250 His annual Visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm Hearth; then, hopping o'er the Floor,  
Eyes all the smiling Family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
255 Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs  
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds  
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,  
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset  
By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,  
260 And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,  
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind  
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,  
With Looks of dumb Despair; then, sad-dispers'd,  
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro' Heaps of Snow.*

*265 Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,  
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens  
With Food at Will; lodge them below the Storm,  
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,*

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains  
 245 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

250      *As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,*      B—D<sub>256</sub>  
*All winter drives along the darken'd air;*  
*In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain*  
*Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend*  
*Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,*  
 255 *Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:*  
*Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid*  
*Beneath the white abrupt; but wanders on*  
*From hill to dale, still more and more astray:*  
*Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,*  
 260 *Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home*  
*Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth*  
*In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul!*  
*What black despair, what horror fills his heart!*  
*When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd*  
 265 *His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,*  
*He meets the roughness of the middle waste,*  
*Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:*  
*While round him night resistless closes fast,*  
*And every tempest, howling o'er his head,*  
 270 *Renders the savage wilderness more wild.*  
*Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,*  
*Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,*  
*A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,*  
*Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,*  
 275 *Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,*  
*What water, of the still unfrozen eye,*

In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing  
 270 Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains  
 In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,  
 Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,  
 The billowy Tempest whelms; till, *upward* urg'd,  
 The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,  
 275 Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky.

As thus the Snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darken'd Air;  
 In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other Hills ascend,  
 280 Of unknown joyless Brow; and other Scenes,  
 Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain:  
 Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid  
 Beneath the *formless Wild*; but wanders on  
 From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray:  
 285 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted Heaps,  
 Stung with the Thoughts of Home; the Thoughts of Home  
 Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth  
 In many a vain *Attempt*. How sinks his Soul!  
 What black Despair, what Horor fills his Heart!  
 290 When for the dusky Spot, *which* Fancy feign'd  
 His tufted Cottage rising thro' the Snow,  
 He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,  
 Far from the *Track*, and blest Abode of Man:  
 While round him Night resistless closes fast,  
 295 And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head,  
 Renders the savage Wilderness more wild.  
 Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,  
 Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire Descent! beyond the Power of Frost,  
 300 Of faithless Bogs; of Precipices huge,  
 Smooth'd up with Snow; and, what is Land unknown,  
 What Water, of the still unfrozen *Spring*,

*In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
280 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.*

*285 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling rack, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!*

*290 Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,  
295 Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.*

*Ah little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;*

*300 Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment, death  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,*

*305 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread*

*310 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,*

In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake,  
 Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful Steps; and down he sinks  
 Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,  
 Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots  
 Thro' the wrung Bosom of the dying Man,  
 His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen.  
 In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares  
 The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm:  
 In vain his little Children, peeping out  
 Into the mingling *Storm*, demand their Sire,  
 With Tears of artless Innocence. Alas!  
 Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,  
 Nor Friends, nor sacred Home. On every Nerve  
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up Sense;  
 And, o'er his *inmost* Vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the Snows, a stiffen'd Corse,  
*Stretchd' out*, and bleaching in the northern Blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,  
 Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;  
 They, who their thoughtless Hours in giddy Mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste;  
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel this very Moment, Death  
 And all the sad Variety of Pain!  
 How many sink in the devouring Flood,  
 Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,  
 By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.  
 How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;  
 Shut from the common Air, and common Use  
 Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup  
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread  
 Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,

*How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;*

*315 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.  
 Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rackt with honest passions, droop*

*320 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,  
 And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,*

*325 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,*

*330 And his wide wish Benevolence dilate;  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.*

*And here can I forget the generous few,* B— D<sub>340</sub>

*335 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive sought  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;  
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.*

*340 While in the land of liberty, the land  
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows  
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:  
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;*

How many shrink into the sordid Hut  
 Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind,  
 340 Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,  
 They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.  
 Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
 345 How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop  
 In deep retir'd Distress. How many stand  
 Around the Death-Bed of their dearest Friends,  
 And point the parting *Anguish*. *Thought* fond Man      *1 line omitted*  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless Ills,  
 350 That one incessant Struggle render Life,  
 One Scene of Toil, of *Suffering*, and of Fate,  
 Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious Heart of Charity would warm,  
 355 And *her* wide Wish Benevolence dilate;  
 The social Tear would rise, the social Sigh;  
 And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,  
 Refining still, the social Passions work.

And here can I forget the generous *\*Band*,  
 360 Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive *search'd*  
 Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?  
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where Misery moans;  
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
 And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice.  
 365 While in the Land of Liberty, the Land  
 Whose every Street and public Meeting *glow*  
 With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd:  
 Snatch'd the lean Morsel from the starving Mouth;

\* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year 1729.*

Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe;  
 345 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;  
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
 And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways,  
 350 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
 Hail patriot-band! who, scorning secret scorn,  
 When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,  
 Drag'd the detected monsters into light,  
 Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod,  
 355 And bad the cruel feel the pains they gave.  
 Yet stop not here, let all the land rejoice,  
 And make the blessing unconfin'd, as great.  
 Much still untouched remains; in this rank age,  
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
 360 The toils of law (what dark insidious men  
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
 Oh glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
 And every man within the reach of right.

365 Yet more outragious is the season still,  
 A deeper horror, in Siberian wilds;  
 Where Winter keeps his unrejoicing court,  
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard.

B267 D371

Cf. E895

370 There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow,  
 Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
 Slow-pac'd, and sowerer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow;  
 375 And, scorning the complainings of distress,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.  
 While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,  
 On sleds reclin'd, the fury Russian sits;

ll. 377-80  
omitted from E

Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd *Weed*;  
 370 Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep;  
 The free-born Briton to the Dungeon chain'd,  
 Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,  
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes;  
 And crush'd out Lives, by *secret barbarous* Ways,  
 375 That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled.

*O great Design! if executed well,*  
*With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal.*  
*Ye Sons of Mercy! yet resume the Search;*  
*Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light,*  
 380 *Wrench from their Hands Oppression's iron Rod,*  
 And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they *give*.  
 Much still untouched remains; in this rank Age,  
 Much in the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.  
 The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men  
 385 Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,  
 And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)  
*How glorious were the Day!* that saw These broke,  
 And every Man within the Reach of Right.

*2 lines omitted*

*And, by his rain-deer drawn, behind him throws  
380 A shining kingdom in a winter's day.*

Or from the cloudy Alps, and Appenine,  
Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows;  
Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,  
And from the leaning rock, on either side,  
385 Gush out those streams that classic song renowns :  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !  
Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !  
Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend ;  
*And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,*  
390 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
395 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The god-like face of man avails him nought.  
Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance  
The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze,  
400 Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !)  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
405 The shrowded body from the tomb ; o'er which,  
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

B279 D387

*By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract  
 390 Of horrid Mountains which the shining Alps.  
 And wary Appenines, and Pyrenees,  
 Branch out stupendous into distant Lands;  
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!  
 Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!  
 395 Assembling Wolves in *raging* Troops descend;  
 And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,  
 Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.  
 All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed,  
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.  
 400 Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,  
 Or shake the murdering Savages away.  
 Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast.  
 The godlike Face of Man avails him nought.  
 405 Even Beauty, Force divine! at whose bright Glance  
 The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,  
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey.  
 But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack,  
 The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,  
 410 On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrouded Body from the *Grave*; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl.*

*Among those hilly Regions, where embrac'd  
 415 In peaceful Vales the happy Grisons dwell;  
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,  
 Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.  
 From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come,  
 A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all;  
 420 And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,*

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 410 *Between the groaning forest and the shore,*  
*Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,*  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
 To chase the cheerless gloom. There let me sit,  
 415 And hold high converse with the mighty dead;  
 Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd,  
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.  
 Rous'd at th'inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 420 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. — First Socrates,  
*Whose simple question to the folded heart*  
*Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought*  
 425 *Evolv'd the secret truth — a god-like man!*  
 Solon the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base. Lycurgus then,  
 Severely good; and him of rugged Rome,  
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.  
 430 Cimon sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just;  
 With that \*attemper'd Hero, mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.  
 Scipio, the humane warrior, gently brave;  
 435 *Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,*  
*And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,*  
*With friendship, and philosophy, retir'd.*

\* Timoleon.

*And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,  
Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd.*

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,

425 In the wild Depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,  
Between the groaning Forest and the Shore,  
Beat by a boundless Multitude of Waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;

430 Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,  
*To clear the Gloom. There studious let me sit,*  
And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead;  
Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd,  
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind

435 With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.  
Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought, I throw aside  
The long-liv'd Volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass  
Before my wondering Eyes. First Socrates,

440 *Who firmly good in a corrupted State,*  
*Against the Rage of Tyrants single stood,*  
*Invincible! calm Reason's holy Law,*  
*That Voice of God within th'attentive Mind,*  
*Obeying, fearless, or in Life, or Death:*

445 *Great Moral Teacher! Wisest of Mankind!*  
Solon the next, who built his Common-Weal  
On Equity's wide Base; *by tender Laws*  
*A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd*  
*Preserving still that quick peculiar Fire,*

**F** 428 a] the

**MS** 439 sq. P gives the "mighty dead" in the foll. order: *Socrates, Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Fabri cius, Scipio, Cato, Brutus, Cimon, Timoleon, Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.* 440—45 P, with the foll. variants: *calm*] pure *holy*] sacred *th'attentive*] the spotless 447—49 P, with the foll. variants: *tender*] gentle *undamp'd*] unquenchd *quick peculiar*] native, generous

And, equal to the best, the †Theban *twain*,  
Who, single rais'd *their* country into fame.  
440 Thousands behind, the boast of Greece and Rome,  
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse  
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
Who sing their influence on this lower world?

† *Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.*

450 *Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,  
And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
The Pride of smiling Greece, and Human-kind.*

*Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the Force  
Of strictest Discipline, severely wise,*

Cf. C<sub>427</sub>

455 *All human Passions. Following Him, I see,  
As at Thermopylae he glorious fell  
The firm \*Deroted Chief, who prov'd by Deeds  
The hardest Lesson which the other taught.  
Then Aristides lifts his honest Front;*

460 *Spotless of Heart, to whom th'unflattering Voice  
Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of Just;  
In pure majestic Poverty rever'd;  
Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal  
Submitting, swell'd a haughty †Rival's Fame.*

465 *Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears  
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose Genius, rising strong,  
Shook off the Loud of young Debauch; abroad  
The Scourge of Persian Pride, at home the Friend  
Of every Worth and every splendid Art;*

Cf. C<sub>430</sub>

470 *Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.  
Then the last Worthies of declining Greece,  
Late-call'd to Glory, in unequal Times,  
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian Boast,  
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,*

Cf. C<sub>431</sub>

475 *Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled.  
And, equal to the Best, the \*\*Theban Pair,  
Whose Virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,  
Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.  
He too, with whom Athenian Honour sunk.*

Cf. C<sub>438</sub>

480 *And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,*

\* Leonidas.    † Themistocles.    \*\* Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.

**MS** 453–55 (Passions) *P, but first Grand for wise.*    476–78 *P.*  
*who had first written: Theban; He || who single rais'd his  
Country into Fame.*



*Phocion the Good; in public Life severe,  
To Virtue still inexorably firm;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,  
Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his Brow,*

485 *Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.  
And He, the last of old Lycurgus' Sons,  
The generous Victim to that vain Attempt,  
To save a rotten State, Agis, who saw  
Even Sparta's self to servile Avarice sunk.*

490 *The two Achaian Heroes close the Train.  
Aratus, who a while relum'd the Soul  
Of fondly-lingered Liberty in Greece;  
And He her Darling as her latest Hope,  
The gallant Philopemon; who to Arms*

495 *Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;  
Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain;  
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field.  
Of rougher Front, a mighty People come!  
A Race of Heroes! in those virtuous Times*

500 *Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame  
Their dearest Country they too fondly lov'd.  
Her better Founder first, the Light of Rome,  
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.*

505 *Servius the King, who laid the solid Base  
On which o'er Earth the vast Republic spread.  
Then the great Consuls venerable rise.  
The \*Public Father who the Private quell'd,  
As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad.*

510 *He, whom his thankless Country could not lose,  
Camillus, only revengeful to her Foes.  
Fabricius, Scowler of all-conquering Gold;  
And Cincinnatus, awful from the Plow.  
Thy †willing Victim, Carthage, bursting loose*

\* Marcus Junius Brutus.      † Regulus.

Cf. C<sub>429</sub>

But see who yonder comes! *in sober state,*  
445 *Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:*  
*'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan swain!*  
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
Parent of song! and equal by his side,  
The British muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
450 *Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.*  
*Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,*  
*Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch*  
*Shakes every passion from the various string;*  
*Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene.*

455      *First of your kind! Society divine!*  
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.

B338 D450

B346 D462

*From all that pleading Nature could oppose,*

515 *From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith  
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.*

Scipio, the gentle Chief, humanely brave,

Cf. C<sub>434</sub>

Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,

And, warm in Youth, to the Poetic Shade

520 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.

*Tully, whose powerful Eloquence a while  
Restrain'd the rapid Fate of rushing Rome.*

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme.

Cf. C<sub>433</sub>

*And Thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of Heart,*

525 *Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,  
Lifted the Roman Steel against thy Friend.*

*Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse*

Cf. C<sub>440</sub>

Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?

Who sing their Influence on this lower World?

530 *Behold, who yonder comes! in sober State,*

Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun:

'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!

Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing,

Parent of Song! and equal by his Side,

535 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,

Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.

Nor absent are those *Shades, whose skilful Hand*

*Pathetic drew th'impassion'd Heart, and charm'd*

*Transported Athens with the moral Scene:*

540 Nor Those who, tuneful, wak'd th'enchanting Lyre.

First of your Kind! Society divine!

Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring Soul to *Thoughts* like yours.

**F** 537 Hand] Touch

**MS** 517 P 524—26 P, with Thou too for And Thou, and the  
Friend for thy Friend. 538 drew] traced T 540 Lyre]  
(String) T

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine,  
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,  
 Save Lycidas the friend, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
*Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend,*  
*To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile,*  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:  
*For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,*  
*Yet is his life the more endearing song.*

*Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:  
 With them would search, if this unbounded frame  
 Of nature rose from unproductive night,*

B— D474

Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine;  
 545 See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,  
*Save a few chosen Friends, that sometimes deign  
 To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd,*  
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith,  
 Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.  
 550 Or from the Muses' Hill will Pope descend,  
 To raise the sacred Hour, to *bid* it smile,  
 And with the social Spirit warm the Heart:  
 For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
 Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

555      *Where art Thou, Hammond? Thou the darling Pride,  
 The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!  
 Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime  
 Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay.*  
 560 *Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon?  
 What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent Breast? That treasur'd Store  
 Of Knowledge, early gain'd? That eager Zeal  
 To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band  
 565 Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her Name?  
 What now, alas! that Life-diffusing Charm  
 Of sprightly Wit? That Rapture for the Muse,  
 That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,  
 Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile?*  
 570 *Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,  
 And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain!*

Thus in some deep Retirement would I pass  
 The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd:  
 575 With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame  
*Was call'd, late-rising from the Void of Night,*

**F** 546 that] who

**MS** 547 Roof] (Cell) T      575, 576 P

*Or sprung eternal from th'eternal Cause,  
Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end.*

475 *Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would gradual open on our opening minds;  
And each diffusive harmony unite,  
In full perfection, to th'astonish'd eye.*

*Thence would we plunge into the moral world;*

480 *Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on  
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,  
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In universal good. Historic truth  
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:*

485 *Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell,  
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,*

490 *Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress*

495 *These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we  
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,*

500 *Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.*

---

MS 479 plunge] (search) P (dive) T Then would we try to  
(scan) grasp the moral World T 480 (Which, tho' it  
spreads) T

Or sprung eternal from th'eternal *Mind*,  
It's Springs, it's Laws, it's Progress, and it's End.  
Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole  
580 Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds;  
And each diffusive Harmony unite,  
In full Perfection, to th'astonish'd Eye.  
*Then would we try to scan the moral World,*  
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
585 In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd,  
By Wisdom's finest Hand, and issuing all  
In *general Good*. *The sage Historic Muse*  
Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time:  
*Show us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,*  
590 In scatter'd States: what makes the Nations smile.  
Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies.  
In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,  
Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
595 That Portion of Divinity, that Ray  
Of purest Heaven, which lights the *public Soul*  
Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble Fortune, to repress  
These ardent Risings of the kindling Soul;  
600 Then, even superior to Ambition, we  
Would learn the private Virtues; how to glide  
Thro' Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream  
Of rural Life: or snatch'd away by Hope,  
Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,  
605 With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes  
Of Happiness, and Wonder; where the Mind,  
In endless Growth and infinite Ascent  
Rises from State to State, and World to World.

505 And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,  
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
 Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,  
 Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense  
 510 Into the mind, unbounded without space:  
 The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,  
 Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;  
 Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,  
 Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

515 Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire; B— D<sub>521</sub>  
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 520 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;  
 525 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

**MS** After l. 514 P remarks: Here the Verses on Hammond, & L<sup>d</sup>  
 Chesterfield &c. These words are cancelled, probably by the  
 writer himself. The lines referred to are not in the MS. copy.

515 the fair, impartial Laugh. (See C 549.)  
 But from the Town, the rude untuneful Range  
 Of prowling Men, return, my rural Muse  
 To where the Village rouzes up the Fire;  
 While well-attested &c. T (cancelled)

After 527:

Clear Frost succeeds; &c —————  
 rowsl the mighty Flood. T  
 (See C550 and E690.)

*But when with These the serious Thought is foil'd,*  
610 *We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes*  
*Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form*  
*Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train*  
*Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,*  
*Whence lively Wit excites to gay Surprize;*  
615 *Or Folly-painting Humour, grave himself,*  
*Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.*

Mean-time the Village rouzes up the Fire;  
While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round;  
620 Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all.  
Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake  
The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round:  
The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,  
Easily pleas'd; the long loud Laugh, sincere;  
625 The Kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong Maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep;  
The Leap, the Slap, the Haul; and, shook to Notes  
Of native Music, the respondent Dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night.

B— D<sub>534</sub>

*The city swarms intense. The publick haunt,  
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,*  
 530 *Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,*  
 535 *Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.  
Rises the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes,*  
 540 *A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,  
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.*

B— D<sub>549</sub>

*Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;  
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;  
545 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear  
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse  
Holds to the world the picture of itself,  
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.*

**MS** After 549 P writes: Here the Verses upon Hammond, & L. Chesterfield. These words are cancelled, probablly by T. In E the lines on Chesterfield are, indeed, inserted here, but the lines on Hammond follow those on Pope (E555—71).

- 630      The City swarms intense. The public Haunt,  
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse.  
 Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow  
 Down the loose Stream of false enchanted Joy,  
 To swift Destruction. On the rankled Soul  
 635 The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph  
 Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,  
 Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink.  
*Up-springs* the Dance along the lighted Dome,  
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 640 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp;  
 The Circle deepens: *beam'd* from, *gaudy Robes,*  
*Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and* radiant Eyes,  
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:  
 While, *a gay Insect* in his Summer-shine,  
 645 The Fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings.

Dread o'er the Scene, the Ghost of Hamlet stalks;  
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;  
 And Belvidera pours her Soul in Love.  
*Deep-thrilling* Terror shakes; the *comely* Tear  
 650 Steals o'er the Cheek: or else the Comic Muse  
 Holds to the World *a Picture* of itself,  
 And raises sly the fair impartial Laugh.  
*Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes*  
*Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind,*  
 655 *Or charm the Heart, in generous \*Bevil shew'd.*

O Thou, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,  
 Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill  
 To touch the finer Springs that move the World,  
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,  
 660 And all Apollo's animating Fire,  
 Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine

\* *A Character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.*

550 Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene, B354 D55  
For sight too fine, th'ethereal nitre flies:

**MS** 550 *P asks: Quere, Does not there want a better connection here (cancelled by T, who takes the hint).*

*At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy,  
Of polish'd Life; permit the Rural Muse,  
O Chesterfield, to grace with Thee her Song!*

- 665 *Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,  
Indulge her fond Ambition, in thy Train,  
(For every Muse has in thy Train a Place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind:  
To mark that Spirit, which, with British Scorn,*
- 670 *Rejects th'Allurements of corrupted Power;  
That elegant Politeness, which excels  
Even in the Judgement of presumptuous France,  
The boasted Manners of her shining Court;  
That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense,*
- 675 *The Truth of Nature, which, with Attic Point,  
And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,  
O let me hail Thee on some glorious Day,*
- 680 *When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd  
Britannia's Sons to hear her pleaded Cause.  
Then drest by Thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears:  
Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again*
- 685 *Her own enlighten'd Thoughts; call'd from the Heart,  
Th'obedient Passions on thy Voice attend;  
And even reluctant Party feels a while  
Thy gracious Power: as thro' the vary'd Maze  
Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,*
- 690 *Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.*

*To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse:  
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days,  
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue Serene,  
For Sight too fine, th'etherial Niter flies;*

*Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.*  
*Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds*  
 555 *Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,*  
*Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;*  
*Refines our spirits. thro' the new-strung nerves,*  
*In swifter sallies darting to the brain;*  
*Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,*  
 560 *Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.*  
*All nature feels the renovating force*  
*Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye*  
*In desolation seen. The vacant glebe*  
*Draws in abundant vegetable soul,*  
 565 *And gathers vigour for the coming year.*  
*A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek*  
*Of ruddy fire: and luculent along*  
*The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,*  
*Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze,*  
 570 *And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.*

*What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores* B— D 577  
*Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,*  
*Whom even th'illusive fluid cannot fly?*  
*Is not thy potent energy, unseen,*  
 575 *Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd*  
*Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense*  
*Thro' water, earth and ether? Hence at eve,*  
*Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,*  
*With the still rage of Winter deep suffus'd,*  
 580 *An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool* Cf. A 303, 309  
*Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career*  
*Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,*  
*Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,*  
*Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank*  
 585 *Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,*

695 Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air  
Storing afresh with elemental Life.  
Close crouds the shining Atmosphere; and binds  
Our strengthen'd Bodies in it's cold Embrace,  
Constringent; feeds, and animates our Blood;  
700 Refines our Spirits, thro' the new-strung Nerves,  
In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain;  
Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen.  
All Nature feels the renovating Force  
705 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye  
*In Ruin seen.* *The Frost-concocted Glebe*  
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul,  
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.  
A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek  
710 Of ruddy Fire: and luculent along  
The purer Rivers flow; their sullen Deeps,  
*Transparent*, open to the Shepherd's Gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen Stores  
715 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,  
Whom even th'illusive Fluid cannot fly?  
Is not thy potent Energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense  
720 Thro' Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,  
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,  
With the *fierce* Rage of Winter deep suffus'd,  
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool  
Breathes a blue Film, and in it's mid Career  
725 Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,  
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,  
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy Bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,

*A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till seiz'd from shore to shore,  
The whole detruded river growls below.*

*Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
590 A double noise; while, at his evening-watch,  
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall  
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of trareller, the many sounding plain  
595 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
600 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night:*

*605 Prone from the dripping eare, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd;*

*610 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;  
The forest bent beneath the plamy wave;  
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
Incrustèd hard, and sounding to the tread  
615 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,  
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.*

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
While every work of man is laid at rest,

Cf. A<sub>311</sub>Cf. A<sub>315</sub>B<sub>372</sub> D<sub>664</sub>

- A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven  
 730 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,  
 The whole *imprison'd* River growls below.  
 Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects  
 A double Noise; while, at his evening Watch,  
 The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;  
 735 The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall  
 Swells in the Breeze; and, with the hasty Tread  
 Of Traveller, the *hollow*-sounding Plain  
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,  
 Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,  
 740 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one Cope  
 Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.  
 From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls,  
 Thro' the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;  
 745 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,  
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears  
 The various Labour of the silent Night:  
 Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,  
 Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,  
 750 The pendant Icicle; the Frost-Work fair,  
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise;  
 Wide-spouted o'er the *Hill*, the frozen Brook,  
 A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn;  
 The Forest bent beneath the plumpy Wave;  
 755 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread  
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends.
- 760 On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains,  
 While every Work of Man is laid at rest,

*1 line omitted*

620 *Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view  
The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake  
And long canal the cerule plain extend,  
The city pours her thousands, swarming all,  
From every quarter: and, with him who slides;*  
625 *Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,  
In circling poise; or else disorder'd falls,  
His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,  
While the laugh rages round; from end to end,  
Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene.*

630      *Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day; B— D636  
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;  
And, infiectual, strikes the gelid cliff.  
The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,  
635 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents a while to the reflected ray;  
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,  
Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,*

Fond o'er the River croud, in various Sport  
 And Revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,  
 Happiest of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy  
 765 Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the Rhine  
 Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,  
 From every Province swarming, void of Care,  
 Bataria rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different Ways,  
 770 In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,  
 The then gay Land is madden'd all to Joy.  
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,  
 Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,  
 Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel  
 775 The long-resounding Course. Meantime, to raise  
 The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,  
 Flush'd by the Season, Scandinavia's Dames,  
 Or Russia's buxom Daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day;  
 780 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,  
 Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon;  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.  
*His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,*  
 Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale  
 785 Relents a while to the reflected Ray;  
 Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow,  
 Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam  
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around

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**MS** 763—78 (*The variations are all by T*):      763 Revelry ] Jollity  
*After l. 763 he had first added:* Even w<sup>th</sup> his Master, Partner  
 of his Play,      768 The rous'd Batavians rush;      771 Gay  
 only then; (and all a Scene of Joy) and madden'd all with Joy  
 772 The northern Courts, along the harden'd Snow,      773 (On  
 rapid Sleds they) Hung o'er the rapid Sled      774 bold] Rued  
 775—78 Meantime around, || Their Charms exalted by the  
 (pointing) healthful Year, || Kindling the Strife, fair Scandinavia's  
 Dames || And Russia's buxom Daughters glowing shine.

640 *Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed, or the feather'd game.*

Cf. A<sub>321</sub>

645      *But what is this? these infant tempests what?  
The mockery of Winter: should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone;  
Where more than half the joyless year is night;  
And, failing gradual, life at last goes out.*

B— D<sub>651</sub>

Cf. E<sub>890</sub>

WINTER E

Thunders the Sport of Those, who with the Gun,  
790 And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,  
Worse than the Season, desolate the Fields;  
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd Game.

But what is This? *Our infant Winter sinks,*  
795 *Divested of his Grandeur*, should our Eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;  
*Where, for relentless Months, continual Night,*  
*Holds o'er the glittering Waste her starry Reign.*

There, thro' the Prison of unbounded Wilds,  
800 *Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape*,  
*Wide-roams the Russian Exile*. Nought around  
Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow;  
And heavy-loaded Groves; and solid Floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,  
805 *Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main*;  
And cheerless Towns far-distant, never bless'd,  
Save when it's annual Course the Caravan  
Bends to the golden Coast of rich \*Cathay,  
With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows;  
810 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste,  
The fury Nations harbour: tipt with Jet,  
Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press;  
Sables, of glossy Black; and, dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue,  
815 *Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts.*  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer  
Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his Head  
Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk  
Lies slumbering sullen in the white Abyss.  
820 *Nor Dogs, nor Toils, he wants; nor with the Dread*

\* The old Name of China.

**F** 808 (*Note*) for China.

820, 821 The ruthless Hunter wants nor Dogs nor Toils,  
Nor with the Dread of sounding Bows he drives



Of sounding Bows the ruthless Hunter drives  
 The fearful-flying Race; with ponderous Clubs,  
 As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push  
 Their beating Breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 825 He lays them quivering on th'ensanguin'd Snows,  
 And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
 There thro' the piny Forest half-absorpt,  
 Rough Tenant of these Shades, the shapeless Bear,  
 With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
 830 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the Storms increase,  
 He makes his Bed beneath th'inelement Drift,  
 And, with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,  
 Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

Wide o'er the spacious Regions of the North,  
 835 That see Boötes urge his tardy Wain,  
 A boisterous Race, by frosty \*Caurus pierc'd,  
 Who little Pleasure know and fear no Pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the Flame  
 Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk,  
 840 Drove martial †Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er th'enfeebled South,  
 And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.  
 Not such the Sons of Lapland: wisely They  
 Despise th'insensate barbarous Trade of War;  
 845 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,  
 They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.  
 No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,  
 Disturb the peaceful Current of their Days;  
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd Maze  
 850 Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage.  
 Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,  
 Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth

\* The North-West Wind.

† The wandering Scythian-Clans.



*Supply, their wholesome Fare, and cheerful Cups.  
Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe  
855 Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift  
O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse  
Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep  
With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.  
By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
860 A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,  
And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play  
With doubled Luster from the radiant Waste,  
Even in the Depth of Polar Night, they find  
A wondrous Day: enough to light the Chace,  
865 Or guide their daring Steps to Finland-Fairs.  
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,  
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,  
By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve;  
870 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months,  
Still round and round, his spiral Course he winds,  
And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,  
Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.  
In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods,  
875 Where \*pure Niemi's fairy Mountains rise,  
And fring'd with Roses †Tenglio rolls his Stream,  
They draw the copious Fry. With these, at Eve,  
They cheerful-louded to their Tents repair;  
Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd,*

\* M. de Maupertuis, in his Book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says — “From this Height we had Occasion several times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which the People of the Country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of Bears that haunted this Place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a Place of Resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears”.

† The same Author observes — “I was surprized to see upon the Banks of this River (the Tenglio), Roses of as lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens”.



880 *Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare,  
Thrice happy Race! by Poverty secur'd  
From legal Plunder and rapacious Power:  
In whom fell Interest never yet has sown  
The Seeds of Vice; whose spotless Swains ne'er knew  
885 *Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath  
Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.**

Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's Lake,  
And Heela flaming thro' a Waste of Snow,  
And furthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,  
890 *Where failing gradual Life at length goes out,* Cf. C649  
*The Muse expands her solitary Flight;*  
*And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,*  
*Beholds new Seas beneath \*another Sky.*  
*Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,*  
895 *Here Winter holds his unrejoicing Court;* Cf. B268 C367  
*And thro' his airy Hall the loud Misrule*  
*Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:*  
*Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath;*  
*Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost;*  
900 *Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,*  
*With which he now oppresses half the Globe.*

*Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's Coast,  
She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main;*

\* *The other Hemisphere.*

**MS** For 887--91 the following cancelled draught in T's hand:

Still farther on, even to the Pole itself,

Where failing gradual Life (at last) at Length goes out,

The Muse, sole Creature there alive (?), expand

A (dar) fearless Wing

The Muse (expands) directs her solitary (Way) Flight

Then T writes text E with the following partly corrected variations:

891 expands ] directs 892 stupendous ] (tremendous) 894

Thron'd ] (High) cerulean ] (eternal) 899 arms ] wings

901 Globe. ] (World) 902 winding ] (curving) 903 the

howling ] (along the)

- 650 *There undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.*
- 655 *Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,  
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.  
Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,*
- 660 *And into various shapes (as fancy leans)  
Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,  
Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome  
Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beasts, and men,  
Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns.*
- 665 *The restless deep itself cannot resist  
The binding fury; but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,*
- 670 *Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun;*
- 675 *While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,  
Falls horrible. Such was the \*Briton's fate,  
As with first prow, (What hare not Britons dar'd!)  
He for the passage sought, attempted since*
- 680 *So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
By jealous nature with eternal bars.  
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,  
And to the stony deep his idle ship*

\* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent out by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-east Passage.

Where undissolving, from the First of Time,  
 905 Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky;  
 And icy Mountains, *high* on Mountains pil'd,  
 Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the *Surge*,  
 910 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,  
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
*Wide-rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole.*

*Ocean itself no longer can resist*  
 The binding Fury; but, in all it's Rage  
 915 Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost,  
 Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak Expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, clearless, and void  
 Of every Life, that from the dreary Months  
 920 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,  
 Take their last Look of the descending Sun;  
 While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,  
 The long long Night, incumbent o'er their *Heads*,  
 925 Falls horrible. Such was the \*Briton's Fate,  
 As with first Prow, (What have not Britons dar'd!)  
 He for the Passage sought, attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.  
 930 In these fell Regions, in Arzina caught,  
 And to the stony Deep his idle Ship

\* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East Passage.

*Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 685 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.*

*Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live; B— D694  
 And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun,  
 690 (That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)  
 Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 695 Ly the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
 Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
 Till long-expected morning looks at length  
 Faint on their fields (where Winter reigns alone)  
 700 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.*

---

**MS** 688 mankind ] (Mortals) *T* Then *T* writes afresh:  
 Hard by (these Shores) this Coast, where wedg'd within  
 the Main  
 Lies icy Oby, live the last of Men;  
 And, scarce &c.  
 695 Ly ] Sleep *T* 699 o'er the Fields *T*

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several Task,  
 Froze into Statues; to the Cordage glued  
 935 The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm.

Hard by these Shores, where scarce his freezing Stream  
*Rolls the wild Oby, live the Last of Men;*  
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,  
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants,  
 940 Here Human Nature wears it's rudest Form.  
 Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,  
 Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,  
 They waste the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,  
 Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song,  
 945 Nor Tenderness they know; nor aught of Life,  
 Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.  
*Till Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,*  
*Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,*  
 And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace.

950 What cannot active Government perform,  
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these Shores,  
 A People savage from remotest Time,  
 A huge neglected Empire One vast Mind,  
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd.  
 955 Immortal Peter! First of Monarchs! He  
 His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,  
 Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons;  
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,  
 To more exalted Soul he raised the Man.  
 960 Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd  
 Thro' long successive Ages to build up  
 A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once  
 The Wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!  
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then  
 965 A mighty Shadow of unreal Power;

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice  
Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,  
Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.  
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends.  
<sup>705</sup> And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
<sup>710</sup> Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash th'ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave —  
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

B397 D707

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts;  
And roaming every Land, in every Port,  
His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic Tool,  
970 Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts,  
Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.  
Charg'd with the Stores of Europe home he goes?  
Then Cities rise amid th'illumin'd Waste; ✓  
O'er joyless Deserts smiles the rural Reign;  
975 Fur-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd;  
Th'astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;  
Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd  
With daring Keel before; and Armies stretch  
Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here  
980 The frantic Alexander of the North,  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking Sons.  
Sloth flies the Land, and Ignorance, and Vice,  
Of old Dishonour proud: it glows around,  
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the Whole,  
985 One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade:  
For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enfore'd,  
More potent still, his great Example shew'd.

Muttering, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd,  
990 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw.  
Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,  
And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,  
Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,  
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,  
995 A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain  
Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,  
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;  
1000 But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave —  
And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs

715 Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the bark, the *wretch's* last resort,  
 That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors  
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle.

720 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human *force* endure  
 Th'assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:  
*Heart-gnawing* hunger, fainting weariness,  
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,

725 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
 And *in dire echoes bellowing round the main.*

2 lines omitted

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,  
 And his unwieldy train, in horrid sport,  
 Tempest the loosen'd brine: while thro' the gloom,

730 Far, from the *bleak* inhospitable shore,  
*Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl*  
*Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.*

Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,  
 Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil

735 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! — dread Winter has subdu'd the year, B417 D743

And reigns tremendous o'er the desart plains.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

740 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His solitary empire. *Here, fond man!*  
 Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering Spring, thy *Summer's ardent* strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,

745 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
*And shuts the scene. Ah! whither* now are fled.  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Athwart the rifted *Deep*: at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.  
 Ill fares the Bark with *trembling Wretches charg'd*,  
 1005 That, *tost* amid the floating Fragments, moors  
 Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,  
 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human Force endure  
 Th'assembled Mischiefs that besiege them round?  
 1010 Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness,  
 The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,  
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,  
 And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.  
 More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan  
 1015 And his unwieldy Train, in *dreadful Sport*,  
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro' the Gloom,  
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,  
 Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl  
 Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks.  
 1020 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,  
 Looks down with Pity on the *feeble Toil*  
 Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

"Tis done! — dread Winter spreads *his latest Glooms*,  
 1025 And reigns tremendous o'er the *conquer'd Year*.  
 How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!  
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His *melancholy Empire*. Here, fond Man!  
 Behold thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,  
 1030 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes  
 1035 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?

F 1028/29 His desolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!  
 See here thy *etc.*

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
750 Those *gay-spent, festive nights?* those veering thoughts,  
*Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?*  
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,  
His guide to happiness on high. — And see!  
755 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears  
*The new-creating word,* and starts to life,  
*In every heighten'd form, from pain and death*  
*For ever free.* *The great eternal scheme,*  
760 *Involving all, and in a perfect whole*  
*Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,*  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
*Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,*  
*Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,*  
765 And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause.  
Why *unassuming Worth* in secret liv'd,  
And dy'd, neglected; why the good man's share  
In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:  
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,  
770 In starving solitude; while *Luxury*,  
In palaces, lay prompting *his* low thought,  
To form unreal wants: why *heaven-born Truth*,  
And *Moderation fair*, wore the red marks  
Of *Superstition's* scourge: why licens'd Pain,  
775 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!  
Ye noble few! *who here unbending stand*  
*Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,*  
*And what you reckon evil is no more;*  
780 *The storms of Wintry time will quickly pass,*  
*And one unbounded Spring encircle all.*

---

Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?  
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,  
 Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?  
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,

1040 Immortal, *never-failing Friend of Man*,  
 His Guide to Happiness on high. — And see!  
 "Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth  
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears  
 The new-creating Word, and starts to Life,

1045 In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death  
 For ever free. The great eternal Scheme,  
 Involving All, and in a perfect Whole  
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,  
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace.

1050 Ye vainly wise! ye blind *Presumptuous!* now,  
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that Power,  
 And Wisdom of arraign'd: see now the Cause,  
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,  
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share

1055 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul:  
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,  
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,  
 In Palaces, lay *straining her* low Thought,  
 To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,

1060 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks  
 Of Superstition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,  
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distrest!  
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand

1065 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet a little While,  
 And what *your bounded View, which only saw*  
*A little Part, deem'd Evil* is no more:  
 The Storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded Spring encircle All.

F 1065 yet bear up a While,

A  
HYMN.

*The text is that of 1730. B = ed. 1744. The text of 1746 is the same as that of B. The MS. notes are earlier than B.*

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,  
Are but the varied God. The rolling Year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and Love.  
5 Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forests live;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,  
With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy sun  
10 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year.  
And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines  
15 In Autumn unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,  
Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower  
Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,

---

B 6 the Forest smiles; 9 and Heat resplendent. Then thy Sun  
11 awful ] dreadful 14—18 thus contracted:  
Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives.

Into the stores of steril Winter pours.  
 In Winter dreadful Thou! with clouds and storms  
 20 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
     Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,  
     Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world be low,  
     And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,      B<sub>21</sub>  
 25 Deep-felt, in these appear! A simple train,  
     Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,  
     One following one in such enchanting sort,  
     Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,  
     And all so forming such a perfect whole,      P  
 30 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
     But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
     Man marks Thee not, marks not the mighty hand,  
     That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
     Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 35 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
     Flings from the sun direct the flaming Day;  
     Feeds every creature; hurls the Tempest forth;  
     And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
     With transport touches all the springs of life.

40 Nature, attend; join every living soul,      B<sub>37</sub>  
     Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
     In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
     An universal Hymn! To Him, ye gales,  
     Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.  
 45 Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!  
     Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine

**B** 19 dreadful ] awful      21 Horrible blackness! ] Majestic  
 Darkness!      22 be low, ] adore,      26, 27 Yet so delightful  
 mix'd, with such kind Art, || Such Beauty and Beneficence  
 combin'd;      29 such a perfect ] an harmonious      32 not Thee,  
 43 One general Song! To Him, ye vocal Gales,      44 Spirit  
 in your Freshness breathes:

Fills the brown void with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 50 Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills:  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 55 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound his tremendous praise; whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
 Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 60 In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun elates,  
 Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him:  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.  
 65 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye Constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
 Great source of day! best image here below  
 70 Of thy creator, ever darting wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On nature write with every beam his praise.  
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;  
 While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.  
 75 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,  
 Ye vallies, raise: for the great Shepherd reigns;

**B** 47 void] Shade 57 tremendous] stupendous 59 Roll up]  
 Soft-roll 60 elates,] exalts, 61 hand] Breath 64 As  
 home he goes beneath the joyous Moon. 70 darting] pouring  
 74 dreadful] solemn

**MS** 62 bend;) bow; *T*

And yet again the golden age returns.  
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;  
 80 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song  
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds! sweet philomela, charm  
 85 The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour,  
 Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note;  
 That night, as well as day, may vouch his praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;  
 At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,  
 90 Crown the great Hymn! In swarming cities vast,  
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;  
 And, as each mingling flame encreases each,  
 95 In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
 To find a fane in every sacred grove;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 100 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
 Russes the plain, delicious Autumn gleams;  
 Or Winter rises in the reddening east;  
 105 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

**B** 78 And his unsuffering Kingdom yet will come. 79, 80  
*omitted* 81 general ] boundless 85—87 *thus condensed*:  
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise. 89  
 mouth ] Tongue 91 Concourse of men, ] Assembled Men,  
 97 To ] And 98 chaunt, ] Lay, 103 delicious ] inspiring  
 104 reddening ] blackening

**MS** 78 (*see B*) unsuffering ] mild bloodless *T* will ] shall *T*

Broo

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
 110 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th'Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste, as in the city full;  
 Rolls the same kindred Seasons round the world,  
 115 In all apparent, wise, and good in all;  
 Since He sustains, and animates the whole;  
 From seeming evil still educes good,  
 ✓ And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. — But I lose  
 120 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

**B** 108 hostile] distant 114—116 *thus expanded*:

And where He vital spreads there must be Joy.  
 When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey, There, with new Powers,  
 Will rising Wonders sing: I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,  
 117 educating

[110]

**MS** [108] solemn Mandate comes, || And my dark Flight I wing to  
 future Worlds etc. *T* [112] Where Universal Goodness does  
 not reign *T*.

The End.



## ADDENDA

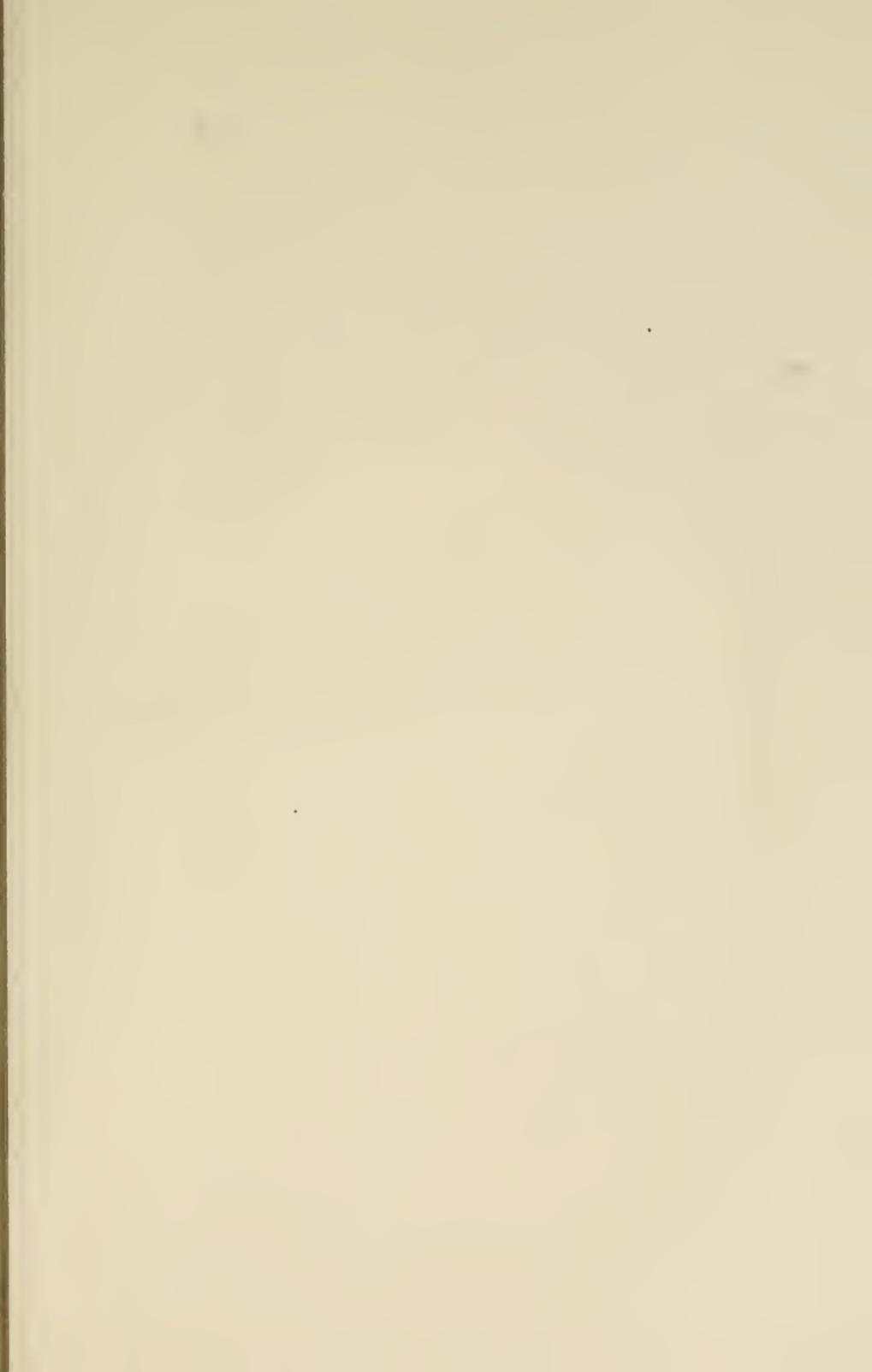
- Page 17 D 247 living] lively*  
,, 20 D [29] it's] his  
,, 23 D 407 ye done;  
,, 26 D [452] beetling] beetle  
,, 26 l. 1 from bottom: Comma after Song  
,, 39 l. 719 Comma after Duck  
,, 68 l. 48 Æast: after dappled  
,, 75 D 201 o'er] round  
,, 179 D 1756 or] nor  
,, 181 D After l. 1786 is inserted: Train; || To Reason then, de-  
ducing Truth from Truth:  
,, 185 Edd. 1744 and 1746 read Address'd for Address (l. 2).  
,, 197 C 330 waves] weaves  
,, 205 C 543 go  
even after Table (l. 7 from bottom)  
,, 224 C 939 And oceans roll,] And Caverns deep,  
,, 224 C 990 its] his  
,, 229 l. 1141 Comma after pride  
,, 252 l. 128 " " Pensive  
,, 258 l. 290 " " and  
,, 262 l. 392 " " Widow  
,, 269 l. 75 the before Mountain's.

## CORRIGENDA

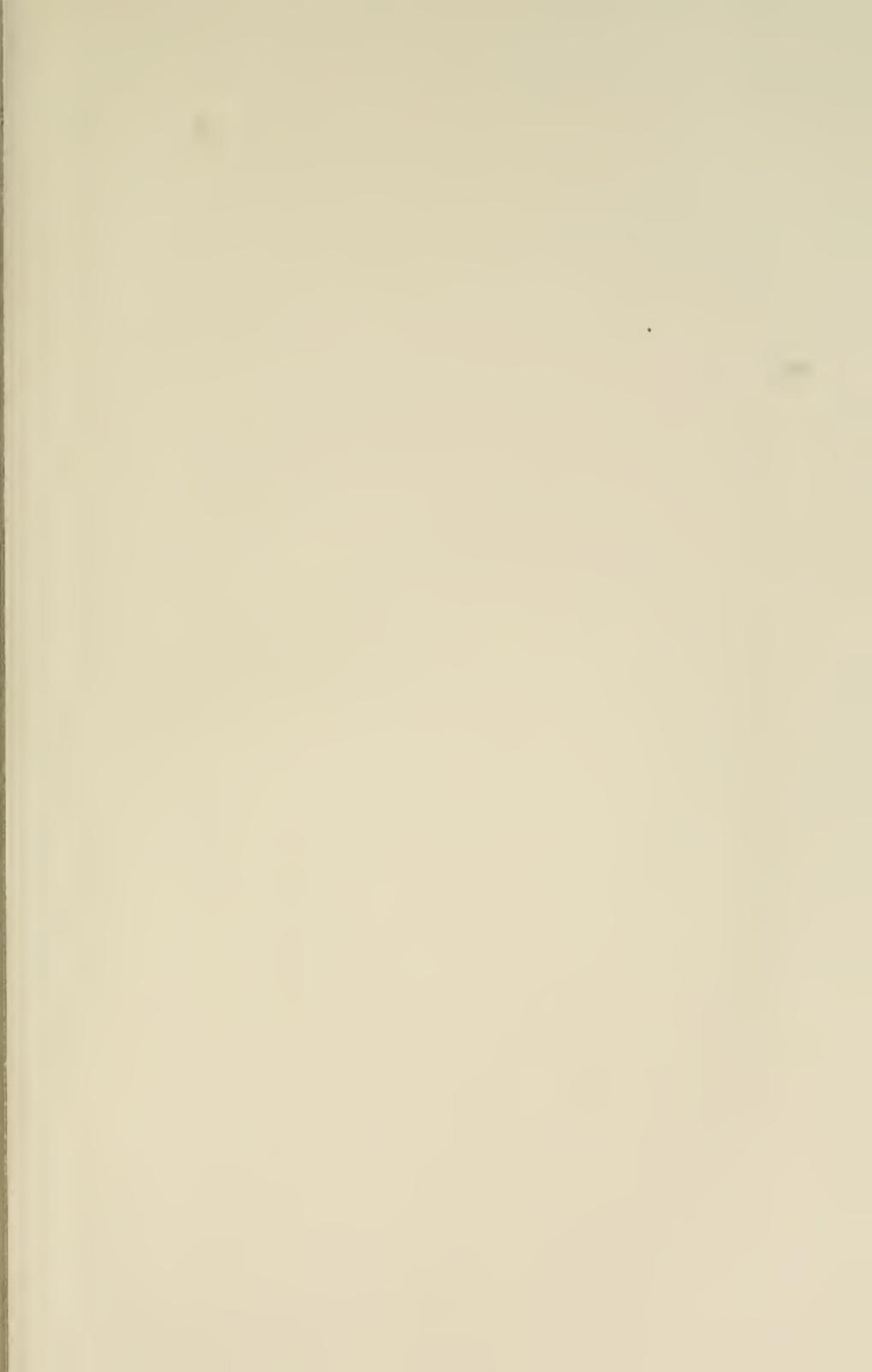
- Page 20 l. 1 from bottom: read never-cloyd (hyphen!)*  
,, 52 l. 1060 read shows for shews  
,, 65 l. 58 read Limps for Simps  
,, 105 l. 205 ought to be printed in ordinary type and supplied with  
the reference "Cf. A 622".  
,, 211 l. 9 from bottom: Delete comma after rocky  
,, 252 l. 140 read o'erhang for o'er hang.

*In the MS. notes at the bottom of the text 'P' (= Pope) is to  
be replaced by 'L' (= Lyttelton). See pp. VII-IX.*













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